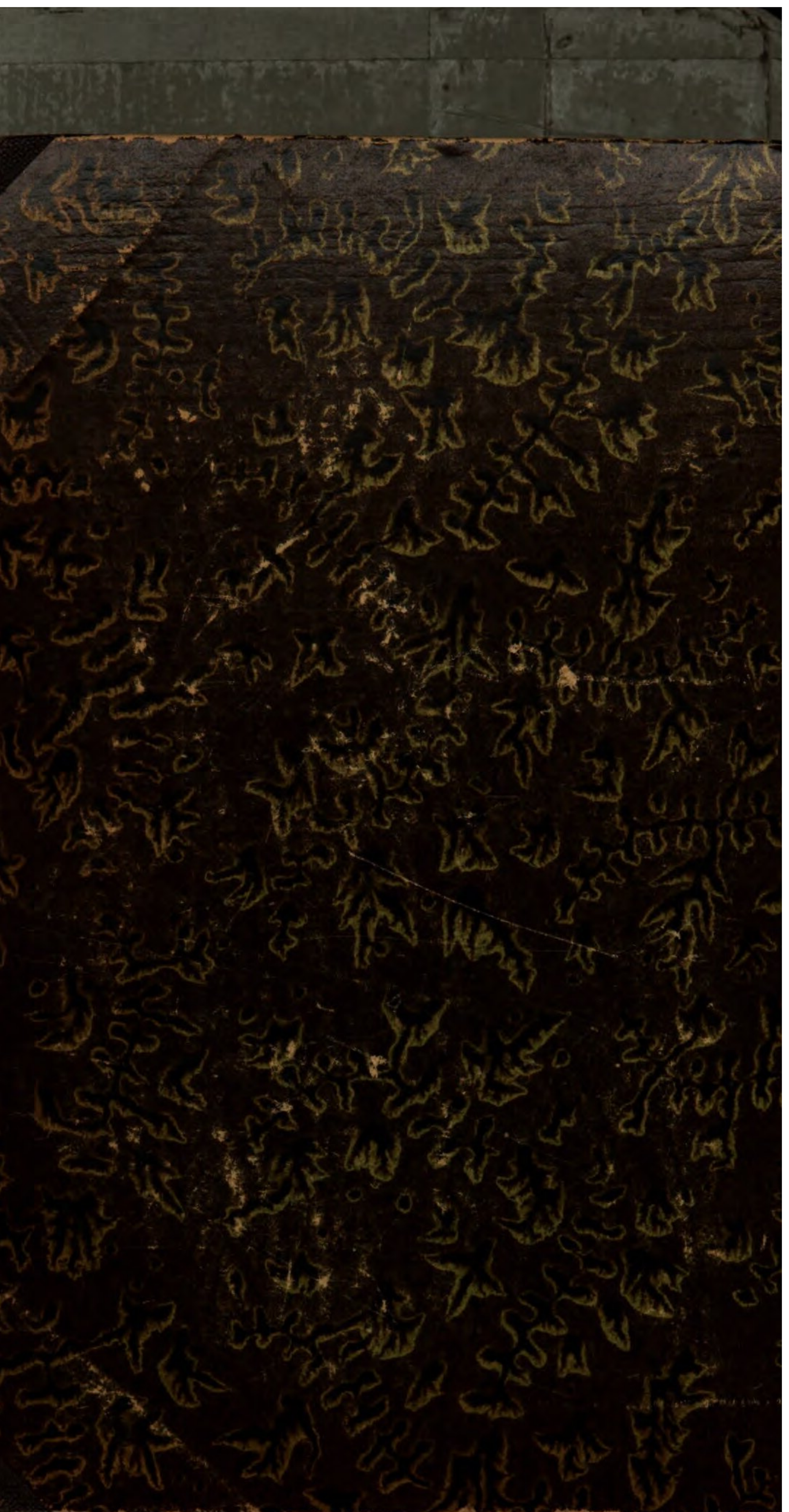

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

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VOL. V.

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F. Schleich

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BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

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MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

VOL. IX.

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PREFACE

TO THE NINTH VOLUME.

In one of those Notices, no less friendly than they are able and spirited, which this new Edition of my Poetical Works has called forth from a leading political journal, I find, in reference to the numerous satirical pieces contained in these volumes, the following suggestion:* — "It is now more than a quarter of a century since this bundle of political pasquinades set the British public in a roar; and, though the events to which they allude may be well known to every reader,

"Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum,"

there are many persons, now forming a part of the literary public, who have come into existence since they happened, and who cannot be expected, even if they had the leisure and opportunity to rummage the files of our old newspapers for a history of the perishable facts, on which Mr. Moore has so often rested the flying artillery of his wit. Many of those facts will be considered beneath the notice of the grave historian; and it is, therefore, incumbent on Mr. Moore — if he wishes his political squibs, imbued as they are with a wit and humour quite Aristophanic, to be relished, as they deserve to be relished, by our great grand-children — to preface them with a rapid summary of the events which gave them birth."

Without pausing here to say how gratifying it is to me to find my long course of Anti-Tory warfare thus tolerantly, and even ge-

* *The Times*, Jan. 9. 1841.

nerously spoken of, and by so distinguished an organ of public opinion, I shall as briefly as I can, advert to the writer's friendly suggestion, and then mention some of those reasons which have induced me not to adopt it. That I was disposed, at first, to annex some such commentary to this series of squibs, may have been collected from the concluding sentences of my last Preface; but a little further consideration has led me to abandon this intention.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shapes they may present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this Volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel quite certain that, *without* it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them would insure to these trifles a life much beyond the present hour.

Already, to many of them, that sort of relish — by far the least worthy source of their success — which the names of *living* victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But, as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried — and the dates of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years — their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this owing to any peculiar felicity of aim, in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects; — the unchangeable nature of that spirit of Monopoly by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked. To refer but to one instance, the Corn Question, — assuredly, the entire appositeness, at this very moment, of such versicles as the

following, redounds far less to the credit of poesy than to the disgrace of legislation: —

How *can* you, my Lord, thus delight to torment all
The Peers of the realm about cheap'ning their corn,
When you know if one hasn't a very high rental,
'T is hardly worth while to be very high-born.

That, being by nature so little prone to spleen or bitterness, I should yet have frequented so much the thorny paths of satire, has always, to myself and those best acquainted with me, been a matter of some surprise. By supposing the imagination, however, to be, in such cases, the sole or chief prompter of the satire — which, in my own instance, I must say, it has generally been — an easy solution is found for the difficulty. The same readiness of fancy which, with but little help from reality, can deck out "the Cynthia of the minute" with all possible attractions, will likewise be able, when in the vein, to shower ridicule on a political adversary, without allowing a single feeling of real bitterness to mix itself with the operation. Even that sternest of all satirists, Dante, who, not content with the penal fire of the pen, kept an Inferno ever ready to receive the victims of his wrath, — even Dante, on becoming acquainted with some of the persons whom he had thus doomed, not only revoked their awful sentence, but even honoured them with warm praise;* and probably, on a little further acquaintance, would have admitted them into his Paradiso. When thus loosely and shallowly even the sublime satire of Dante could strike its roots in his own heart and memory, it is easy to conceive how light and passing may be the feeling of hostility with which a partisan in the field of satire plies his laughing warfare; and how often it may happen that even the pride of hitting his mark hardly outlives the flight of the shaft.

I cannot dismiss from my hands these political trifles, —

"This swarm of themes that settled on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again," —

without venturing to add that I have now to connect with them one

* In his *Convito* he praises very warmly some persons whom he had before abused. — See Foscolo, *Discorso sul Testo di Dante.*

mornful recollection — one loss from among the circle of those I have longest looked up to with affection and admiration — which I little thought, when I began this series of prefatory sketches, I should have to mourn before their close. I need hardly add, that, in thus alluding to a great light of the social and political world recently gone out, I mean the late Lord Holland.

It may be recollected, perhaps, that, in mentioning some particulars respecting an early squib of mine, — the Parody on the Prince Regent's Letter, — I spoke of a dinner at which I was present, on the very day of the first publication of that Parody, when it was the subject of much conversation at table, and none of the party, except our host, had any suspicion that I was the author of it. This host was Lord Holland; and as such a name could not but lend value to any anecdote connected with literature, I only forbore the pleasure of adding such an ornament to my page, from knowing that Lord Holland had long viewed with disapprobation and regret much of that conduct of the Whig party towards the Regent, in 1812-13,* of the history of which this squib, and the welcome reception it met with, forms an humble episode.

Lord Holland himself, in addition to his higher intellectual accomplishments, possessed in no ordinary degree the talent of writing easy and playful *vers de société;* and, among the instances I could give of the lightness of his hand at such trifles, there is one no less characteristic of his good-nature than his wit, as it accompanied a copy of the octavo edition of Bayle,** which, on hearing me rejoice one day that so agreeable an author had been at last made portable, he kindly ordered for me from Paris.

So late, indeed, as only a month or two before his lordship's death, he was employing himself, with all his usual cheerful eagerness, in translating some verses of Metastasio; and occasionally consulted both Mr. Rogers and myself as to different readings of some of the lines. In one of the letters which I re-

* This will be seen whenever those valuable papers come to be published, which Lord Holland left behind him, containing Memoirs of his own times and of those immediately preceding them.

** In sixteen volumes, published at Paris, by Desoer.

ceived from him while thus occupied, I find the following post-script: —

"'T is thus I turn th' Italian's song,
Nor deem I read his meaning wrong.
But with rough English to combine
The sweetness that 's in every line,
Asks for your Muse, and not for mine.
Sense only will not quit the score;
We must have that, and — little *More*.

He then adds, "I send you, too, a melancholy Epigram of mine, of which I have seen many, alas, witness the truth: —

"A minister's answer is always so kind!
I starve, and he tells me he 'll keep me in mind.
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore:
Let him *keep* me — and, faith, I will ask for no more."

The only portion of the mass of trifles contained in this volume, that first found its way to the public eye through any more responsible channel than a newspaper, was the Letters of the Fudge Family in England, — a work which was sure, from its very nature, to encounter the double risk of being thought dull as a mere sequel, and light and unsafe as touching on follies connected with the name of Religion. Into the question of the comparative dulness of any of my productions, it is not for me, of course, to enter; but to the charge of treating religious subjects irreverently, I shall content myself with replying in the words of Pascal, — "Il y a bien de la différence entre rire de la religion et rire de ceux qui la profanent par leurs opinions extravagantes."

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SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS POEMS.

ODE TO THE WOODS AND FORESTS.

BY ONE OF THE BOARD.

1828.

LET other bards to groves repair,
  Where linnets strain their tuneful throats,
Mine be the Woods and Forests, where
  The Treasury pours its sweeter *notes*.

No whispering winds have charms for me,
  Nor zephyr's balmy sighs I ask;
To raise the wind for Royalty
  Be all our Sylvan zephyr's task!

And, 'stead of crystal brooks and floods,
  And all such vulgar irrigation,
Let Gallic rhino through our Woods
  Divert its "course of liquid-ation."

Ah, surely, Virgil knew full well
  What Woods and Forests *ought* to be,
When, sly, he introduc'd in hell
  His guinea-plant, his bullion-tree:* —

Nor see I why, some future day,
  When short of cash, we should not send
Our H—rr—s down — he knows the way —
  To see if Woods in hell will *lend*.

Long may ye flourish, sylvan haunts,
  Beneath whose "*branches* of expense"

* Called by Virgil, botanically, "*species* auri frondentis."

Our gracious K—g gets all he wants, —
Except a little taste and sense.

Long, in your golden shade reclin'd,
Like him of fair Armida's bowers,
May W—ll—n some *wood*-nymph find,
To cheer his dozenth lustrum's hours;

To rest from toil the Great Untaught,
And soothe the pangs his warlike brain
Must suffer, when, unus'd to thought,
It tries to think, and — tries in vain.

Oh long may Woods and Forests be
Preserv'd, in all their teeming graces,
To shelter Tory bards, like me,
Who take delight in Sylvan *places!* *

STANZAS FROM THE BANKS OF THE SHANNON.**

1828.

"Take back the virgin page."
MOORE'S *Irish Melodies.*

No longer, dear V—sey, feel hurt and uneasy
At hearing it said by thy Treasury brother,
That thou art a sheet of blank paper, my V—sey,
And he, the dear, innocent placeman, another.***

For, lo, what a service we, Irish, have done thee; —
Thou now art a sheet of blank paper no more;
By St. Patrick, we 've scrawl'd such a lesson upon thee
As never was scrawl'd upon foolscap before.

* Tu facis, ut *silvas*, ut amem *loca* —
OVID.

** These verses were suggested by the result of the Clare election, in the year 1828, when the Right Honourable W. Vesey Fitzgerald was rejected, and Mr. O'Connell returned.

*** Some expressions to this purport, in published letter of one of these gentlemen, had then produced a good deal of amusement.

Come — on with your spectacles, noble Lord Duke,
(Or O'Connell has *green* ones he haply woulo lend you,)
Read V—sey all o'er (as you *can't* read a book)
And improve by the lesson we, bog-trotters, send you;

A lessou, in large *Roman* characters trac'd,
Whose awful impressions from you and your kin
Of blank-sheeted statesmen will ne'er be effac'd —
Unless, 'stead of *paper*, you 're mere *asses' skin.*

Shall I help you to construe it? ay, by the Gods,
Could I risk a translation, you *should* have a rare one;
But pen against sabre is desperate odds,
And you, my Lord Duke (as you *hinted* once), wear one.

Again and again I say, read V—sey o'er; —
You will find him worth all the old scrolls of papyrus,
That Egypt e'er fill'd with nonsensical lore,
Or the learned Champollion e'er wrote of, to tire us.

All blank as he was, we 've return'd him on hand,
Scribbled o'er with a warning to Princes and Dukes,
Whose plain, simple drift if they *wo'n't* understand,
Though caress'd at St. James's, they 're fit for St. Luke's.

Talk of leaves of the Sibyls! — more meaning convey'd is
In one single leaf such as now we have spell'd on,
Than e'er hath been utter'd by all the old ladies
That ever yet spoke, from the Sibyls to Eld—n.

THE ANNUAL PILL.

Supposed to be sung by OLD PROSY, the Jew, in the character of Major C—RTW—GHT.

VILL nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat 's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let ma say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

'T is so pretty a bolus! — just down let it go,
And, at vonce, such a *radical* shange you vill see,
Dat I 'd not be surprish'd, like de horse in de show,
If your heads all vere found, vere your tailsh ought to be!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'T will cure all Electors, and purge away clear
Dat mighty bad itching dey 've got in deir hands —
'T will cure, too, all Statesmen, of dulness, ma tear,
Though the case vas as desperate as poor Mister VAN'S.
Dere is noting at all vat dis Pill vill not reach —
Give the Sinecure Shentleman von little grain,
Pless ma heart, it vill act, like de salt on de leech,
And he 'll throw de pounds, shillings, and pence, up again!
Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*, &c.

'T would be tedious, ma tear, all its peauties to paint —
But, among oder tings *fundamentally* wrong,
It vill cure de *Proad Pottom* * — a common complaint
Among M. P.'s and weavers — from *sitting* too long.
Should symptoms of *speeching* preak out on a dunce
(Vat is often de case), it vill stop de disease,
And pring avay all de long speeches at vonce,
Dat else vould, like tape-worms, come by degrees!

Vill nobodies try my nice *Annual Pill*,
Dat 's to purify every ting nashty avay?
Pless ma heart, pless ma heart, let me say vat I vill,
Not a Chrishtian or Shentleman minds vat I say!

"IF" AND "PERHAPS."**

OH tidings of freedom! oh accents of hope!
Waft, waft them, ye zephyrs, to Erin's blue sea,

* Meaning, I presume, *Coalition* Administrations.

** Written after hearing a celebrated speech in the House of Lords, June 10. 1828, when the motion in favour of Catholic Emancipation, brought forward by the Marquis of Lansdowne, was rejected by the House of Lords.

And refresh with their sounds every son of the Pope,
From Dingle-a-cooch to far Donaghadee.

"*If* mutely the slave will endure and obey,
"Nor clanking his fetters, nor breathing his pains,
"His masters, *perhaps*, at some far distant day,
"May *think* (tender tyrants!) of loosening his chains."

Wise "if" and "perhaps!" — precious salve for our wounds,
If he, who would rule thus o'er manacled mutes,
Could check the free spring-tide of Mind, that resounds,
Even now, at his feet, like the sea at Canute's.

But, no, 't is in vain — the grand impulse is given —
Man knows his high Charter, and knowing will claim;
And if ruin *must* follow where fetters are riven,
Be theirs, who have forg'd them, the guilt and the shame.

"*If* the slave will be silent!" — vain Soldier, beware —
There *is* a dead silence the wrong'd may assume,
When the feeling, sent back from the lips in despair,
But clings round the heart with a deadlier gloom; —

When the blush, that long burn'd on the suppliant's cheek,
Gives place to th' avenger's pale, resolute hue;
And the tongue, that once threaten'd, disdaining to *speak*,
Consigns to the arm the high office — to *do*.

If men, in that silence, should think of the hour,
When proudly their fathers in panoply stood,
Presenting, alike, a bold front-work of power
To the despot on land and the foe on the flood: —

That hour, when a Voice had come forth from the west,
To the slave bringing hopes, to the tyrant alarms;
And a lesson, long look'd for, was taught the opprest
That kings are as dust before freemen in arms!

If, awfuller still, the mute slave should recall
That dream of his boyhood, when Freedom's sweet day
At length seem'd to break through a long night of thrall,
And Union and Hope went abroad in its ray; —

If Fancy should tell him, that Day-spring of Good,
Though swiftly its light died away from his chain,
Though darkly it set in a nation's best blood,
Now wants but invoking to shine out again; —

If — if, I say — breathings like these should come o'er
The chords of remembrance, and thrill, as they come,
Then, *perhaps* — ay, *perhaps* — but I dare not say more;
Thou hast will'd that thy slaves should be mute — I am dumb.

WRITE ON, WRITE ON.

A BALLAD.

Air. — "*Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*"

Salvete, fratres Asini. ST. FRANCIS.

WRITE on, write on, ye Barons dear,
Ye Dukes, write hard and fast;
The good we 've sought for many a year
Your quills will bring at last.
One letter more, N—wc—stle, pen,
To match Lord K—ny—n's *two*,
And more than Ireland's host of men,
One brace of Peers will do.
Write on, write on, &c.

Sure, never, since the precious use
Of pen and ink began,
Did letters, writ by fools, produce
Such signal good to man.
While intellect, 'mong high and low,
Is marching *on*, they say,
Give *me* the Dukes and Lords, who go,
Like crabs, the *other* way.
Write on, write on, &c.

Ev'n now I feel the coming light —
Ev'n now, could Folly lure

My Lord M—ntc—sh—l, too, to write,
Emancipation 's sure.
By geese (we read in history),
Old Rome was sav'd from ill;
And now, to *quills* of geese, we see
Old Rome indebted still.
Write on, write on, &c.

Write, write, ye Peers, nor stoop to style,
Nor beat for sense about —
Things, little worth a Noble's while,
You 're better far without.
Oh ne'er, since asses spoke of yore,
Such miracles were done;
For, write but four such letters more,
And Freedom's cause is won!

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent." MILTON.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe and Small are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream, *
After the feast of fruit abhorr'd —
First indigestion on record! —
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,

* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

Or of Calvin's most select deprav'd,
In the Church must have your bacon sav'd; —
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoever *himself* believes,
Must bow to th' Establish'd *Church* belief,
That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf; —
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven; *
Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
Eggs, ** timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
All things, in short, since earth's creation,
Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
To suffer eternal decimation —
Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,
Reduc'd to nine parts out of ten;
Or — as we calculate thefts and arsons —
Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!
Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice? —
The whole put down, in the simplest way,
By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case —
To *pay for* our sermons doom'd, 't is true,
But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too —
(Our holy business being, 't is known,
With the ears of their barley, not their own,)
Even *they* object to let us pillage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,

* "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven he shall have one." — Rees's *Cyclopædia*, art. "*Tithes.*"

** Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a duck,
Or an apple, or an aye (egg),
They make him swear upon a boke;
Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine!*

It is o'er, it is o'er my reign is o'er,
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
And make of his flock "a prey and meat."**
No more shall be his the pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
Through various steps, Citation, Libel —
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible;
Working the Law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig! —
Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For *tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets — a good *distress*.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin
(Books fit only to hoard dust in),
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only *ancient* study; —

* Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

** Ezekiel, xxxiv. 10. — "Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."

Port so old, you 'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had he sipp'd of such, no doubt
His martyrdoom would have been — to gout.

Is all then lost? — alas, too true —
Ye Tenths belov'd, adieu, adieu!
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er —
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?" — LORD BEXLEY'S *Letter to the Freeholders of Kent.*

STOP, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curst improvements, cease;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t 's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away —
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay. *

Together soon, or much I err,
You *both* from life may go —
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick — to Nick below.

* Perituræ parcere chartæ.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle-strings
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime
By few old rag-men gain'd;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages past,
And dolts ungotten yet,
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
With fond and sad regret; —

And sighing, say, "Alas, had he
"Been spar'd from Pluto's bowers
"The blessed reign of Bigotry
"And Rags might still be ours!"

TO THE REVEREND —.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

1828.

WHAT, *you*, too, my ******, in hashes so knowing,
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest!
Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;
And — if you want *something* to tease — for variety,
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats
Live eels, when he fits them for polish'd society.

Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,*
In a manner that H—rn—r himself would admire,
And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown;
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook —
How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis;***
And, if you 'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,
A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive — make a good steady fire —
Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,
(As, if left to himself, he *might* wish to retire,)
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,
He dies of as charming a liver complaint
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use meant,
Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been
Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's amusement:

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,
A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees —
No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,
No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her disease.

* The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

** A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous *Patés de foie d'oie.*

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

ACCORDING to some learn'd opinions
The Irish once were Carthaginians;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I 'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason 's this: — the Priests of Isis,
When forth they march'd in long array,
Employ'd, 'mong other grave devices,
A Sacred Ass to lead the way;*
And still the antiquarian traces
'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan
For still, in all religious cases,
They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,
For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)
Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
Which puzzleth observers, ev'n more than his writing.
Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold
A cold Apple-pie — mind, the pie *must* be cold —
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer —
Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
(Vide *Crustium*, chap. IV.) of the Worship of Bread.
Some think 't is a tribute, as author, he owes
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose; —
The only good things in his pages, they swear,
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.
Others say, 't is a homage, through pie-crust convey'd,
To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honour'd shade;

* To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asinus portans mysteria."

As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,*
And 't is solely in loyal remembrance of that,
My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat.
While others account for this kind salutation
By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation;" —
A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,
'Twixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.

But 't is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
For thus, we 're assur'd, the whole matter arises:
Lord K—ny—n's respected old father (like many
Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;
And lov'd so to save,** that — there 's not the least question —
His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,
From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.
Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes —
Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off —
And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
'T is pure *apple*-pie-ety moves my Lord K—ny—n.

* See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas — the first of the season — while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating, with her eyes, for a share.

** The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a diphthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus; — "*Mors janua vita.*"

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain, not over-wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes" abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them. Yours, &c.

S.

Huc coeamus,* ait; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.

OVID.

THERE are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongu'd babbler," that sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard;
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes** there dwell,
Who, on being ask'd, "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashion'd echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which bards make a pother,
There 's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another; —

* "Let us form Clubs."

** Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

When K—ny—n commences the bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his track;
And loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R—thd—ne brays, with interest, back;—

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers* pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The rebounds of this asinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the *chief* Neddy, K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roar'd in R—thd—ne,
How from D—ws—n it died off genteelly —
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G—e,
Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no — for so humble a bard
'T is a subject too trying to touch on;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep-sounding shelves;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charm'd with themselves,

* Anti-Catholic associations, under the title of Brunswick Clubs, were at this time becoming numerous both in England and Ireland.

Who knows but, some morning retiring.
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N—wc—stle, admiring
His own lengthen'd ears in the tide!

Or, on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double tongu'd elf,
In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself!

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

1828.

SCENE. — *Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder. — Enter three Brunswickers.*

1*st Bruns.* — THRICE hath scribbling K—ny—n scrawl'd,
2*d Bruns.* — Once hath fool N—wc—stle bawl'd,
3*d Bruns.* — B—xl—y snores: — 't is time, 't is time,
1*st Bruns.* — Round about the caldron go;
In the pois'nous nonsense throw.
Bigot spite, that long hath grown,
Like a toad within a stone,
Sweltering in the heart of Sc — tt,
Boil we in the Brunswick pot.
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2d Bruns. — Slaver from N—wc—stle's quill
In the noisome mess distil,
Brimming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,
With that malty stuff which Ch—nd—s
Drivels as no other man does.
Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)
One idea, spick and span,

From my Lord of S — l — sb — y, —
One idea, though it be
Smaller than the "happy flea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse. *
Though to rob the son is sin,
Put his *one* idea in;
And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—ls — a
Drop but *half* another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatch'd in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H—rn—r,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papist's blood,
Blood for W — lls, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
3*d Bruns.* — Now the charm begin to brew;
Sisters, sisters, add thereto
Scraps of L — thbr — dge's old speeches,
Mix'd with leather from his breeches.
Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,
Thicken'd (if you 'll take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create.
In their middle, *nympha* state,

* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance: —

"Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,
If I were you, or you were I."

Or,

"Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
If I were you, or you were *me;*
But since, alas! that cannot be,
I must remain Lord S—y."

Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money.
There — the Hell-broth we 've enchanted —
Now but *one* thing more is wanted.
Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
C— keeps cork'd for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Colour'd deep with blood of —,
Blood, of powers far more various,
Ev'n than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
England's parsons bow before it!
All. — Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble
B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2d Bruns. — Cool it now with —'s blood,
So the charm is firm and good. [*Exeunt.*

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

WHENE'ER you 're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,
'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you 're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker throng;
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,
That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,
Take the opposite course, and you 're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you
The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you —
Were you even more doltish than any giv'n man is,
More soft than N—wc—stle, more twaddling than Van is,
I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,
To make you the soundest of sound politicians.
Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory —
Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory, —

Watch well how he dines, during any great Question —
What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion —
And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew
Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.
Read him backwards, like Hebrew — whatever he wishes,
Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.
Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
When he 's *out*, be an *In* — when he 's *in*, be an *Out*.
Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night and day,
Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way: —
If he 's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;
If he 's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other way.
Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
The Small-note Bill 's a blessing, though *you* don't know why.
Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry 's your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your soul.
In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.
Nay, as Siamese ladies — at least, the polite ones —
All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones —
If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
Even *then* stand aloof— for, be sure that Old Nick,
When a Tory talks sensibly, means you some trick.

Such my recipe is — and, in one single verse,
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
Be all that a Brunswicker *is* not, nor *could* be,
And then — you 'll be all that an honest man should be.

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD, TO A COTTON-LORD.

Alas! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
How unjustly we both are despoil'd of our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forc'd to submit to that general controller
Of King, Lords, and cotton mills, Public Opinion,
No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,
Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffer'd to do as we please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over; — farewell to the zest
Which Slav'ry now lends to each tea-cup we sip;
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies —
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and "Jennies,"
That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks; —

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To "keep feeding the scribblers," * — and better, 't is said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,
So hard 't is to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process),
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

* One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by children.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.

Ah quoties dubius *Scrip*tis exarsit amator! OVID.

THE Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
"Hath fir'd thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
"Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed —
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fir'd his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 't was a sight for the Ghost to see,
For never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose — so much *per cent.*
(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together,)
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whisper'd 'Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again; —
He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost — how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears — amaz'd that ghosts
Could be such fools — and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no —
Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under *par.*
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,

And wishes the d—l had Crescent and Cross,
Ere *he* had been forc'd to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*
"Who 'll buy my Scrip? Who 'll buy my Scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,
As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
"Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
"Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine —
"If you 'll only consent to buy up *mine!*"
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more; —
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
"Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
"And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry —
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE — REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY — ONE *GALT* AT THE HEAD OF IT.

God preserve us! — there 's nothing now safe from assault; —
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. *Galt*
Has declar'd open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design,
And, the better his wicked intents to arrive at,
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of *the line*
(The penny-a-line men) enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English, and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;
In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
And whom he 'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;
Tho' the rebel, 't is stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder — no, Puff Magazine,
And th' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical "ichor," * "gelatinous" prose, **
And a mixture call'd amber immortalization. ***

Now, he raves of a bard he once happen'd to meet,
Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a sonnet; †
Now, talks of a mystery, wrapp'd in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a nightcap) upon it! ††

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;
For, whate'er may be guess'd of Galt's secret designs,
That they 're all *Anti*-English no Christian can doubt.

* "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions." — GALT's *Life of Byron.*

** "That gelatinous character of their effusions." — *Ibid.*

*** "The poetical embalmment, or rather, amber immortalization." — *Ibid.*

† "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody." — *Ibid.*

†† "He was a mystery in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo." — *Ibid.*

RESOLUTIONS

PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF

REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

RESOLV'D — to stick to ev'ry particle
Of ev'ry Creed and ev'ry Article;
Reforming nought, or great or little,
We 'll stanchly stand by "every tittle,"*
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolv'd, that, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious —
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them all;"
And those who 're not content with such,
May e'en be d—d ten times as much.
Resolv'd — such liberal souls are we —
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses.
Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To us the Jumper's jingling penny
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If *also* through the nose they 'll pay.

* One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was — "Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks — "Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it.

Resolv'd, that Hooper,* Latimer,**
And Cranmer,*** all extremely err,
In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do: —
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

Resolv'd, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares —
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church reform'd, know better;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance th' account the other way.

Resolv'd, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
Who proves (by arguments so clear
One sees how much he holds *per* year)
That England's Church, though out of date,
Must still be left to lie in state,

* "They," the Bishops, "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient." — *On the Commandments*, p. 72.

** "Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve." — *Lat. Serm.*

*** "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices," &c. — *Life of Cranmer, by Strype, Appendix.*

As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Osymandyas,
All pickled snug — the brains drawn out*—
With costly cerements swathed about, —
And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
Scrawl'd o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

"Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis:
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."
PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I 'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had publish'd its Book of Sunday Sports.** —
Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of Andrew, even in sleep, to hear! —
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away;

* Part of the process of embalmment.

** *The Book of Sports* drawn up by Bishop Moreton was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used," &c.

And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along: —
"Long life to the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
"For a week of work and a Sunday of play
"Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,"
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on, and, to brim the cup
Of poor Andy's grief, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses — let 's have a dance —
"For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
"Well knowing that no one 's the more in advance
"On the road to heaven, for standing still.
"Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
"Should sour the cream of a creed of love;
"Or that fellows with long disastrous faces,
"Alone should sit among cherubs above.
"Then hurrah for the Bishops, &c.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,
"When the Church herself each sport points out; —
"There 's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
"And a May-pole high to dance about.
"Or, should we be for a pole hard driven
"Some lengthy saint, of aspect fell,
"With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
"Will do for a May-pole just as well
"Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurrah! hurrah!
"A week of work and a Sabbath of play
"Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
That since that dream — which, one would suppose,

Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies —
He has view'd things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line —
Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers; —
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

A BLUE LOVE-SONG.

TO MISS —.

Air. — "*Come live with me and be my love.*"

Come wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.
'Tis true, ev'n books entail some trouble;
But *live* productions give one double.
Correcting children is *such* bother, —
While printers' dev'ls correct the other.
Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 't is to hear
From male or female — as it may be —
"How is your book?" than "How 's your baby?"

And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,
Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nurs'd in *the Row*;
And, when God wills to take them hence,
Are buried at *the Row*'s expense.

Besides, (as 't is well prov'd by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93.)
The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,
That ev'n prolific herring-shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls.*
Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead;
And show the world how two Blue lovers
Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
(Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather,)
Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
With nought but — literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

Puir, profligate Londoners, having heard tell
That the De'il's got amang ye, and fearing 't is true,
We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel
Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire
In ilka lang week ye 'll be tranquil eneugh,

* See "Ella of Garveloch." — Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire,
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
He 'd na let a cat on the Sabbath say "mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play
An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,
As he 'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew!
"Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-bak'd pies,
"For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise
"In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad
To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies,* a' clad
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad —
But he 's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right
To gang to the deevil — as maist o' em do —
To stop them our Andie would think na polite;
And 't is odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by't)
But he 'd follow 'em, booing,** would Andrew Agnew.

AWFUL EVENT.

Yes, W—nch—ls—a (I tremble while I pen it),
W—nch—ls— a's Earl hath *cut* the British Senate —
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,
"*That* for ye all" [snapping his fingers], and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news! — like that, of old, which spread
From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead,"

* Servants in livery.

** For the "gude effects and uteelity of booing," see the *Man of the World.*

O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)
Sounds the loud wail, "Our W—nch—ls—a is lost!"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget
The deep impression of that awful threat,
"I quit your house!!" — 'midst all that histories tell
I know but *one* event that 's parallel: —

It chanc'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night,
When the gay gods, too blest to be polite,
Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious —
A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,
Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,
Rose in his place — so grand, you 'd almost swear
Lord W—nch—ls—a himself stood towering there —
And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,
Said, "Silence, fellows, or — I 'll leave the house!!"

How brook'd the gods this speech? Ah well-a-day
That speech so fine should be so thrown away!
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
Assert his own two-shilling dignity —
In vain he menac'd to withdraw the ray
Of his own full-price countenance away —
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

"COME, CLOE, AND GIVE ME SWEET KISSES."

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."
Bishop of London's late Charge.

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, augent."
Claudian in Eutrop.

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,
For, richer no realm ever gave;

But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do ye ask us how many we crave?*

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Pluralist kind,
Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.**

Count the cormorants hovering about,***
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest 's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,†
On their way to some titheable shore;
And when *so* many Parsons you 've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content.††

* Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I 'd have?

** For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I 'll ne'er be confin'd.

*** Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks, &c.

† Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you 've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

†† But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. G—lb—n against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?" — *The Times*, March 25.

How sad a case! — just think of it —
If G—lb—n junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed
Which marks Dissenters when they 're rabid!
God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.
Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we 'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly reigns; —
And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in th' opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 't is only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 't would be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once-lov'd Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,*
For Gospel, t'other night, mistook;)

* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers —
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers —
Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B—v—rl—y's; —
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 't is too much — the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G— lb—rns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

— *risum* teneatis, amici.

"The longer one lives, the more one learns,
Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemus'd with thinking of Tithe concerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of Ferns,*
On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away
To a goodly city in Hindostan —
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deem'd a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly — never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried —
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butchers' shops —

* An indefatigable scribbler of anti-Catholic pamphlets.

"What means, for men who don't eat meat,
"This grand display of loins and chops?"
In vain I ask'd — 't was plain to see
That nobody dar'd to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd — a roseate crew,
Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do;
While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still pos'd to think, what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
"And, pray," ask'd I — "by whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?" —
"Th' expense! — oh, that 's of course defray'd
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
"By yonder rascally rice-consumers."
"What! *they*, who mustn't eat meat!" —
"No matter —
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter,)
"The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
"But the rogues must still support *our* shop.
"And, depend upon it, the way to treat
"Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
"Is to burden all that wo'n't eat meat,
"With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."

On hearing these words so gravely said,
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed,
With my nose in the Bishop of FERNS' book.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone-hall, September 1. 1828.

Private. — LORD BELZEBUB presents
To the Brunswick Club his compliments,
And much regrets to say that he
Cannot, at present, their Patron be.
In stating this, Lord Belzebub
Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,
That 'tisn't from any lukewarm lack
Of zeal or fire he thus holds back —
As ev'n Lord *Coal** himself is not
For the Orange party more red-hot:
But the truth is, till their Club affords
A somewhat decenter show of Lords,
And on its list of members gets
A few less rubbishy Baronets,
Lord Belzebub must beg to be
Excused from keeping such company.

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
Are Lord Gl—nd—ne, and Lord D—nlo?
Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
To sit and be bored by Lord M—yo?
What living creature — *except his nurse* —
For Lord M—ntc—sh—l cares a curse,
Or thinks 't would matter if Lord M—sk—rry
Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry?
Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
Who 'd give but half of half-a-crown
To save from drowning my Lord R—thd—ne,
Or who wouldn't also gladly hustle in
Lords R—d—n, B—nd—n, C—le, and J—c—l—n?

* Usually written "Cole."

In short, though, from his tenderest years,
Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,
Lord Belzebub much questions whether
He ever yet saw, mix'd together,
As 't were in one capacious tub,
Such a mess of noble silly-bub
As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.
'T is therefore impossible that Lord B.
Could stoop to such society,
Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),
For one in his station 't were *infra dig*.
But he begs to propose, in the interim
(Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him),
His Highness of C—mb—d, as *Sub*,
To take his place at the Brunswick Club —
Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R—y—l Duke
Resembles so much, in air and look,
The head of the Belzebub family,
That few can any difference see;
Which makes him, of course, the better suit
To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNÆCOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

— "Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit pacisque bonas bellique ministras." VIRGIL.

As Whig Reform has had its range,
And none of us are yet content,
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
We try a *Female Parliament;*
And since, of late, with *he* M. P.'s
We 've fared so badly, take to she's —

Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Russells,
Burdetts in *blonde*, and Broughams in *bustles*.
The plan is startling, I confess —
But 't is but an affair of dress;
Nor see I much there is to choose
'Twixt Ladies (so they 're thorough bred ones)
In ribands of all sorts of hues,
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
Whatever other trade advances;
As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
We 'll have, at Almack's, Cabinet dances;
Nor let this world's important questions
Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
To Weippert's band they may go better;
There 's Lady **, in one quadrille,
Would settle Europe, if you 'd let her:
And who the deuce or asks, or cares,
When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
Whether they 've *danc'd* through State affairs,
Or simply, dully, *din'd* upon 'em?

Hurrah then for the Petticoats!
To them we pledge our free-born votes;
We 'll have all *she*, and only *she* —
Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,"
Old dowagers our Bishops be,
And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris, to oblige the nation,
Her own Olympus will abandon,
And help to prop th' Administration,
It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
The fam'd Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;

Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")
For full returns of population:
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive,* Royal soul,
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, 'mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ***.

Sir,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets,"** &c., I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert, (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals,) may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained. Yours, &c.

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

— in Metii descendat Judicis aures. HORAT.

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down,

Sudden a strain of choral sounds
Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;
Whereat the Reformer mutter'd, "Zounds!"
For he loath'd sweet music with all his soul.

* A personage, so styling herself, who attained considerable notoriety at that period.

** In a work, on Church Reform, published by his Lordship in 1832.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight
That well might shock so learn'd a snorer —
Saint Cecilia, rob'd in light,
With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were Cherubs, on rainbow wings,
Who, his Lordship fear'd, might tire of flitting,
So begg'd they 'd sit — but ah! poor things,
They 'd, none of them, got the means of sitting.*

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you 're fond of hymns,
"And indeed, that musical snore betray'd you,
"Myself, and my choir of cherubims,
"Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
"'T was all a mistake" — "she was misdirected;"
And point to a concert, over the way,
Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

In vain — the Saint could see in his looks
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all open'd their music-books,
And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets most dire to hear;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep — but it wouldn't do;
So loud they squall'd, he *must* attend to 'em;
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,
Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
Who meddle with music's sacred strains!
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
And was punish'd, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

* "Asseyez-vous, mes enfans." — "Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."

But worse on the modern judge, alas!
Is the sentence launch'd from Apollo's throne;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
While H—nl—y is doom'd to keep his own!

ADVERTISEMENT.*

1830.

Missing or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd
Th' inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright,
Though a little by rust of years defac'd.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And ('t is thought of late) mix'd up with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
But certain *City* thieves, they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And filch'd this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
If we hadn't, that evening, chanc'd to see,
At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
With an ass to keep her company.

Whosoe'er of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor ev'n his friends, just now, without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,

* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir Cl—d—s H—nt—r and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

He shall have a ride on the whitest hack *
That 's left in old King George's stable.

MISSING.

Carlton Terrace, 1832.

Whereas, Lord ****** de *******
Left his home last Saturday,
And, though inquir'd for, round and round,
Through certain purlieus, can't be found;
And whereas, none can solve our queries
As to where this virtuous Peer is,
Notice is hereby giv'n, that all
May forthwith to inquiring fall,
As, once the thing 's well set about,
No doubt but we shall hunt him out.

His Lordship's mind, of late, they say,
Hath been in an uneasy way.
Himself and colleagues not being let
To climb into the Cabinet,
To settle England's state affairs,
Hath much, it seems, *un*settled theirs;
And chief to this stray Plenipo
Hath been a most distressing blow.
Already, — certain to receive a
Well-paid mission to the Neva,
And be the bearer of kind words
To tyrant Nick from Tory Lords, —
To fit himself for free discussion,
His Lordship had been learning Russian;
And all so natural to him were
The accents of the Northern bear,

* Among other remarkable attributes by which Sir Cl—d—s distinguished himself, the dazzling whiteness of his favourite steed was not the least conspicuous.

That, while his tones were in your ear, you
Might swear you were in sweet Siberia.
And still, poor Peer, to old and young,
He goes on raving in that tongue;
Tells you how much you would enjoy a
Trip to Dalnodoubrowskoya; *
Talks of such places, by the score, on
As Oulisfflirmchinagoboron, **
And swears (for he at nothing sticks)
That Russia swarms with Raskol-niks, ***
Though *one* such Nick, God knows, must be
A more than ample quantity,

Such are the marks by which to know
This stray'd or stolen Plenipo;
And whosoever brings or sends
The unhappy statesman to his friends,
On Carlton Terrace, shall have thanks,
And — any paper but the Bank's.

P.S. — Some think, the disappearance
Of this our diplomatic Peer hence
Is for the purpose of reviewing,
In person, what dear Mig is doing
So as to 'scape all tell-tale letters
'Bout B—s—d, and such abettors, —
The only "wretches" for whose aid †
Letters seem *not* to have been made.

* In the Government of Perm.

** Territory belonging to the mines of Kolivano-Kosskressense.

*** The name of a religious sect in Russia. "Il existe en Russie plusieurs sectes; la plus nombreuse est celle des Raskol-niks, ou vrai-croyants." — GAMBA, *Voyage dans la Russie Meridionale.*

† "Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid."

POPE.

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;

OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.*

A DREAM.

1833.

"Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules* ** for no other reason than that they led off these dances." — *Cyclopædia*, art. *Dances*.

I 'VE had such a dream — a frightful dream —
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 't will seem,
By all who regard the Church, like us,
'T will be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night —
Which (being insured) is my delight —
I happen'd to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto.
Only think, thought I, as I doz'd away,
Of a party of Churchmen dancing the hay.
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball!
Scarce had my eyelids time to close,
When the scene I had fancied before me rose —
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eyes could hardly stand.
For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
To make it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw — oh brightest of Church events!
A quadrille of the two Establishments,
Bishop to Bishop *vis-à-vis*,
Footing away prodigiously.

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry;

* Written on the passing of the memorable Bill, in the year 1833, for the abolition of ten Irish Bishoprics.

** Literally, First Dancers.

While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
Performing a *chaine des Dames* in style;
While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes,
Can waken them up by citing Moses, *
The portly Tuam, was all in a hurry
To set, *en avant*, to Canterbury.
Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets,)
Our Exeter stood forth to caper,
As high on the floor as he doth on paper —
Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-service —
Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
Such *balonnés*,** such — rigmaroles,
Now high, now low, now this, now that,
That none could guess what the dev'l he 'd be at;
Though, watching his various steps, some thought
That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
These rev'rend dancers frisk'd away,
Nor Paul himself (not the saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their glee —
A shadow, which came and went so fast,
That ere one could say "'T is there," 't was past —
And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!

* "And what does Moses say?" — One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

** A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line: — "Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur *un* pied, et se rejeter sur *l'autre.*" — *Dictionnaire de Danse*, art. *Contre-temps*.

Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they stept,
While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst: — still danc'd they on,
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone;
And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omened darkness round them came —
While still, as the light broke out anew,
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;
Till ah! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair *poussetting!*

N. B. — As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.

DICK * * * *.

A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,
Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patchwork quilt,
Made up of new, old, motley bits —
Where, if the *Co.* call'd in their shares,
If petticoats their quota got,
And gowns were all refunded theirs,
The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,
For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
'T was others we heard speak through Dick.

A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick! — and how else could it be?
With notions all at random caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
Made up of legs and wings of thought —
The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that saint."

1834.

ST. S—NCL—R rose and declar'd in sooth,
That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.
He had hated priests the whole of his life,
For a priest was a man who had no wife, *
And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,
The Church was his father, sister, and brother.
This being the case, he was sorry to say,
That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay, **
So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
To say even "how d'ye do?" across it:
And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,

* "He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy *bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and brother.*" — Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College, *The Times*, April 19.

** "It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible," &c.

'T was a jump that nought on earth could make
Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.
No, no, — if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
He would set to the Baptist willingly, *
At the Independent deign to smirk,
And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk;
Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,
He 'd take hands round with all the three;
But, as to a jig with Popery, no, —
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. M—nd—v—le was the next that rose, —
A Saint who round, as pedlar, goes,
With his pack of piety and prose,
Heavy and hot enough, God knows, —
And he said that Papists were much inclin'd
To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
Which he couldn't, in truth, so much condemn,
Having rather a wish to extirpate *them;*
That is, — to guard against mistake, —
To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake;
A distinction Churchmen always make, —
Insomuch that, when they 've prime control,
Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,
They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,
The spiritual Dogberry of the North, **
A right "wise fellow, and, what 's more,
An officer," *** like his type of yore;

* "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," &c.

** "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland, (cries of hear, and laughter,) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money?" &c.

*** "I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer." *Much Ado about Nothing.*

And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
Pray, what 's the use of our Reformation? *
What is the use of our Church and State?
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?
And, still as he yell'd out "what 's the use?"
Old Echoes, from their cells recluse
Where they 'd for centuries slept, broke loose,
Yelling responsive, "*What 's the use?*"

MORAL POSITIONS,

A DREAM.

"His Lordship said that it took a long time for a moral position to find its way across the Atlantic. He was very sorry that its voyage had been so long," &c. — Speech of Lord Dudley and Ward on Colonial Slavery, March 8.

T'OTHER night, after hearing Lord Dudley's oration
(A treat that comes once a-year as May-day does),
I dreamt that I saw — what a strange operation!
A "moral position" shipp'd off for Barbadoes.

The whole Bench of Bishops stood by in grave attitudes,
Packing the article tidy and neat; —
As their Rev'rences know, that in southerly latitudes
"Moral positions" don't keep very sweet.

There was B—th—st arranging the custom-house pass;
And, to guard the frail package from tousing and routing,
There stood my Lord Eld—n, endorsing it "Glass,"
Though as to which side should lie uppermost, doubting.

The freight was, however, stow'd safe in the hold;
The winds were polite, and the moon look'd romantic,
While off in the good ship "The Truth" we were roll'd,
With our ethical cargo, across the Atlantic.

* "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland?" &c.

Long, dolefully long, seem'd the voyage we made;
For "The Truth," at all times but a very slow sailer,
By friends, near as much as by foes, is delay'd,
And few come aboard her, though so many hail her.

At length, safe arrived, I went through "tare and tret,"
Deliver'd my goods in the primest condition,
And next morning read, in the *Bridgetown Gazette*,
"Just arrived by 'The Truth,' a new moral position."

"The Captain" — here, startled to find myself nam'd
As "the Captain" — (a thing which, I own it with pain,
I through life have avoided,) I woke — look'd asham'd,
Found I *wasn't* a captain, and doz'd off again.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

1832-3.

"Mutantem regna cometem." LUCAN.*

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,
"Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
"We 've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail; —
"Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

"No — 't is coming, 't is coming, th' avenger is nigh;
"Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters;
"One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
"Will settle, at once, all political matters; —

"The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five Powers,
"(Now turn'd into two) with their rigmarole Protocols; * —

* Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the former: —

"With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs."

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quæ sceptra cometæ."

** See, for some of these Protocols, the Annual Register for the year 1832.

"Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours
"Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what-d'ye-calls!

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,
"Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle!
"While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock
"That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope rais'd,
His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;
And, though nothing destructive appear'd as he gaz'd,
Much hop'd that there *would*, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seem'd to flit through his glass,
"Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;
While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas!
From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies: —

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!
"Whether Bucky * or Taurus I cannot well say: —
"And, yonder, there 's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,
"In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,
"L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about; —
"While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,
"Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt.

"Ah, El—b'r—h! 'faith, I first thought 't was the Comet;
"So like that in Milton, it made me quite pale;
"The head with the same 'horrid hair' ** coming from it,
"And plenty of vapour, but — where is the tail?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer elated —
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon show'd,
Which he took to be C—mb—rl—d, *upwards* translated,
Instead of his natural course, *t'other* road!

* The D—e of B—ck—m.

** "And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken, —
Down dropp'd the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles Street was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

FROM THE HON. HENRY —, TO LADY EMMA —.

Paris, March 30. 1832.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;
And the truth is, — as truth you *will* have, my sweet railer, —
There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting, — my mistress and tailor, —
As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on th' attorney, —
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But, to come to the point, — though you think, I dare say,
That 't is debt or the Cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour you 're wrong; — such a mere bagatelle
As a pestilence, nobody, now-a-days, fears;
And the fact is, my love, I 'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers;*
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;
This coinage of *nobles*, — coin'd, all of 'em, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *dis*count most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction, —
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!

* A new creation of Peers was generally expected at this time.

The prospect 's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—se
(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he 's to do;
And Sir George even doubts, — could he choose his disorder, —
'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.
This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
'T were best to fight shy of so curs'd a dilemma;
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan
I 'll send you — some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B. — Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without —
Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis might chap.
Small presents for ladies, — and nothing so wheedles
The creatures abroad as your golden-ey'd needles.
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
To think one knows Latin, when — one, perhaps, doesn't;
With some little book about heathen mythology,
Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
Not knowing the diff'rence 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

TRIUMPH OF BIGOTRY.

"COLLEGE. — We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20. 1832.

AY, yoke ye to the bigots' car,
Ye chos'n of Alma Mater's scions; —

Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young panthers in his team.
Thus classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young sucking dunces,
To draw him, as their Chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yok'd to Bigotry:
Showing us how young College hacks
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubs were *born* to draw
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.
Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore;* —
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Revers'd upon their monkish walls,** —
Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Then famous but for Wit turn'd *out*,
And Eloquence *turn'd upside down;*
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkies in
To draw M. P.s, amid the brays
Alike of donkies and M.A.s; —

* See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

** In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University, to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

Scripta manet.

1833.

'T was graved on the Stone of Destiny, *
In letters four, and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scar'd his eye;
For he knew that a Prophet Voice had said,
"As long as those words by man were read,
"The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
"One hour of peace or plenty share."
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew, —
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew, — such as Jews,
More skill'd in Scrip than Scripture, use;
While some surmis'd 't was an ancient way
Of keeping accounts, (well known in the day
Of the fam'd Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And prov'd in books most learn'dly boring,
'T was called the Pon*tick* way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them, form'd so grim a spell,
Or scar'd a Land of Gulls so well,
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T. H. E. D. E. B. T.
* * * * *

* Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny, — for which see Westminster Abbey.

Hark! — it is struggling Freedom's cry;
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die;
"'T is Freedom's fight, and, on the field
"Where I expire, *your* doom is seal'd."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summon'd his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, "Ye noble Gulls, shall we
"Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
"Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow?"
And they answer, with voice of thunder, "No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air! —
But, — why do they rest suspended there?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chill'd each eye, and check'd each arm?
Alas! some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal stone,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger, —
Letters four, and letters three,
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow, —
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of "brave and free,"
No answer getteth His Majesty
But "T. H. E. D. E. B. T."
In short, the whole Gull nation feels
They 're fairly spell-bound, neck and heels;
And so, in the face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furl'd,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to — some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas!
It has caused between W—th—r—l's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immensity,
Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past;
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?

Make W—th—r—l yield to "some sort of Reform"
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry faces);
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he 'll only wear braces.

Should those he now sports have been long in possession,
And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and Lockit's,
While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets —

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through cough,
To the speeches inspir'd by this music of pence, —
But must grieve that there 's any thing like *falling off*
In that great nether source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace debonair,
He began first to court — rather late in the season —

Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason;*

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go to prove;**

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day, — he 'll all fall to pieces at last.

TORY PLEDGES.

I PLEDGE myself through thick and thin,
To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that 's rotten still.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money.

* It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

** Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are, at least, very similar:

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
Effluit . . . . . .
tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris.

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
How much 't is at th' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I 'm *for* the Reverend encroachers: —
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians, —
Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I 've not the slightest hesitation, —
The People *must* be starv'd, t' insure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs bepros'd or shamm'd, —
I vote her grievances a *bore*,
So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bolus,
Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet, —
Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
And though I can't now offer gold,

There 's many a way of buying those
Who 've but the taste for being sold.

So here 's, with three times three hurrahs,
A toast, of which you 'll not complain, —
"Long life to jobbing; may the days
"Of Peculation shine again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

1832.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
"I 've heard much of English bishops," quoth he,
"And shall now take a trip to earth, to see
"How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
"With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd — but learn'd without misgivings —
Their love for good living, and eke good livings;
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
That good *living* means claret and fricassees,
While its plural means simply — pluralities.
"From all I hear," said the innocent man,
"They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
"For wealth and pomp they little can care,
"As they all say '*No*' to th' Episcopal chair;
"And their vestal virtue it well denotes
"That they all, good men, wear petticoats."

Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
And knocks at th' Archbishop of Canterbury's.
The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, "What 's your business with his Grace?"
"His Grace!" quoth Jerome — for posed was he,
Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;

Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,
Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular** —
In short, he rummag'd his holy mind,
Th' exact description of Grace to find,
Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery.
At last, out loud in a laugh he broke,
(For dearly the good saint lov'd his joke)**
And said — surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base —
"Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"
"Umph!" said the lackey, a man of few words,
"Th' Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."
"To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
"For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one;
"Unless such many-*fold* priests as these
"Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities!"***
"No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:
Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,
With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,
And propose a toast (humanely meant
To include even Curates in its extent)
"To all as *serves* th' Establishment."

* So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.

** Witness his well known pun on the name of his adversary Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

*** The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not ..... Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve." — *Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"Once more," said Jerome, "I 'll run up and see
How the Church goes on," — and off set he.
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the shades,
Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?" —
For he saw, when nearer he explor'd,
They 'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.
"They are ghosts of wigs," said Charon, "all,
"Once worn by nobs Episcopal.*
"For folks on earth, who 've got a store
"Of cast off things they 'll want no more,
"Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
"To a certain Gentleman here below.

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arriv'd on earth, quoth he, "No more
"I 'll affect a body, as before;
"For I think I 'd best, in the company
"Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
"And glide, unseen, from See to See."
But oh! to tell what scenes he saw, —
It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.
For instance, he found Ex—t—r,
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir, —

* The wig, which had so long formed an essential part of the dress of an English bishop, was at this time beginning to be dispensed with.

For love of God? for sake of King?
For good of people? — no such thing;
But to get for himself, by some new trick,
A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;
Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,*
Because the rogues showed restlessness
At having too little cash to touch,
While he so Christianly bears too much.
He found old Sarum's wits as gone
As his own beloved text in John,** —
Text he hath prosed so long upon,
That 't is thought when ask'd, at the gate of heaven,
His name, he 'll answer "John, v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I 've had to-day,"
Said the weary Saint, — "I must away.
"Though I own I should like, before I go,
"To see for once (as I 'm ask'd below
"If really such odd sights exist)
"A regular six-fold Pluralist."
Just then he heard a general cry —
"There 's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"
"Ay, that 's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"
And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,
At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
A glimpse of this singular plural man.
But, — talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird!***
To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
"Which way, Sir, pray, is the doctor gone?" —
"He is now at his living at Hillingdon." —

* See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

** 1 John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

*** It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

"No, no, — you 're out, by many a mile,
"He 's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle." —
"Pardon me, Sir; but I understand
"He 's gone to his living in Cumberland." —
"God bless me, no, — he can't be there;
"You must try St. George's, Hanover Square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquir'd,
From living to living, mock'd and tir'd; —
'T was Hodgson here, 't was Hodgson there,
'T was Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;
Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave o'er,
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
To astonish the natives under ground
With the comical things he on earth had found.

THOUGHTS ON TAR-BARRELS.

(VIDE DESCRIPTION OF A LATE FÊTE. *)

1832.

WHAT a pleasing contrivance! how aptly devis'd
'Twixt tar and magnolias to puzzle one's noses!
And how the tar-barrels must all be surpris'd
To find themselves seated like "Love among roses!"

What a pity we can't, by precautions like these,
Clear the air of that other still viler infection;
That radical pest, that old whiggish disease,
Of which cases, true-blue, are in every direction.

'Stead of barrels, let 's light up an Auto da Fé
Of a few good combustible Lords of "the Club;"
They would fume, in a trice, the Whig chol'ra away,
And there 's B—cky would burn like a barrel of bub.

How R—d—n would blaze! and what rubbish throw out!
A volcano of nonsense, in active display;

* The M—s of H—tf—d's Fête. — From dread of cholera his Lordship had ordered tar-barrels to be burned in every direction.

While V—ne, as a butt, amidst laughter, would spout
The hot nothings he 's full of, all night and all day.

And then, for a finish, there 's C—mb—d's Duke, —
Good Lord, how his chin-tuft would crackle in air!
Unless (as is shrewdly surmised from his look)
He 's already bespoke for combustion elsewhere.

THE CONSULTATION.*

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful."
The Critic.

1833.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig. — This wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,
That what to do with him, I 'm curst if I know.
I 've *promis'd* him anodynes —
Dr. Tory. Anodynes! — Stuff.
Tie him down — gag him well — he 'll be tranquil enough.
That 's *my* mode of practice.
Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.
'T is so painful —
Dr. Tory. — Pooh, nonsense — ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they tire.
He, too, says "'t is painful" — "quite makes his heart bleed" —
But "your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed." —
He would fain use them gently, but Cook'ry says "No,"
And — in short — eels were *born* to be treated just so.**

* These verses, as well as some others, that follow, (p. 82.) were extorted from me by that lamentable measure of the Whig ministry, the Irish Coercion Act.

** This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much con-

'T is the same with these Irish, — who 're odder fish still, —
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes; —
But, in fact, my dear brother, — if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old, —
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent like him, — so the fish is *but* stew'd, —
Must torture live Pats for the general good.

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*

Dr. Whig. — But what, if one's patient 's so devilish perverse,
That he *wo'n't* be thus tortur'd?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, Sir, coerce.
You 're a juv'nile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in:
And *(smiling)* who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,
With the comforting thought that, in place and in pelf,
He 's succeeded by one just as — bad as himself?

Dr. Whig (looking flattered). — Why, to tell you the truth,
I 've a small matter here,
Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year, —

[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait-waistcoat and gag.*

And such rest I 've enjoy'd from his raving, since then,
That I 've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

Dr. Tory (embracing him). — Oh, charming! — My dear Doctor Whig, you 're a treasure.
Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*

Give me leave — I 've some practice in these mad machines;
There — tighter — the gag in the mouth, by all means.
Delightful! — all 's snug — not a squeak need you fear, —
You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

[*Scene closes.*

cerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it *is* the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

AUTHOR OF THE POETICAL PORTRAITURE OF THE CHURCH.*

1833.

SWEET singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second,**
If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!
Once fairly inspir'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"
(Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old *Nine*'s inspiration,
The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation,)
There 's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
So be-*nined* and be-*tenth'd*, couldn't easily do.
Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian*** they say,
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence afterwards fell.
Just so round our Ov—rt—n's cradle, no doubt,
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves.

O Horace! when thou, in thy vision of yore,
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
Thy etherealiz'd limbs, stealing downily on,
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a swan,†

* See Edinburgh Review, No. 117.

** "Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my 'Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that *it will be tuned as David's was.*'"

*** Sophocles.

† — album mutor in alitem
Supernè: nascunturque læves
Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.

Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all;
Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov—rt—n find
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*.

SCENE

FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION."*

1834.

[Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him. — Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—llp—ts.]

Doctor P. — THERE, my lad, lie the Articles — (*Boy begins to count them*) just thirty-nine —
No occasion to count — you 've now only to sign.
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-church than we,
The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.
Let 's run o'er the items; — there 's Justification,
Predestination, and Supererogation, —
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.
That 's sufficient — now, sign — having read quite enough,
You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"

(*Boy stares.*)

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief, —
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,
To keep out, in general, all who 're particular.

* "It appears that when a youth of fifteen goes to be matriculated at Oxford, and is required first to subscribe Thirty-Nine Articles of Religious Belief, this only means that he engages himself afterwards to understand what is now above his comprehension; that he expresses no assent at all to what he signs; and that he is (or, *ought* to be) at full liberty, when he has studied the subject, to withdraw his provisional assent." — *Edinburgh Review*, No. 120.

But what 's the boy doing? what! reading all through,
And my luncheon fast cooling! — this never will do.
Boy (poring over the Articles). — Here are points which — pray,
Doctor, what 's "Grace of Congruity?"
Doctor P. (sharply). — You 'll find out, young Sir, when
you 've more ingenuity.
At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
Whate'er it may be, to believe it sincerely.
Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan, —
First, swallow all down, then digest — as we can.
Boy (still reading). — I 've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's
Creed,
Which, I 'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;
As he damns —
Doctor P. (aside). — Ay, and so would *I*, willingly, too,
All confounded particular young boobies, like you.
This comes of Reforming! — all 's o'er with our land,
When people wo'n't stand what they can't *under*stand;
Nor perceive that our ever-rever'd Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.
[*Exit Dr. P. in a passion.*

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sic vos non vobis."

1833.

"The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage." — *Letter from Mr. S. Powell*, August 6.

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who 've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs; —
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seized of the pig, in tail.

No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
His "well-belov'd" of their pennies fleec'd:
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
And 't is for *them* the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying "Take the pig" — "oh take the pence;"
The cries of little Vicarial dears,
The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears;
And, did he resist that soft appeal,
He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n!
A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,
Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.*
'T is true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes
The claim'd "obvention"** of four-pence goes;
But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake,
Than give up their darling right *to take*.
One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.
Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still as your rich Pactolus rolls,

* Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. L—dy, Rector of —, &c. &c. — *The Times*, August, 1833.

** One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, &c. are comprised.

Grasp every penny on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide:
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
"Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I HAVE been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
Lying N. N. E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every face;
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
'T is the *wish* to look wise, — not knowing *how*.
Self-glory glistens o'er all that 's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;
The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,
The falling founts in a titter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 't isn't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
In converse sweet, "What charming weather! —
"You 'll all rejoice to hear, I 'm sure,
"Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
"And the Premier says, my youngest brother
"(Him in the Guards) shall have another.
"Isn't this very, *very* gallant! —
"As for my poor old virgin aunt,
"Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
"We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."

Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,
Was a puppet-show, called Parliament,
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who rose to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and squires,
Who own'd the puppets, pull'd the wires;
And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,
To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;
Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the *best* of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink — port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,
May her cure of souls be a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul
A mod'rate allowance on the whole."
There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
From which the sense had all run out,
Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,
Till nothing was left but *quantities;*
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise.
But plain it was to see, alas!
That a downfall soon must come to pass.

For grief is a lot the good and wise
Don't quite so much monopolize,
But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
Even blessed fools must have their share.
And so it happen'd: — but what befell,
In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which, being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour." — *Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced — the bill drawn out, —
The debit and credit all right, no doubt —
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his Curate six pound eight;
The Curate, that *least* well-fed of men,
Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,
Which maketh the balance clearly due
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!
But sure to be all set right in heaven,
Where bills like these will be check'd, some day,
And the balance settled the other way:
Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum
Will back to his shade with interest come;
And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.*

1833.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw material for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chos'n for this scheme so romantic;
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark! from the shore a glad welcome there came —
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hail'd by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be? — half amazement — half doubt,
Pat listens again — rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
"Good Lord! only think, — black and curly already!"

Deceiv'd by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

'T is thus, — but alas! by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories, —
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

* I have already, in a preceding page, referred to this squib, as being one of those wrung from me by the Irish Coercion Act of my friends, the Whigs.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
"Good Lord! only think, — black and curly already!"

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

1833.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.
Though famed for his rules Aris*totle* may be,
In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,
For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle*"* for me!

For instance, while others discuss and debate,
It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate.

In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
'T is certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,
Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred, —
Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
Containing three millions of Protestant creatures, —
So that each of said Bishops full ably controls
One million and five hundred thousands of souls.
And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we 're told,
Half a million includes the whole Protestant fold;
If, therefore, for *three* million souls, 't is conceded
Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,
'T is plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,
One third of *one* Bishop is just the right quantum.
And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
The Irish Church question 's resolv'd to a T;
Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.

* The *total*, — so pronounced by this industrious senator.

Nay, if — as St. Roden complains is the case —
The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,
The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,
Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.
But, as fractions imply that we 'd have to dissect,
And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
We 've a small, fractious prelate whom well we could spare,
Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;
And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
We 'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole*,* as her Church.

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

1834.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons." — *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fit men to fill those Irish rectories,
Which soon will have but scant refectories,
It has been suggested, — lest that Church
Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men endued
With this gift of ne'er requiring food, —
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There couldn't be made, of wood and leather,**
(Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
Jointed figures, not *lay*,*** but clerical,
Which, wound up carefully once a week,
Might just like parsons look and speak,

* Corporation sole.

** The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

*** The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "lay figures."

Nay even, if requisite, reason too,
As well as most Irish parsons do.
Th' experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,
Who 've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
They think it isn't for her spiritual good
To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood,)
The Patentees of this new invention
Beg leave respectfully to mention,
They now are enabled to produce
An ample supply, for present use,
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
Ready for vicarage, rect'ry, deanery,
Or any such-like post of skill
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B. — In places addicted to arson,
We can't recommend a wooden parson:
But, if the Church any such appoints,
They 'd better, at least, have iron joints.
In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
A figure to *look at* 's all that 's wanted —
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating 's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S. — Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
Permit the clergy again to eat,
The Church will, of course, no longer need
Imitation-parsons that never feed;
And these *wood* creatures of ours will sell
For secular purposes just as well —
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
Should transmigrate into *turning* machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'S SELF A PEER.

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.*

1834.

CHOOSE some title that 's dormant — the Peerage hath many —
Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
And marry him, off hand, in some given year,
To the daughter of somebody, — no matter who, —
Fig, the grocer himself, if you 're hard run, will do;
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well?
Thus, having your couple, and one a lord's cousin,
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;
And 't is hard if, inventing each small mother's son of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one of 'em.
Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory,
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,
I 've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One *grand* rule of enterprise, — *don't* be particular.
A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,**
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'T is true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways — when folks are resolv'd to be lords —
Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records.
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,

* The claim to the barony of Chandos (if I recollect right) advanced by the late Sir Eg—r—t—n Br—d—s.

** "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing." — *Watts's Logic.*

As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,
Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,
But they 're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands
Of some would-be Patrician, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?
One snip, — and the urchin hath *never* existed!
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere
With his one sublime object of being a Peer?
Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride, —
No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-minded elves,
Who 've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And — *who* knows but you 'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?

THE DUKE IS THE LAD.

Air. — "A master I have, and I am his man,
Galloping dreary dun." *Castle of Andalusia.*

The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
Galloping, dreary duke;
The Duke is the lad to frighten a lass,
He 's an ogre to meet, and the d—l to pass,
With his charger prancing,
Grim eye glancing,
Chin, like a Mufti,
Grizzled and tufty,
Galloping, dreary Duke.

Ye misses, beware of the neighbourhood
Of this galloping dreary Duke;
Avoid him, all who see no good
In being run o'er by a Prince of the Blood.
For, surely, no nymph is
Fond of a grim phiz,
And of the married,
Whole crowds have miscarried
At sight of this dreary Duke.

EPISTLE

FROM ERASMUS ON EARTH TO CICERO IN THE SHADES.

Southampton.

As 't is now, my dear Tully, some weeks since I started
By rail-road, for earth, having vowed, ere we parted,
To drop you a line, by the Dead-Letter post,
Just to say how I thrive, in my new line of ghost,
And how deucedly odd this live world all appears,
To a man who 's been dead now for three hundred years,
I take up my pen, and, with news of this earth,
Hope to waken, by turns, both your spleen and your mirth.

In my way to these shores, taking Italy first,
Lest the change from Elysium too sudden should burst,
I forgot not to visit those haunts where, of yore,
You took lessons from Pætus in cookery's lore,*
Turn'd aside from the calls of the rostrum and Muse,
To discuss the rich merits of *rôtis* and stews,
And preferr'd to all honours of triumph or trophy,
A supper on prawns with that rogue, little Sophy.**

Having dwelt on such classical musings awhile,
I set off, by a steam-boat, for this happy isle,

* See his Letters to Friends, lib. ix. epist. 19, 20, &c.
** Ingentium squillarum cum Sophia Septimæ. — Lib. ix. epist. 10.

(A conveyance *you* ne'er, I think, sail'd by, my Tully,
And therefore, *per* next, I 'll describe it more fully,)
Having heard, on the way, what distresses me greatly,
That England 's o'er-run by *idolaters* lately,
Stark, staring adorers of wood and of stone,
Who will let neither stick, stock, or statue alone.
Such the sad news I heard from a tall man in black
Who from sports continental was hurrying back,
To look after his tithes; — seeing, doubtless, 't would follow,
That, just as, of old, your great idol, Apollo,
Devour'd all the Tenths,* so the idols in question,
These wood and stone gods, may have equal digestion,
And th' idolatrous crew, whom this Rector despises,
May eat up the tithe-pig which *he* idolizes.

London.

'T is all but too true — grim Idolatry reigns,
In full pomp, over England's lost cities and plains!
On arriving just now, as my first thought and care
Was, as usual, to seek out some near House of Prayer,
Some calm, holy spot, fit for Christians to pray on,
I was shown to — what think you? — a downright Pantheon!
A grand, pillar'd temple, with niches and halls,**
Full of idols and gods, which they nickname St. Paul's; —
Though 't is clearly the place where the idolatrous crew,
Whom the Rector complain'd of, their dark rites pursue;
And, 'mong all the "strange gods" Abr'ham's father carv'd out,***
That he ever carv'd *stranger* than these I much doubt.

Were it ev'n, my dear TULLY, your Hebes and Graces.
And such pretty things, that usurp'd the Saints' places,
I shouldn't much mind, — for, in this classic dome,
Such folks from Olympus would feel quite at home.
But the gods they 've got here! — such a queer omnium gatherum
Of misbegot things, that no poet would father 'em; —

* Tithes were paid to the Pythian Apollo.
** See Dr. Wiseman's learned and able letter to Mr. Poynder.
*** Joshua, xxiv. 2.

Britannias, in light, summer-wear for the skies, —
Old Thames, turn'd to stone, to his no small surprise, —
Father Nile, too, — a portrait, (in spite of what 's said,
That no mortal e'er yet got a glimpse of his *head*, *)
And a Ganges, which India would think somewhat fat for't,
Unless 't was some full-grown Director had sat for't; —
Not to mention th' *et cæteras* of Genii and Sphinxes,
Fame, Vict'ry, and other such semi-clad miuxes; —
Sea Captains, ** — the idols here most idolized;
And of whom some, alas, might too well be comprized
Among ready-made Saints, as they died *cannon*ized; —
With a multitude more of odd cockneyfied deities,
Shrined in such pomp that quite shocking to see it 't is;
Nor know I what better the Rector could do
Than to shrine there his own belov'd quadruped too;
As most surely a tithe-pig, whate'er the world thinks, is
A much fitter beast for a church than a Sphinx is.

But I 'm call'd off to dinner — grace just has been said,
And my host waits for nobody, living or dead.

LINES***

ON THE DEPARTURE OF LORDS C—ST—R—GH AND ST—W—RT FOR THE CONTINENT.

At Paris † et Fratres, et qui rapuêre sub illis
Vix tenuêre manus (scis hoc, Menelaë) nefandas.
OVID. *Metam.* lib. xiii. v. 202.

Go, Brothers in wisdom — go, bright pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!

* — — "Nec contigit ulli
Hoc vidisse caput." CLAUDIAN.

** Captains Mosse, Riou, &c. &c.

*** This and the following squib, which must have been written about the year 1815-16, have been by some oversight misplaced.

† Ovid is mistaken in saying that it was "at Paris" these rapacious transactions took place — we should read "at Vienna."

The *one*, the best lover we have — *of his years*,
And the *other* Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

Go, Hero of Chancery, blest with the smile
Of the Misses that love, and the monarchs that prize thee,
Forget Mrs. Ang—lo T—yl—r awhile,
And all tailors but him who so well *dandifies* thee.

Never mind how thy juniors in gallantry scoff,
Never heed how perverse affidavits may thwart thee,
But show the young Misses thou 'rt scholar enough
To translate "Amor Fortis" a love, *about forty!*

And sure 't is no wonder, when, fresh as young Mars,
From the battle you came, with the Orders you 'd earn'd in 't,
That sweet Lady Fanny should cry out "my *stars!*"
And forget that the *Moon*, too, was some way concern'd in 't.

For not the great R—g—t himself has endur'd
(Though I 've seen him with badges and orders all shine,
Till he look'd like a house that was *over* insur'd)
A much heavier burden of glories than thine.

And 't is plain, when a wealthy young lady so mad is,
Or *any* young ladies can so go astray,
As to marry old Dandies that might be their daddies,
The *stars** are in fault, my Lord St—w—rt, not they!

Thou, too, t' other brother, thou Tully of Tories,
Thou *Malaprop* Cicero, over whose lips
Such a smooth rigmarole about "monarchs," and "glories,"
And "*nullidge*," ** and "features," like syllabub slips.

Go, haste, at the Congress pursue thy vocation
Of adding fresh sums to this National Debt of ours,
Leaguing with Kings, who, for mere recreation,
Break promises, fast as your Lordship breaks metaphors.

* "When weak women go astray,
The stars are more in fault than they."

** It is thus the noble lord pronounces the word "knowledge" — deriving it, as far as his own share is concerned, from the Latin, "nullus."

Fare ye well, fare ye well, bright Pair of Peers,
And may Cupid and Fame fan you both with their pinions!
The one, the best lover we have — *of his years*,
And the other, Prime Statesman of Britain's dominions.

TO THE SHIP

IN WHICH LORD C—ST—R—GH SAILED FOR THE CONTINENT.

Imitated from Horace, lib. i. ode 3.

So may my Lady's pray'rs prevail, *
And C—nn—g's too, and *lucid* Br—gge's,
And Eld—n beg a favouring gale
From Eolus, that *older* Bags, **
To speed thee on thy destin'd way,
Oh ship, that bear'st our C—st—r—gh, ***
Our gracious R—g—t's better half †
And, *therefore*, quarter of a King —
(As Van, or any other calf,
May find, without much figuring).
Waft him, oh ye kindly breezes,
Waft this Lord of place and pelf,
Any where his Lordship pleases,
Though 't were to Old Nick himself!

Oh, what a face of brass was his, ††
Who first at Congress show'd his phiz —

* Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater.

** See a description of the *ασκοι*, or *Bags* of Eolus, in the Odyssey, lib. 10.

*** Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium.

† — Animæ dimidium meum

†† Illi robur et æs triplex.
Circa pectus erat, qui, &c

To sign away the Rights of Man
To Russian threats and Austrian juggle;
And leave the sinking African*
To fall without one saving struggle —
'Mong ministers from North and South,
To show his lack of shame and sense,
And hoist the Sign of "Bull and Mouth"
For blunders and for eloquence!

In vain we wish our *Secs.* at home**
To mind their papers, desks, and shelves,
If silly *Secs.* abroad *will* roam
And make such noodles of themselves.

But such hath always been the case —
For matchless impudence of face,
There 's nothing like your Tory race!***
First, Pitt,† the chos'n of England, taught her
A taste for famine, fire, and slaughter.
Then came the Doctor,†† for our ease,
With E—d—ns, Ch—th—ms, H—wk—b—s,
And other deadly maladies.

* ——— præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus.

** Necquicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens oceano dissociabili
Terras, si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda *Rates* transiliunt vada.

This last line, we may suppose, alludes to some distinguished *Rats* that attended the voyager.

*** Audax omnia perpeti
Gens ruit per vetitum nefas.

† Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

†† Post — — — —
—— macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubit cohors.

When each, in turn, had run their rigs,
Necessity brought in the Whigs: *
And oh, I blush, I blush to say,
When these, in turn, were put to flight, too,
Illustrious T—MP—E flew away
With *lots of pens he had no right to!* **
In short, what *will* not mortal man do? ***
And now, that — strife and bloodshed past —
We 've done on earth what harm we can do,
We gravely take to heav'n at last †
And think its favouring smile to purchase
(Oh Lord, good Lord! by — building churches!)

SKETCH OF THE FIRST ACT OF A NEW ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"And now," quoth the goddess, in accents jocose,
"Having got good materials, I 'll brew such a dose
"Of Double X mischief as, mortals shall say,
"They 've not known its equal for many a long day."
Here she wink'd to her subaltern imps to be steady,
And all wagg'd their fire-tipp'd tails and stood ready.

"So, now for th' ingredients: — first, hand me that bishop;"
Whereon, a whole bevy of imps run to fish up,
From out a large reservoir, wherein they pen 'em,
The blackest of all its black dabblers in venom;

* — — tarda necessitas
Lethi corripuit gradum.

** Expertus *vacuum* Dædalus aera
Pennis non homini datis.

This alludes to the 1200*l.* worth of stationery, which his Lordship is said to have ordered, when on the point of *vacating* his place.

*** Nil mortalibus arduum est.

† Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.

And wrapping him up (lest the virus should ooze,
And one "drop of th' immortal"* Right Rev.** they might lose)
In the sheets of his own speeches, charges, reviews,
Pop him into the caldron, while loudly a burst
From the by-standers welcomes ingredient the first!

"Now fetch the Ex-Chancellor," mutter'd the dame —
"He who 's call'd after Harry the Older, by name."
"The Ex-Chancellor!" echoed her imps, the whole crew of 'em —
"Why talk of *one* Ex, when your Mischief has *two* of 'em?"
"True, true," said the hag, looking arch at her elves,
"And a double-*Ex* dose they compose, in themselves."
This joke, the sly meaning of which was seen lucidly,
Set all the devils a laughing most deucedly.
So, in went the pair, and (what none thought surprising)
Show'd talents for sinking as great as for rising;
While not a grim phiz in that realm but was lighted
With joy to see spirits so twin-like united —
Or (plainly to speak) two such birds of a feather,
In one mess of venom thus spitted together.
Here a flashy imp rose — some connexion, no doubt,
Of the young lord in question — and, scowling about,
"Hop'd his fiery friend, St—nl—y, would not be left out;
"As no schoolboy unwhipp'd, the whole world must agree,
"Lov'd mischief, *pure* mischief, more dearly than he."

But, no — the wise hag wouldn't hear of the whipster;
Not merely because, as a shrew, he eclips'd her,
And nature had giv'n him, to keep him still young,
Much tongue in his head and no head in his tongue;
But because she well knew that, for change ever ready,
He 'd not ev'n to mischief keep properly steady;
That soon ev'n the *wrong* side would cease to delight,
And, for want of a change, he must swerve to the *right;*

* "To lose no drop of the immortal man."

** The present Bishop of Ex—t—r.

While, on *each*, so at random his missiles he threw,
That the side he attack'd was most safe, of the two. —
This ingredient was therefore put by on the shelf,
There to bubble, a bitter, hot mess, by itself.
"And now," quoth the hag, as her caldron she ey'd,
And the tidbits so friendlily rankling inside,
"There wants but some seasoning; — so, come, ere I stew 'em,
"By way of a relish, we 'll throw in '† John Tuam.'
"In cooking up mischief, there 's no flesh or fish
"Like your meddling High Priest, to add zest to the dish."
Thus saying, she pops in the Irish Grand Lama —
Which great event ends the First Act of the Drama.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THOUGH fam'd was Mesmer, in his day,
Nor less so, in ours, is Dupotet,
To say nothing of all the wonders done
By that wizard, Dr. Elliotson,
When, standing as if the gods to invoke, he
Up waves his arm, and — down drops Okey!*

Though strange these things, to mind and sense,
If you wish still stranger things to see —
If you wish to know the power immense
Of the true magnetic influence,
Just go to her Majesty's Treasury,
And learn the wonders working there —
And I 'll be hang'd if you don't stare!
Talk of your animal magnetists,
And that wave of the hand no soul resists,
Not all its witcheries can compete
With the friendly beckon tow'rds Downing Street,
Which a Premier gives to one who wishes
To taste of the Treasury loaves and fishes.

* The name of the heroine of the performances at the North London Hospital.

It actually lifts the lucky elf,
Thus acted upon, *above* himself; —
He jumps to a state of *clairvoyance*,
And is placeman, statesman, all, at once!

These effects, observe (with which I begin),
Take place when the patient 's motion'd *in;*
Far different, of course, the mode of affection,
When the wave of the hand 's in the *out* direction;
The effects being then extremely unpleasant,
As is seen in the case of Lord B—m, at present;
In whom this sort of manipulation
Has lately produc'd such inflammation,
Attended with constant irritation,
That, in short — not to mince his situation —
It has work'd in the man a transformation
That puzzles all human calculation!

Ever since the fatal day which saw
That "pass"* perform'd on this Lord of Law —
A pass potential, none can doubt,
As it sent Harry B—m to the right about —
The condition in which the patient has been
Is a thing quite awful to be seen.
Not that a casual eye could scan
This wondrous change by outward survey;
It being, in fact, th' *interior* man
That 's turn'd completely topsy-turvy: —
Like a case that lately, in reading o'er 'em,
I found in the *Acta Eruditorum*,
Of a man in whose inside, when disclos'd,
The whole order of things was found transpos'd;**
By a *lusus naturæ*, strange to see,
The liver plac'd where the heart should be,

* The technical term for the movements of the magnetizer's hand.

** Omnes feré internas corporis partes inverso ordine sitas. — *Act. Erudit.* 1690.

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek MÜNCHEN

And the *spleen* (like B—m's, since laid on the shelf)
As diseas'd and as much *out of place* as himself.

In short, 't is a case for consultation,
If e'er there was one, in this thinking nation;
And therefore I humbly beg to propose,
That those *savans* who mean, as the rumour goes,
To sit on Miss Okey's wonderful case,
Should also Lord Harry's case embrace;
And inform us, in *both* these patients' states,
Which *ism* it is that predominates,
Whether magnetism and somnambulism,
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

THE SONG OF THE BOX.

Let History boast of her Romans and Spartans,
And tell how they stood against tyranny's shocks;
They were all, I confess, in *my* eye, Betty Martins,
Compar'd to George Gr—te and his wonderful Box.

Ask, where Liberty now has her seat? — Oh, it isn't
By Delaware's banks or on Switzerland's rocks; —
Like an imp in some conjuror's bottle imprison'd,
She 's slily shut up in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

How snug! — 'stead of floating through ether's dominions,
Blown *this* way and *that*, by the "populi vox,"
To fold thus in silence her sinecure pinions,
And go fast asleep in Gr—te's wonderful Box.

Time was, when free speech was the life-breath of freedom —
So thought once the Seldens, the Hampdens, the Lockes;
But mute be *our* troops, when to ambush we lead 'em,
For "Mum" is the word with us Knights of the Box.

Pure, exquisite Box! no corruption can soil it;
There 's Otto of Rose in each breath it unlocks;

While Gr—te is the "Betty," that serves at the toilet,
And breathes all Arabia around from his Box.*

'T is a singular fact, that the fam'd Hugo Grotius **
(A namesake of Gr—te's — being both of Dutch stocks),
Like Gr—te, too, a genius profound as precocious,
Was also, like him, much renown'd for a Box; —

An immortal old clothes-box, in which the great Grotius
When suffering, in prison, for views het'rodox,
Was pack'd up incog. spite of gaolers ferocious,***
And sent to his wife,† carriage free, in a Box!

But the fame of old Hugo now rests on the shelf,
Since a rival hath ris'n that all parallel mocks; —
That Grotius ingloriously sav'd but himself,
While *ours* saves the whole British realm by a Box!

And oh when, at last, ev'n this greatest of Gr—tes
Must bend to the Power that at every door knocks, ††
May he drop in the urn like his own "silent votes,"
And the tomb of his rest be a large Ballot-Box.

While long at his shrine, both from county and city,
Shall pilgrims triennially gather in flocks,
And sing, while they whimper, th' appropriate ditty,
"Oh breathe not his *name*, let it sleep — in the Box."

* And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
POPE's *Rape of the Lock.*

** *Groot*, or *Grote*, latinized into Grotius.

*** For the particulars of this escape of Grotius from the Castle of Louvenstein, by means of a box (only three feet and a half long, it is said) in which books used to be occasionally sent to him and foul linen returned, see any of the Biographical Dictionaries.

† This is not quite according to the facts of the case; his wife having been the contriver of the stratagem, and remained in the prison herself to give him time for escape.

†† Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede, &c. — HORAT.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A NEW THALABA.

ADDRESSED TO ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

WHEN erst, my Southey, thy tuneful tongue
The terrible tale of Thalaba sung —
Of him, the Destroyer, doom'd to rout
That grim divan of conjurors out,
Whose dwelling dark, as legends say,
Beneath the roots of the ocean lay,
(Fit place for deep ones, such as they,)
How little thou knew'st, dear Dr. Southey,
Although bright genus all allow thee,
That, some years thence, thy wondering eyes
Should see a second Thalaba rise —
As ripe for ruinous rigs as thine,
Though his havoc lie in a different line,
And should find this new, improv'd Destroyer
Beneath the wig of a Yankee lawyer;
A sort of an "alien," *alias* man,
Whose country or party guess who can,
Being Cockney half, half Jonathan;
And his life, to make the thing completer,
Being all in the genuine Thalaba metre,
Loose and irregular as thy feet are; —
First, into Whig Pindarics rambling,
Then in low Tory doggrel scrambling;
Now *love* his theme, now *Church* his glory
(At once both Tory and ama-tory),
Now in th' Old Bailey-*lay* meandering,
Now in soft *couplet* style philandering;
And, lastly, in lame Alexandrine,
Dragging his wounded length along,*
When scourg'd by Holland's silken thong.

In short, dear Bob, Destroyer the Second
May fairly a match for the First be reckon'd;

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, *like a wounded snake*, drags its slow length along."

Save that *your* Thalaba's talent lay
In sweeping old conjurors clean away,
While ours at aldermen deals his blows,
(Who no great conjurors are, God knows,)
Lays Corporations, by wholesale, level,
Sends Acts of Parliament to the devil,
Bullies the whole Milesian race —
Seven millions of Paddies, face to face;
And, seizing that magic wand, himself,
Which erst thy conjurors left on the shelf,
Transforms the boys of the Boyne and Liffey
All into *foreigners*, in a jiffey —
Aliens, outcasts, every soul of 'em,
Born but for whips and chains, the whole of 'em!

Never, in short, did parallel
Betwixt two heroes *gee* so well;
And, among the points in which they fit,
There 's one, dear Bob, I cant omit.
That hacking, hectoring blade of thine
Dealt much in the *Domdaniel* line;*
And 't is but rendering justice due,
To say that ours and his Tory crew
Damn Daniel most devoutly too.

RIVAL TOPICS. **

AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n and Stephenson,
Oh morn and evening papers,
Times, Herald, Courier, Globe, and Sun,
When will ye cease our ears to stun
With these two heroes' capers?

* "Vain are the spells, the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor."
Thalaba, a Metrical Romance.

** The date of this squib must have been, I think, about 1828–9.

Still "Stephenson" and "W—ll—ngt—n,"
The everlasting two! —
Still doom'd, from rise to set of sun,
To hear what mischief one has done,
And t'other means to do: —
What bills the banker pass'd to friends,
But never meant to pay;
What Bills the other wight intends,
As honest, in their way; —
Bills, payable at distant sight,
Beyond the Grecian kalends,
When all good deeds will come to light,
When W—ll—ngt—n will do what 's right,
And Rowland pay his balance.

To catch the banker all have sought,
But still the rogue unhurt is;
While t'other juggler — who'd have thought?
Though slippery long, has just been caught
By old Archbishop Curtis; —
And, such the power of papal crook,
The crosier scarce had quiver'd
About his ears, when, lo, the Duke
Was of a Bull deliver'd!

Sir Richard Birnie doth decide
That Rowland "must be mad,"
In private coach, with crest, to ride,
When chaises could be had.
And t'other hero, all agree,
St. Luke's will soon arrive at,
If thus he shows off publicly,
When he might pass in private.

Oh W—ll—ngt—n, oh Stephenson,
Ye ever-boring pair,
Where'er I sit, or stand, or run,
Ye haunt me every where.

Though Job had patience tough enough,
Such duplicates would try it;
Till one 's turn'd out and t'other off,
We shan't have peace or quiet.
But small 's the chance that Law affords —
Such folks are daily let off;
And, 'twixt th' Old Bailey and the Lords,
They both, I fear, will get off.

THE BOY STATESMAN.

BY A TORY.

"That boy will be the death of me." *Matthews at Home.*

Ah, Tories dear, our ruin is near,
With St—nl—y to help us, we can't but fall;
Already a warning voice I hear,
Like the late Charles Matthews' croak in my ear,
"That boy — that boy 'll be the death of you all."

He will, God help us! — not ev'n Scriblerius
In the "Art of Sinking" his match could be;
And our case is growing exceeding serious,
For, all being in the same boat as he,
If down my Lord goes, down go we,
Lord Baron St—nl—y and Company,
As deep in Oblivion's swamp below
As such "Masters Shallow" well could go;
And where we shall all both low and high,
Embalm'd in mud, as forgotten lie
As already doth Gr—h—m of Netherby!
But that boy, that boy! — there 's a tale I know,
Which in talking of him comes *à-propos*.
Sir Thomas More had an only son,
And a foolish lad was that only one,
And Sir Thomas said, one day to his wife,
"My dear, I can't but wish you joy,

"For you pray'd for a boy, and you now have a boy,
"Who 'll continue a boy to the end of his life."

Ev'n such is our own distressing lot,
With the ever-young statesman we have got; —
Nay ev'n still worse; for Master More
Wasn't more a youth than he 'd been before,
While *ours* such power of boyhood shows,
That, the older he gets, the more juv'nile he grows,
And, at what extreme old age he 'll close
His schoolboy course, heaven only knows; —
Some century hence, should he reach so far,
And ourselves to witness it heav'n condemn,
Whe shall find him a sort of *cub* Old Parr,
A whipper-snapper Methusalem,
Nay, ev'n should he make still longer stay of it,
The boy 'll want *judgment*, ev'n to the day of it!
Meanwhile, 't is a serious, sad infliction;
And, day and night, with awe I recall
The late Mr. Matthews' solemn prediction,
"That boy 'll be the death, the death of you all."

LETTER

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN TO THE REV. MURTAGH O'MULLIGAN.

Arrah, where were *you*, Murthagh, that beautiful day? —
Or, how came it your riverence was laid on the shelf,
When that poor craythur, Bobby — as *you* were away —
Had to make *twice* as big a Tom-fool of *himself*.

Throth, it wasn't at all civil to lave in the lurch
A boy so desarving your tindh'rest affection; —
Two such iligant Siamase twins of the Church,
As Bob and yourself, ne'er should cut the connection.

If thus in two different directions you pull,
'Faith, they 'll swear that yourself and your riverend brother

Are like those quare foxes, in Gregory's Bull,
Whose tails were join'd *one* way, while they look'd *another!* *

Och bless'd be he, whosomdever he be,
That help'd soft Magee to that Bull of a Letther!
Not ev'n my own self, though I sometimes make free
At such bull-manufacture, could make him a betther.

To be sure, when a lad takes to *forgin'*, this way,
'T is a thrick he 's much timpted to carry on gaily;
Till, at last, his "injanious devices," ** some day,
Show him up, not a Exether Hall, but th' Ould Bailey.

That parsons should forge thus appears mighty odd,
And (as if somethin' "odd" in their *names*, too, must be,)
One forger, of ould, was a riverend Dod.
While a riverend Todd 's now his match, to a T. ***

But, no matther *who* did it — all blessins betide him,
For dishin' up Bob, in a manner so nate;
And there wanted but *you*, Murthagh 'vourneen, beside him,
To make the whole grand dish of *bull*-calf complate.

* "You will increase the enmity with which they are regarded by their associates in heresy, thus tying these foxes by the tails, that their faces may tend in opposite directions." — Bob's *Bull*, read at Exeter Hall, July 14.

** "An ingenious device of my learned friend." — Bob's *Letter to Standard.*

*** Had I consulted only my own wishes, I should not have allowed this hasty attack on Dr. Todd to have made its appearance in this Collection; being now fully convinced that the charge brought against that reverend gentleman of intending to pass off as genuine his famous mock Papal Letter was altogether unfounded. Finding it to be the wish, however, of my reverend friend — as I am now glad to be permitted to call him — that both the wrong and the reparation, the Ode and the Palinode, should be thus placed in juxtaposition, I have thought it but due to him to comply with his request.

MUSINGS OF AN UNREFORMED PEER.

Of all the odd plans of this monstrously queer age,
The oddest is that of reforming the peerage; —
Just as if we, great dons, with a title and star
Did not get on exceedingly well, as we are,
And perform all the functions of noodles, by birth,
As completely as any born noodles on earth.

How *acres* descend, is in law-books display'd,
But we as *wise*acres descend, ready made;
And, by right of our rank in Debrett's nomenclature,
Are, all of us, born legislators by nature; —
Like ducklings, to water instinctly taking,
So we, with like quackery, take to law-making;
And God forbid any reform should come o'er us,
To make us more wise than our sires were before us.

Th' Egyptians of old the same policy knew —
If your sire was a cook, you must be a cook too:
Thus making, from father to son, a good trade of it,
Poisoners *by right* (so no more could be said of it),
The cooks, like our lordships, a pretty mess made of it;
While, fam'd for *conservative* stomachs, th' Egyptians
Without a wry face bolted all the prescriptions.

It is true, we 've among us some peers of the past,
Who keep pace with the present most awfully fast —
Fruits, that ripen beneath the new light now arising
With speed that to *us*, old conserves, is surprising,
Conserves, in whom — potted, for grandmamma uses —
'T would puzzle a sunbeam to find any juices.
'T is true, too, I fear, 'midst the general movement,
Ev'n *our* House, God help it, is doom'd to improvement,
And all its live furniture, nobly descended,
But sadly worn out, must be sent to be mended.
With *moveables* 'mong us, like Br—m and like D—rh—m,
No wonder ev'n *fixtures* should learn to bestir 'em;

And, distant, ye gods, be that terrible day,
When — as playful Old Nick, for his pastime, they say,
Flies off with old houses, sometimes, in a storm —
So *ours* may be whipt off, some night, by Reform;
And, as up, like Loretto's fam'd house,* through the air,
Not angels, but devils, our lordships shall bear,
Grim, radical phizzes, unus'd to the sky,
Shall flit round, like cherubs, to wish us "good-by,"
While, perch'd up on clouds, little imps of plebeians,
Small Grotes and O'Connells, shall sing Io Pæans.

THE REVEREND PAMPHLETEER.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

Oh, have you heard what hap'd of late?
If not, come lend an ear,
While sad I state the piteous fate
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

All prais'd his skil'ul jockeyship,
Loud rung the Tory cheer,
While away, away, with spur and whip,
Went the Reverend Pamphleteer.

The nag he rode — how *could* it err?
'T was the same that took, last year,
That wonderful jump to Exeter
With the Reverend Pamphleteer.

Set a beggar on horseback, wise men say,
The course he will take is clear;
And in *that* direction lay the way
Of the Reverend Pamphleteer.

"Stop, stop," said Truth, but vain her cry —
Left far away in the rear,

* The *Casa Santa*, supposed to have been carried by angels through the air from Galilee to Italy.

She heard but the usual gay "Good-by"
From her faithless Pamphleteer.

You may talk of the jumps of Homer's gods,
When cantering o'er our sphere —
I'd back for a *bounce*, 'gainst any odds,
This Reverend Pamphleteer.

But ah, what tumbles a jockey hath!
In the midst of his career,
A file of the *Times* lay right in the path
Of the headlong Pamphleteer.

Whether he tripp'd or shy'd thereat,
Doth not so clear appear:
But down he came, as his sermons flat —
This Reverend Pamphleteer!

Lord King himself could scarce desire
To see a spiritual Peer
Fall much more dead, in the dirt and mire,
Than did this Pamphleteer.

Yet pitying parsons, many a day,
Shall visit his silent bier,
And, thinking the while of Stanhope, say
"Poor dear old Pamphleteer!

"He has finish'd, at last, his busy span,
"And now *lies coolly* here —
"As often he did in life, good man,
"Good, Reverend Pamphleteer!"

A RECENT DIALOGUE.

1825.

A BISHOP and a bold dragoon,
Both heroes in their way
Did thus, of late, one afternoon,
Unto each other say: —
"Dear bishop," quoth the brave hussar,
"As nobody denies

"That you a wise logician are,
"And I am — otherwise,
"'T is fit that in this question, we
"Stick each to his own art —
"That *yours* should be the sophistry,
"And *mine* the *fighting* part.
"My creed, I need not tell you, is
"Like that of W—n,
"To whom no harlot comes amiss,
"Save her of Babylon; *
"And when we 're at a loss for words,
"If laughing reasoners flout us,
"For lack of sense we 'll draw our swords —
"The sole thing sharp about us." —
"Dear bold dragoon," the bishop said,
"'T is true for war thou art meant;
"And reasoning — bless that dandy head!
"Is not in thy department.
"So leave the argument to me —
"And, when my holy labour
"Hath lit the fires of bigotry,
"Thou 'lt poke them with thy sabre.
"From pulpit and from sentry-box,
"We 'll make our joint attacks,
"I at the head of my *Cassocks*,
"And you, of your *Cossacks*.
"So here 's your health, my brave hussar,
"My exquisite old fighter —
"Success to bigotry and war,
"The musket and the mitre!"
Thus pray'd the minister of heaven —
While Y—k, just entering then,
Snor'd out (as if some *Clerk* had given
His nose the cue) "Amen."

T B.

Cui nulla meretrix displicuit præter Babylonicam.

THE WELLINGTON SPA.

"And drink *oblivion* to our woes." ANNA MATILDA.

1829.

TALK no more of your Cheltenham and Harrowgate springs,
'T is from *Lethe* we now our potations must draw;
Your *Lethe* 's a cure for — all possible things,
And the doctors have nam'd it the Wellington Spa.

Other physical waters but cure you in part;
One cobbles your gout — *t'other* mends your digestion —
Some settle your stomach, but *this* — bless your heart! —
It will settle, for ever, your Catholic Question.

Unlike, too, the potions in fashion at present,
This Wellington nostrum, restoring by stealth,
So purges the mem'ry of all that 's unpleasant,
That patients *forget* themselves into rude health.

For instance, th' inventor — his having once said
"He should think himself mad, if, at *any one* s' call,
"He became what he is" — is so purg'd from his head,
That he now doesn't think he 's a madman at all.

Of course, for your mem'ries of very long standing —
Old chronic diseases, that date back, undaunted,
To Brian Boroo and Fitz-Stephens' first landing —
A dev'l of a dose of the *Lethe* is wanted.

But ev'n Irish patients can hardly regret
An oblivion, so much in their own native style,
So conveniently plann'd, that, whate'er they forget,
They may go on rememb'ring it still, all the while!*

* The only parallel I know to this sort of oblivion is to be found in a line of the late Mr. R. P. Knight —

"The pleasing memory of things forgot."

A CHARACTER.

1834.

HALF Whig, half Tory, like those midway things,
'Twixt bird and beast, that by mistake have wings;
A mongrel Statesman, 'twixt two factions nurst,
Who, of the faults of each, combines the worst —
The Tory's loftiness, the Whigling's sneer,
The leveller's rashness, and the bigot's fear;
The thirst for meddling, restless still to show
How Freedom's clock, repair'd by Whigs, will go;
The alarm when others, more sincere than they,
Advance the hands to the true time of day.

By Mother Church, high-fed and haughty dame,
The boy was dandled, in his dawn of fame;
List'ning, she smil'd, and bless'd the flippant tongue
On which the fate of unborn tithe-pigs hung.
Ah, who shall paint the grandam's grim dismay,
When loose Reform entic'd her boy away;
When shock'd she heard him ape the rabble's tone,
And, in Old Sarum's fate, foredoom her own!
Groaning she cried, while tears roll'd down her cheeks,
"Poor, glib-tongued youth, he means not what he speaks.
"Like oil at top, these Whig professions flow,
"But, pure as lymph, runs Toryism below.
"Alas, that tongue should start thus, in the race,
"Ere mind can reach and regulate its pace! —
"For, once outstripp'd by tongue, poor, lagging mind,
"At every step, still further limps behind.
"But, bless the boy! — whate'er his wandering be,
"Still turns his heart to Toryism and me.
"Like those odd shapes, portray'd in Dante's lay, *
"With heads fix'd on, the wrong and backward way,

* "Che dalle reni era tornato 'l volto,
E indietro venir li convenia,
Perchè 'l veder dinanzi era lor tolto."

"His feet and eyes pursue a diverse track,
"While *those* march onward, *these* look fondly back."
And well she knew him — well foresaw the day,
Which now hath come, when snatch'd from Whigs away,
The self-same changeling drops the mask he wore,
And rests, restor'd, in granny's arms once more.

But whither now, mixt brood of modern light
And ancient darkness, can'st thou bend thy flight?
Tried by both factions, and to neither true,
Fear'd by the *old* school, laugh'd at by the *new;*
For *this* too feeble, and for *that* too rash,
This wanting more of fire, *that* less of flash,
Lone shalt thou stand, in isolation cold,
Betwixt two worlds, the new one and the old,
A small and "vex'd Bermoothes," which the eye
Of venturous seaman sees — and passes by.

A GHOST STORY.

TO THE AIR OF "UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY."

1835.

NOT long in bed had L—ndh—rst lain,
When, as his lamp burn'd dimly,
The ghosts of corporate bodies slain,*
Stood by his bed-side grimly.
Dead aldermen, who once could feast,
But now, themselves, are fed on,
And skeletons of may'rs deceas'd,
This doleful chorus led on: —

"Oh Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Corpses we,
"All burk'd by thee,
"Unmerciful Lord L—ndh—rst!"

* Referring to the line taken by Lord L—ndh—rst, on the question of Municipal Reform.

"Avaunt, ye frights!" his Lordship cried,
"Ye look most glum and whitely."
"Ah, L—ndh—rst dear!" the frights replied,
"You 've us'd us unpolitely.
"And now, ungrateful man! to drive
"Dead bodies from your door so,
"Who quite corrupt enough, alive,
"You 've made, by death, still more so.
"Oh, Ex-Chancellor,
"Destructive Ex-Chancellor,
"See thy work,
"Thou second Burke,
"Destructive Ex-Chancellor!"

Bold L—ndh—rst then, whom nought could keep
Awake, or surely *that* would,
Cried "Curse you all" — fell fast asleep —
And dreamt of "Small *v.* Attwood."
While, shock'd, the bodies flew down stairs.
But, courteous in their panic,
Precedence gave to ghosts of may'rs,
And corpses aldermanic,
Crying, "Oh, Lord L—ndh—rst,
"That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst,
"Not Old Scratch
"Himself could match
"That terrible Lord L—ndh—rst."

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE DESTRUCTIVE PROPOSITIONS OF THE TORIES.*

BY A COMMON-COUNCILMAN.

1835.

I SAT me down in my easy chair,
To read, as usual, the morning papers;

* These verses were written in reference to the Bill brought in at this time, for the reform of Corporations, and the sweeping amendments

But — who shall describe my look of despair,
When I came to Lefroy's "destructive" capers!
That *he* — that, of all live men, Lefroy
Should join in the cry "Destroy, destroy!"
Who, ev'n when a babe, as I've heard said,
On Orange conserve was chiefly fed,
And never, till now, a movement made
That wasn't most manfully retrograde!
Only think — to sweep from the light of day
Mayors, maces, criers, and wigs away;
To annihilate — never to rise again —
A whole generation of aldermen,
Nor leave them ev'n th' accustom'd tolls,
To keep together their bodies and souls! —
At a time, too, when snug posts and places
Are falling away from us, one by one,
Crash — crash — like the mummy-cases
Belzoni, in Egypt, sat upon,
Wherein lay pickled, in state sublime,
Conservatives of the ancient time; —
To choose such a moment to overset
The few snug nuisances left us yet;
To add to the ruin that round us reigns,
By knocking out mayors' and town-clerks' brains;
By dooming all corporate bodies to fall,
Till they leave, at last, no bodies at all —
Nought but the ghosts of by-gone glory,
Wrecks of a world that once was Tory! —
Where pensive criers, like owls unblest,
Robb'd of their roosts, shall still hoot o'er them;
Nor *may'rs* shall know where to seek a *nest*,
Till Gally Knight shall *find* one for them; —
Till mayors and kings, with none to rue 'em,
Shall perish all in one common plague;

proposed by Lord Lyndhurst and other Tory Peers, in order to obstruct the measure.

And the *sovereigns* of Belfast and Tuam
Must join their brother, Charles Dix, at Prague.

Thus mus'd I, in my chair, alone,
(As above describ'd) till dozy grown,
And nodding assent to my own opinions,
I found myself borne to sleep's dominions,
Where, lo, before my dreaming eyes,
A new House of Commons appear'd to rise,
Whose living contents, to fancy's survey,
Seem'd to me all turn'd topsy-turvy —
A jumble of polypi — nobody knew
Which was the head or which the queue.
Here, Inglis, turn'd to a sans-culotte,
Was dancing the hays with Hume and Grote;
There, ripe for riot, Recorder Shaw
Was learning from Roebuck "Ça-ira;"
While Stanley and Graham, as *poissarde* wenches,
Scream'd "*à-bas!*" from the Tory benches;
And Peel and O'Connell, cheek by jowl,
Were dancing an Irish carmagnole.

The Lord preserve us! — if dreams come true,
What *is* this hapless realm to do?

ANTICIPATED MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN THE YEAR 2836.

1836.

After some observations from Dr. M'Grig
On that fossile reliquium call'd Petrified Wig,
Or *Perruquolithus* — a specimen rare
Of those wigs, made for antediluvian wear,
Which, it seems, stood the Flood without turning a hair —
Mr. Tomkins rose up, and requested attention
To facts no less wondrous which *he* had to mention.

Some large fossil creatures had lately been found,
Of a species no longer now seen above ground,

But the same (as to Tomkins most clearly appears)
With those animals, lost now for hundreds of years,
Which our ancestors us'd to call "Bishops" and "Peers,"
But which Tomkins more erudite names has bestow'd on,
Having call'd the Peer fossil th' A*ris*tocratodon,*
And, finding much food under t'other one's thorax,
Has christen'd that creature th' Episcopus Vorax.

Lest the *savantes* and dandies should think this all fable,
Mr. Tomkins most kindly produc'd, on the table,
A sample of each of these species of creatures,
Both tol'rably human, in structure and features,
Except that th' Episcopus seems, Lord deliver us!
To 've been carnivorous as well as granivorous;
And Tomkins, on searching its stomach, found there
Large lumps, such as no modern stomach could bear,
Of a substance call'd Tithe, upon which, as 't is said,
The whole Genus Clericum formerly fed;
And which having lately himself decompounded,
Just to see what 't was made of, he actually found it
Compos'd of all possible cookable things
That e'er tripp'd upon trotters or soar'd upon wings —
All products of earth, both gramineous, herbaceous,
Hordeaceous, fabaceous, and eke farinaceous,
All clubbing their quotas, to glut the œsophagus
Of this ever greedy and grasping Tithophagus.**

"Admire," exclaim'd Tomkins, "the kind dispensation
"By Providence shed on this much-favour'd nation,
"In sweeping so ravenous a race from the earth,
"That might else have occasion'd a general dearth —
"And thus burying 'em, deep as ev'n Joe Hume would sink 'em,
"With the Ichthyosaurus and Palœorynchum,
"And other queer *ci-devant* things, under ground —
"Not forgetting that fossilized youth,*** so renown'd,

* A term formed on the model of the Mastodon, &c.
** The zoological term for a tithe-eater.
*** The man found by Scheuchzer, and supposed by him to have

"Who liv'd just to witness the Deluge — was gratified
"Much by the sight, and has since been found *stratified!*"

This picturesque touch — quite in Tomkins's way —
Call'd forth from the *savantes* a general hurrah;
While inquiries among them went rapidly round,
As to where this young stratified man could be found.
The "learn'd Theban's" discourse next as livelily flow'd on,
To sketch t' other wonder, th' A*ris*tocratodon —
An animal, differing from most human creatures
Not *so* much in speech, inward structure, or features,
As in having a certain excrescence, T. said,
Which in form of a coronet grew from its head,
And devolv'd to its heirs, when the creature was dead;
Nor matter'd it, while this heir-loom was transmitted,
How unfit were the *heads*, so the *coronet* fitted.

He then mention'd a strange zoological fact,
Whose announcement appear'd much applause to attract.
In France, said the learned professor, this race
Had so noxious become, in some centuries' space,
From their numbers and strength, that the land was o'errun with 'em,
Every one's question being, "What 's to be done with 'em?"
When, lo! certain knowing ones — *savans*, mayhap,
Who, like Buckland's deep followers, understood *trap*,*
Slily hinted that nought upon earth was so good
For A*ris*tocratodons, when rampant and rude,
As to stop, or curtail, their allowance of food.
This expedient was tried, and a proof it affords
Of th' effect that short commons will have upon lords;
For this whole race of bipeds, one fine summer's morn,
Shed their coronets, just as a deer sheds his horn,
And the moment these gewgaws fell off, they became
Quite a new sort of creature — so harmless and tame,

witnessed the Deluge ("homo diluvii testis"), but who turned out, I am sorry to say, to be merely a great lizard.

* Particularly the formation called *Transition* Trap.

That zoologists might, for the first time, maintain 'em
To be near akin to the *genus humanum*,
And th' experiment, tried so successfully then,
Should be kept in remembrance, when wanted again.

* * * * *

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 1.

LEAVE ME ALONE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

"We are ever standing on the defensive. All that we say to them is, '*leave us alone.*' The Established Church is part and parcel of the constitution of this country. You are bound to conform to this constitution. We ask of you nothing more; — *let us alone.*" — Letter in *The Times*, Nov. 1838.

1838.

Come, list to my pastoral tones,
In clover my shepherds I keep;
My stalls are well furnish'd with drones,
Whose preaching invites one to sleep.
At my *spirit* let infidels scoff,
So they leave but the *substance* my own;
For, in sooth, I 'm extremely well off,
If the world will but let me alone.

Dissenters are grumblers, we know; —
Though excellent men, in their way,
They never like things to be *so*,
Let things be however they may.
But dissenting 's a trick I detest;
And, besides, 't is an axiom well known,
The creed that 's best paid is the best,
If the *un*paid would let it alone.

To me, I own, very surprising
Your Newmans and Puseys all seem,
Who start first with rationalizing,
Then jump to the other extreme.

Far better, 'twixt nonsense and sense,
A nice *half*-way concern, like our own,
Where piety 's mix'd up with pence,
And the latter are *ne'er* left alone.

Of all our tormentors, the Press is
The one that most tears us to bits;
And now, Mrs. Woolfrey's "excesses,"
Have thrown all its imps into fits.
The dev'ls have been at us, for weeks,
And there 's no saying when they 'll have done; —
Oh dear, how I wish Mr. Breeks
Had left Mrs. Woolfrey alone!

If any need pray for the dead,
'T is those to whom post-obits fall;
Since wisely hath Solomon said,
'T is "money that answereth all."
But ours be the patrons who *live;* —
For, once in their glebe they are thrown,
The dead have no living to give,
And therefore we leave them alone.

Though in morals we may not excel,
Such perfection is rare to be had;
A good life is, of course, very well,
But good living is also — not bad.
And when, to feed earth-worms, I go,
Let this epitaph stare from my stone,
"Here lies the Right Rev. so and so;
"Pass, stranger, and — leave him alone."

EPISTLE FROM HENRY OF EX—T—R TO JOHN OF TUAM.

DEAR John, as I know, like our brother of London,
You 've sipp'd of all knowledge, both sacred and mundane,
No doubt, in some ancient Joe Miller, you 've read
What Cato, that cunning old Roman, once said —

That he ne'er saw two rev'rend soothsayers meet,
Let it be where it might, in the shrine or the street,
Without wondering the rogues, 'mid their solemn grimaces,
Didn't burst out a laughing in each other's faces. *
What Cato then meant, though 't is so long ago,
Even we in the present times pretty well know;
Having soothsayers also, who — sooth to say, John —
Are no better in some points than those of days gone,
And a pair of whom, meeting (between you and me),
Might laugh in their sleeves, too — all lawn though they be.
But this, by the way — my intention being chiefly
In this, my first letter, to hint to you briefly,
That, seeing how fond you of *Tuum* ** must be,
While *Meum* 's at all times the main point with me,
We scarce could do better than form an alliance,
To set these sad Anti-Church times at defiance:
You, John, recollect, being still to embark,
With no share in the firm but your title *** and *mark*;
Or ev'n should you feel in your grandeur inclin'd
To call yourself Pope, why, I shouldn't much mind;
While *my* church as usual holds fast by your Tuum,
And every one else's, to make it all Suum.

Thus allied, I 've no doubt we shall nicely agree,
As no twins can be liker, in most points, than we;
Both, specimens choice of that mix'd sort of beast,
(See Rev. xiii. 1.) a political priest;
Both mettlesome *chargers*, both brisk pamphleteers,
Ripe and ready for all that sets men by the ears;

* Mirari se, si augur augurem aspiciens sibi temperaret a risu.

** So spelled in those ancient versicles which John, we understand, frequently chants: —

"Had every one Suum,
You wouln't have Tuum,
But I should have Meum,
And sing Te Deum."

*** For his keeping the title he may quote classical authority, as Horace expressly says, "Poteris servare Tuam." — *De Art. Poet.* v. 329. — *Chronicle.*

And I, at least one, who would scorn to stick longer
By any giv'n cause than I found it the stronger,
And who, smooth in my turnings, as if on a swivel,
When the tone ecclesiastic wo'n't do, try the *civil*.

In short (not to bore you, ev'n *jure divino*)
We 've the same cause in common, John — all but the rhino;
And that vulgar surplus, whate'er it may be,
As you 're not us'd to cash, John, you 'd best leave to me.
And so, without form — as the postman wo'n't tarry —
I 'm, dear Jack of Tuam,

Yours,

EXETER HARRY.

SONG OF OLD PUCK.

"And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously."

PUCK Junior, *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

WHO wants old Puck? for here am I,
A mongrel imp, 'twixt earth and sky,
Ready alike to crawl or fly;
Now in the mud, now in the air,
And, so 't is for mischief, reckless where.

As to my knowledge, there 's no end to't,
For, wehre I haven't it, I pretend to't;
And, 'stead of taking a learn'd degree
At some dull university,
Puck found it handier to commence
With a certain share of impudence,
Which passes one off as learn'd and clever,
Beyond all other degrees whatever;
And enables a man of lively sconce
To be master of *all* the Arts at once.
No matter what the science may be —
Ethics, Physics, Theology,

Mathematics, Hydrostatics,
Aerostatics or Pneumatics —
Whatever it be, I take my luck,
'T is all the same to ancient Puck;
Whose head 's so full of all sorts of wares,
That a brother imp, old Smugden, swears
If I had but of *law* a little smatt'ring,
I 'd then be *perfect* * — which is flatt'ring.

My skill as a linguist all must know
Who met me abroad some months ago;
(And heard me *abroad* exceedingly, too,
In the moods and tenses of *parlez vous*)
When, as old Chambaud's shade stood mute,
I spoke such French to the Institute
As puzzled those learned Thebans much,
To know if 't was Sanscrit or High Dutch,
And *might* have pass'd with th' unobserving
As one of the unknown tongues of Irving.
As to my talent for ubiquity,
There 's nothing like it in all antiquity.
Like Mungo (my peculiar care)
"I 'm here, I 'm dere, I 'm ebery where." **
If any one 's wanted to take the chair,
Upon any subject, any where,
Just look around, and — Puck is there!
When slaughter 's at hand, your bird of prey
Is never known to be out of the way;
And wherever mischief 's to be got,
There 's Puck *instanter*, on the spot.

Only find me in negus and applause,
And I 'm your man for *any* cause.

* Verbatim, as said. This tribute is only equalled by that of Talleyrand to his medical friend, Dr. —: "Il se connoît en tout; et même un peu en médecine."

** Song in "The Padlock."

If *wrong* the cause, the more my delight;
But I don't object to it, ev'n when *right*,
If I only can vex some old friend by 't;
There 's D—rh—m, for instance; — to worry *him*
Fills up my cup of bliss to the brim!

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.)

Those who are anxious to run a muck
Can't do better than join with Puck.
They 'll find him *bon diable* — spite of his phiz —
And, in fact, his great ambition is,
While playing old Puck in first-rate style,
To be *thought* Robin Good-fellow all the while.

POLICE REPORTS.

CASE OF IMPOSTURE.

AMONG other stray flashmen, dispos'd of, this week,
Was a youngster, nam'd St—nl—y, genteelly connected,
Who has lately been passing off coins, as antique,
Which have prov'd to be *sham* ones, though long unsuspected.

The ancients, our readers need hardly be told,
Had a coin they call'd "Talents," for wholesale demands; *
And 't was some of said coinage this youth was so bold
As to fancy he 'd got, God knows how, in his hands.

People took him, however, like fools, at his word;
And these talents (all priz'd at his own valuation,)
Were bid for, with eagerness ev'n more absurd
Than has often distinguish'd this great thinking nation.

Talk of wonders one now and then sees advertiz'd,
"Black swans" — "Queen Anne farthings" — or ev'n "a child's caul" —

* For an account of the coin called Talents by the ancients, see Budæus de Asse, and the other writers de Re Nummariâ.

Much and justly as all these rare objects are priz'd,
"St—nl—y's talents" outdid them — swans, farthings, and all!

At length, some mistrust of this coin got abroad;
Even quondam believers began much to doubt of it;
Some rung it, some rubb'd it, suspecting a fraud —
And the hard rubs it got rather took the shine out of it.

Others, wishing to break the poor prodigy's fall,
Said 't was known well to all who had studied the matter,
That the Greeks had not only *great* talents but *small*, *
And those found on the youngster were clearly *the latter*.

While others, who view'd the grave farce with a grin —
Seeing counterfeits pass thus for coinage so massy,
By way of a hint to the dolts taken in,
Appropriately quoted Budæus de *Asse*.

In short, the whole sham by degrees was found out,
And this coin, which they chose by such fine names to call,
Prov'd a mere lacker'd article — showy, no doubt,
But, ye gods, not the true Attic Talent at all.

As th' impostor was still young enough to repent,
And, besides, had some claims to a grandee connexion,
Their Worships — considerate for once — only sent
The young Thimblerig off to the House of Correction.

REFLECTIONS.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE OF THE CHURCH IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

I 'M quite of your mind; — though these Pats cry aloud
That they 've got, "too much Church," 't is all nonsense and stuff;

* The Talentum Magnum and the Talentum Atticum appear to have been the same coin.

For Church is like Love, of which Figaro vow'd
That even *too much* of it 's not quite enough. *

Ay, dose them with parsons, 't will cure all their ills; —
Copy Morison's mode when from pill-box undaunted he
Pours through the patient his black-coated pills,
Nor cares what their quality, so there 's but quantity.

I verily think, 't would be worth England's while
To consider, for Paddy's own benefit, whether
'T would not be as well to give up the green isle
To the care, wear and tear of the Church altogether.

The Irish are well us'd to treatment so pleasant;
The harlot Church gave them to Henry Plantagenet, **
And now, if King William would make them a present
To 'tother chaste lady — ye Saints, just imagine it!

Chief Secs., Lord-Lieutenants, Commanders-in-chief,
Might then all be cull'd from th' episcopal benches;
While colonels in black would afford some relief
From the hue that reminds one of th' old scarlet wench's.

Think how fierce at a *charge* (being practis'd therein)
The Right Reverend Brigadier Ph—ll—tts would slash on!
How General Bl—mf—d, through thick and through thin,
To the end of the chapter (or chapters) would dash on!

For, in one point alone do the amply fed race
Of bishops to beggars similitude bear —
That, set them on horseback, in full steeple chase,
And they 'll ride, if not pull'd up in time — you know where.

But, bless you, in Ireland, that matters not much,
Where affairs have for centuries gone the same way;
And a good stanch Conservative's system is such
That he 'd back even Beelzebub's long-founded sway.

I am therefore, dear Quarterly, quite of your mind; —
Church, Church, in all shapes, into Erin let 's pour;

* En fait d'amour, trop même n'est pas assez. — *Barbier de Seville.*
** Grant of Ireland to Henry II. by Pope Adrian.

And the more she rejecteth our med'cine so kind,
The more let 's repeat it — "Black dose, as before."

Let Coercion, that peace-maker, go hand in hand
With demure-ey'd Conversion, fit sister and brother;
And, covering with prisons and churches the land,
All that wo'n't *go* to *one*, we 'll put *into* the other.

For the sole, leading maxim of us who 're inclin'd
To rule over Ireland, not well, but religiously,
Is to treat her like ladies, who 've just been confin'd
(Or who *ought* to be so) and to *church* her prodigiously.

NEW GRAND EXHIBITION OF MODELS

OF THE

TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Come, step in, gentlefolks, here ye may view
An exact and nat'ral representation
(Like Siburn's Model of Waterloo*)
Of the Lords and Commons of this here nation.

There they are — all cut out in cork —
The "Collective Wisdom" wondrous to see;
My eyes! when all them heads are at work,
What a vastly weighty consarn it must be.

As for the "wisdom," — *that* may come anon;
Though, to say truth, we sometimes see
(And I find the phenomenon no uncommon 'un)
A man who 's M. P. with a head that 's M. T.

Our Lords are *rather* too small, 't is true;
But they do well enough for Cabinet shelves;
And, besides, — *what* 's a man with creeturs to do
That make such *werry* small figures themselves?

* One of the most interesting and curious of all the exhibitions of the day.

There — don't touch those lords, my pretty dears — *(Aside.)*
Curse the children! — this comes of reforming a nation:
Those meddling young brats have so damag'd my peers,
I must lay in more cork for a new creation.

Them yonder 's our bishops — "to whom much is giv'n,"
And who 're ready to take as much more as you please:
The seers of old times saw visions of heaven,
But these holy seers see nothing but Sees.

Like old Atlas* (the chap, in Cheapside, there below,)
'T is for so much *per cent.* they take heav'n on their shoulders;
And joy 't is to know that old High Church and Co.,
Though not capital priests, are such capital-holders.

There 's one on 'em, Ph—llp—ts, who now is away,
As we 're having him fill'd with bumbustible stuff,
Small crackers and squibs, for a great gala-day,
When we annually fire his Right Reverence off.

'T would do your heart good, ma'am, then to be by,
When, bursting with gunpowder, 'stead of with bile,
Crack, crack, goes the bishop, while dowagers cry,
"How like the dear man, both in matter and style!"

Should you want a few Peers and M.P.s, to bestow,
As presents to friends, we can recommend these:** —
Our nobles are come down to nine-pence, you know,
And we charge but a penny a piece for M.P.s.

Those of *bottle*-corks made take most with the trade,
(At least, 'mong such as my *Irish* writ summons,)
Of old *whiskey* corks our O'Connells are made,
But those we make Shaws and Lefroys of, are *rum* 'uns.
So, step in, gentlefolks, &c. &c.

Da Capo.

* The sign of the Insurance Office in Cheapside.
** Producing a bag full of lords and gentlemen.

ANNOUNCEMENT
OF
A NEW GRAND ACCELERATION COMPANY
FOR THE PROMOTION OF
THE SPEED OF LITERATURE.

Loud complaints being made, in these quick-reading times,
Of too slack a supply, both of prose works and rhymes,
A new Company, form'd on the keep-moving plan,
First propos'd by the great firm of Catch-'em-who-can,
Beg to say they 've now ready, in full wind and speed,
Some fast-going authors, of quite a new breed —
Such as not he who *runs* but who *gallops* may read —
And who, if well curried and fed, they 've no doubt,
Will beat even Bentley's swift stud out and out.
It is true, in these days, such a drug is renown,
We 've "Immortals" as rife as M.P.s about town;
And not a Blue's rout but can off-hand supply
Some invalid bard who 's insur'd "not to die."
Still, let England but once try *our* authors, she 'll find
How fast they 'll leave ev'n these Immortals behind;
And how truly the toils of Alcides were light,
Compar'd with *his* toil who can read all they write.

In fact, there 's no saying, so gainful the trade,
How fast immortalities now may be made;
Since Helicon never will want an "Undying One,"
As long as the public continues a Buying One;
And the company hope yet to witness the hour,
When, by strongly applying the mare-motive* power,
A three-decker novel, 'midst oceans of praise,
May be written, launch'd, read, and — forgot, in three days!

In addition to all this stupendous celerity,
Which — to the no small relief of posterity —
Pays off at sight the whole debit of fame,
Nor troubles futurity ev'n with a name

* "'T is money makes the mare to go."

(A project that wo'u't as much tickle Tom Tegg as *us*,
Since 't will rob *him* of his second-priced Pegasus);
We, the Company — still more to show how immense
Is the power o'er the mind of pounds, shillings, and pence;
And that not even Phœbus himself, in our day,
Could get up a *lay* without first an *out*lay —
Beg to add, as our literature soon may compare,
In its quick make and vent, with our Birmingham ware,
And it doesn't at all matter in either of these lines,
How *sham* is the article, so it but *shines*, —
We keep authors ready, all perch'd, pen in hand,
To write off, in any giv'n style, at command.
No matter what bard, be he living or dead,*
Ask a work from his pen, and 't is done soon as said:
There being, on th' establishment, six Walter Scotts,
One capital Wordsworth, and Southeys in lots; —
Three choice Mrs. Nortons, all singing like syrens,
While most of our pallid young clerks are Lord Byrons.
Then we 've ***s and ***s (for whom there 's small call),
And ***s and ***s (for whom no call at all).

In short, whosoe'er the last "Lion" may be,
We 've a Bottom who 'll copy his roar** to a T,
And so well, that not one of the buyers who 've got 'em
Can tell which is lion, and which only Bottom.

N.B. — The company, since they set up in this line,
Have mov'd their concern, and are now at the sign
Of the Muse's Velocipede, *Fleet* Street, where all
Who wish well to the scheme are invited to call.

* We have lodgings apart, for our posthumous people,
As we find that, if left with the live ones, they ***keep*** ill.

** "Bottom: Let me play the lion; I will roar you as 't were any nightingale."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DINNER TO DAN.

From tongue to tongue the rumour flew;
All ask'd, aghast, "Is 't true? is 't true?"
But none knew whether 't was fact or fable:
And still the unholy rumour ran,
From Tory woman to Tory man,
Though none to come at the truth was able—
Till, lo, at last, the fact came out,
The horrible fact, beyond all doubt,
That Dan had din'd at the Viceroy's table;
Had flesh'd his Popish knife and fork
In the heart of th' Establish'd mutton and pork!

Who can forget the deep sensation
That news produc'd in this orthodox nation?
Deans, rectors, curates, all agreed,
If Dan was allow'd at the Castle to feed,
'T was clearly *all up* with the Protestant creed!
There hadn't, indeed, such an apparition
Been heard of, in Dublin, since that day
When, during the first grand exhibition
Of Don Giovanni, that naughty play,
There appear'd, as if rais'd by necromancers,
An *extra* devil among the dancers!
Yes — ev'ry one saw, with fearful thrill,
That a devil too much had join'd the quadrille;*
And sulphur was smelt, and the lamps let fall
A grim, green light o'er the ghastly ball,
And the poor *sham* dev'ls didn't like it at all;
For, they knew from whence th' intruder had come,
Though he left, *that* night, his tail at home.

This fact, we see, is a parallel case
To the dinner that, some weeks since, took place.
With the difference slight of fiend and man,
It shows what a nest of Popish sinners

* History of the Irish Stage.

That city must be, where the devil and Dan
May thus drop in, at quadrilles and dinners!

But, mark the end of these foul proceedings,
These demon hops and Popish feedings.
Some comfort 't will be — to those, at least,
Who 've studied this awful dinner question —
To know that Dan, on the night of that feast,
Was seiz'd with a dreadful indigestion;
That envoys were sent, post-haste, to his priest,
To come and absolve the suffering sinner,
For eating so much at a heretic dinner;
And some good people were even afraid
That Peel's old confectioner — still at the trade —
Had poison'd the Papist with *orangeade*.

NEW HOSPITAL FOR SICK LITERATI.

With all humility we beg
To inform the public, that Tom Tegg —
Known for his spunky speculations,
In buying up dead reputations,
And, by a mode of galvanizing
Which, all must own, is quite surprising,
Making dead authors move again,
As though they still were living men; —
All this, too, manag'd, in a trice,
By those two magic words, "Half Price,"
Which brings the charm so quick about,
That worn-out poets, left without
A second *foot* whereon to stand,
Are made to go at second *hand;* —
'T will please the public, we repeat,
To learn that Tegg, who works this feat,
And, therefore, knows what care it needs
To keep alive Fame's invalids,

Has oped an Hospital, in town,
For cases of knock'd-up renown —
Falls, fractures, dangerous Epic *fits*
(By some call'd *Cantos*), stabs from wits;
And, of all wounds for which they 're nurst,
Dead cuts from publishers, the worst; —
All these, and other such fatalities,
That happen to frail immortalities,
By Tegg are so expertly treated,
That oft-times, when the cure 's completed,
The patient 's made robust enough
To stand a few more rounds of *puff*,
Till, like the ghosts of Dante's lay,
He 's puff'd into thin air away!

As titled poets (being phenomenons)
Don't like to mix with low and common 'uns,
Tegg's Hospital has separate wards,
Express for literary lords,
Where *prose*-peers, of immoderate length,
Are nurs'd, when they 've out-grown their strength,
And poets, whom their friends despair of,
Are — put to bed and taken care of.

Tegg begs to contradict a story,
Now current both with Whig and Tory,
That Doctor W—rb—t—n, M.P.,
Well known for his antipathy,
His deadly hate, good man, to all
The race of poets, great and small —
So much, that he 's been heard to own,
He would most willingly cut down
The holiest groves on Pindus' mount,
To turn the timber to account! —
The story actually goes, that he
Prescribes at Tegg's Infirmary;
And oft, not only stints, for spite,
The patients in their copy-right,

But that, on being call'd in lately
To two sick poets, suffering greatly,
This vaticidal Doctor sent them
So strong a dose of Jeremy Bentham,
That one of the poor bards but cried,
"Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" and then died;
While t' other, though less stuff was given,
Is on his road, 't is fear'd, to heaven!

Of this event, howe'er unpleasant,
Tegg means to say no more at present, —
Intending shortly to prepare
A statement of the whole affair,
With full accounts, at the same time,
Of some late cases (prose and rhyme),
Subscrib'd with every author's name,
That 's now on the Sick List of Fame.

RELIGION AND TRADE.

"Sir Robert Peel believed it was necessary to originate all respecting religion and trade in a Committee of the House." — *Church Extension*, May 22. 1830.

Say, who was the wag, indecorously witty,
Who first, in a statute, this libel convey'd;
And thus slily referr'd to the self-same committee,
As matters congenial, Religion and Trade?

Oh surely, my Ph—llp—ts, 't was thou did'st the deed;
For none but thyself, or some pluralist brother,
Accustom'd to mix up the craft with the creed,
Could bring such a pair thus to twin with each other.

And yet, when one thinks of times present and gone,
One is forc'd to confess, on maturer reflection,
That 'tisn't in the eyes of committees alone
That the shrine and the shop seem to have some connexion.

Not to mention those monarchs of Asia's fair land,
Whose civil list all is in "god-money" paid;
And where the whole people, by royal command,
Buy their gods at the government mart, ready made; * —

There was also (as mention'd, in rhyme and in prose, is)
Gold heap'd, throughout Egypt, on every shrine,
To make rings for right reverend crocodiles' noses —
Just such as, my Ph—llp—ts, would look well in thine.

But one needn't fly off, in this erudite mood;
And 't is clear, without going to regions so sunny,
That priests love to do the *least* possible good,
For the largest *most* possible quantum of money.

"Of him," saith the text, "unto whom much is given,
"Of him much, in turn, will be also required:" —
"By *me*," quoth the sleek and obese man of heaven —
"Give as much as you will — more will still be desir'd."

More money! more churches! — oh Nimrod, had'st thou
'Stead of *Tower*-extension, some shorter way gone —
Had'st thou known by what methods we mount to heav'n *now*,
And tried *Church*-extension, the feat had been done!

MUSINGS,

SUGGESTED BY THE LATE PROMOTION OF MRS. NETHERCOAT.

"The widow Nethercoat is appointed gaoler of Loughrea, in the room of her deceased husband." — *Limerick Chronicle.*

WHETHER as queens or subjects, in these days,
Women seem form'd to grace alike each station; —
As Captain Flaherty gallantly says,
"You, ladies, are the lords of the creation!"

* The Birmans may not buy the sacred marble in mass but must purchase figures of the deity already made. — SYMES.

Thus o'er my mind did prescient visions float
  Of all that matchless woman yet may be;
When, hark, in rumours less and less remote,
  Came the glad news o'er Erin's ambient sea,
The important news — that Mrs. Nethercoat
  Had been appointed gaoler of Loughrea;
Yes, mark it, History — Nethercoat is dead,
  And Mrs. N. now rules his realm instead;
Hers the high task to wield th' uplocking keys,
To rivet rogues and reign o'er Rapparees!

Thus, while your blust'rers of the Tory school
Find Ireland's sanest sons so hard to rule,
One meek-ey'd matron, in Whig doctrines nurst,
Is all that 's ask'd to curb the maddest, worst!

Show me the man that dares, with blushless brow,
Prate about Erin's rage and riot now; —
Now, when her temperance forms her sole excess;
  When long-lov'd whiskey, fading from her sight,
"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"
  Will soon, like other *spirits*, vanish quite;
When of red coats the number 's grown so small,
  That soon, to cheer the warlike parson's eyes,
No glimpse of scarlet will be seen at all,
  Save that which she of Babylon supplies; —
Or, at the most, a corporal's guard will be,
  Of Ireland's *red* defence the sole remains;
While of its gaols bright woman keeps the key,
  And captive Paddies languish in her chains!
Long may such lot be Erin's, long be mine!
Oh yes — if ev'n this world, though bright it shine,
  In Wisdom's eyes a prison-house must be,
At least let woman's hand our fetters twine,
  And blithe I 'll sing, more joyous than if free,
  The Nethercoats, the Nethercoats for me!

INTENDED TRIBUTE

TO THE

AUTHOR OF AN ARTICLE IN THE LAST NUMBER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,

ENTITLED

"ROMANISM IN IRELAND."

It glads us much to be able to say,
That a meeting is fix'd, for some early day,
Of all such dowagers — *he* or *she* —
(No matter the sex, so they dowagers be,)
Whose opinions, concerning Church and State,
From about the time of the Curfew date —
Staunch sticklers still for days by-gone,
And admiring *them* for their rust alone —
To whom if we would a leader give,
Worthy their tastes conservative,
We need but some mummy-statesman raise,
Who was pickled and potted in Ptolemy's days;
For *that* 's the man, if waked from his shelf
To conserve and swaddle this world, like himself.

Such, we 're happy to state, are the old *he*-dames
Who 've met in committee, and given their names
(In good hieroglyphics), with kind intent
To pay some handsome compliment
To their sister-author, the nameless he,
Who wrote, in the last new *Quarterly*,
That charming assault upon Popery;
An article justly prized by them,
As a perfect antediluvian gem —
The work, as Sir Sampson Legend would say,
Of some "fellow the Flood couldn't wash away." *

The fund being rais'd, there remain'd but to see
What the dowager-author's gift was to be.

* See Congreve's Love for Love.

And here, I must say, the Sisters Blue
Show'd delicate taste and judgment too.
For, finding the poor man suffering greatly
From the awful stuff he has thrown up lately —
So much so, indeed, to the alarm of all,
As to bring on a fit of what doctors call
The Antipapistico-monomania
(I 'm sorry with such a long word to detain ye),
They 've acted the part of a kind physician,
By suiting their gift to the patient's condition;
And, as soon as 't is ready for presentation,
We shall publish the facts, for the gratification
Of this highly-favour'd and Protestant nation.

Meanwhile, to the great alarm of his neighbours,
He still continues his *Quarterly* labours;
And often has strong No-Popery fits,
Which frighten his old nurse out of her wits.
Sometimes he screams, like Scrub in the play, *
"Thieves! Jesuits! Popery!" night and day;
Takes the Printer's Devil for Doctor Dens, **
And shies at him heaps of High-church pens; ***
Which the Devil (himself a touchy Dissenter)
Feels all in his hide, like arrows, enter.
'Stead of swallowing wholesome stuff from the druggist's,
He *will* keep raving of "Irish Thuggists;" †
Tells us they all go murd'ring, for fun,
From rise of morn till set of sun,

* Beaux Stratagem.

** The writer of the article has groped about, with much success, in what he calls "the dark recesses of Dr. Dens's disquisitions." — *Quarterly Review.*

*** "Pray, may we ask, has there been any rebellious movement of Popery in Ireland, since the planting of the Ulster colonies, in which something of the kind was not visible among the Presbyterians of the North?" — *Ibid.*

† "Lord Lorton, for instance, who, for clearing his estate of a village of Irish Thuggists," &c. &c. — *Ibid.*

Pop, pop, as fast as a minute-gun!*
If ask'd, how comes it the gown and cassock are
Safe and fat, 'mid this general massacre —
How haps it that Pat's own population
But swarms the more for this trucidation —
He refers you, for all such memoranda,
To the "*archives of the Propaganda!*"**

This is all we 've got, for the present, to say —
But shall take up the subject some future day.

GRAND DINNER OF TYPE AND CO.

A POOR POET'S DREAM.***

As I sate in my study, lone and still,
Thinking of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill,
And the speech by Lawyer Sugden made,
In spirit congenial, for "the Trade,"
Sudden I sunk to sleep, and, lo,
Upon Fancy's reinless night-mare flitting,
I found myself, in a second or so,
At the table of Messrs. Type and Co.
With a goodly group of diners sitting; —
All in the printing and publishing line,
Drest, I thought, extremely fine,
And sipping, like lords, their rosy wine;
While I, in a state near inanition,
With coat that hadn't much nap to spare
(Having just gone into its second edition),
Was the only wretch of an author there.
But think, how great was my surprise,
When I saw, in casting round my eyes,

* "Observe how murder after murder is committed like minute-guns." — *Quarterly Review.*

** "Might not the archives of the Propaganda possibly supply the key?"

*** Written during the late agitation of the question of Copyright.

That the dishes, sent up by Type's she-cooks,
Bore all, in appearance, the shape of books;
Large folios — God knows where they got 'em,
In these *small* times — at top and bottom;
And quartos (such as the Press provides
For no one to read them) down the sides.
Then flash'd a horrible thought on my brain,
And I said to myself, "'T is all too plain,
"Like those, well known in school quotations,
"Who ate up for dinner their own relations,
"I see now, before me, smoking here,
"The bodies and bones of my brethren dear; —
"Bright sons of the lyric and epic Muse,
"All cut up in cutlets, or hash'd in stews;
"Their *works*, a light through ages to go, —
"*Themselves*, eaten up by Type and Co.!"

While thus I moralized, on they went,
Finding the fare most excellent;
And all so kindly, brother to brother,
Helping the tidbits to each other:
"A slice of Southey let me send you" —
"This cut of Campbell I recommend you" —
"And here, my friends, is a treat indeed,
"The immortal Wordsworth fricassee'd!"

Thus having, the cormorants, fed some time,
Upon joints of poetry — all of the prime —
With also (as Type in a whisper averr'd it)
"Cold prose on the sideboard, for such as preferr'd it" —
They rested awhile, to recruit their force,
Then pounc'd, like kites, on the second course,
Which was singing-birds merely — Moore and others —
Who all went the way of their larger brothers;
And, num'rous now though such songsters be,
'T was really quite distressing to see
A whole dishful of Toms — Moore, Dibdin, Bayly, —
Bolted by Type and Co. so gaily!

Nor was this the worst — I shudder to think
What a scene was disclos'd when they came to drink.
The warriors of Odin, as every one knows,
Used to drink out of skulls of slaughter'd foes:
And Type's old port, to my horror I found,
Was in skulls of bards sent merrily round.
And still as each well-fill'd cranium came,
A health was pledg'd to its owner's name;
While Type said slily, 'midst general laughter,
"We eat them up first, then drink to them after."

There was *no* standing this — incensed I broke
From my bonds of sleep, and indignant woke,
Exclaiming, "Oh shades of other times,
"Whose voices still sound, like deathless chimes,
"Could you e'er have foretold a day would be,
"When a dreamer of dreams should live to see
"A party of sleek and honest John Bulls
"Hobnobbing each other in poets' skulls!"

CHURCH EXTENSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir — A well-known classical traveller, while employed in exploring, some time since, the supposed site of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus, was so fortunate, in the course of his researches, as to light upon a very ancient bark manuscript, which has turned out, on examination, to be part of an old Ephesian newspaper; — a newspaper published, as you will see, so far back as the time when Demetrius, the great Shrine-Extender,* flourished. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EPHESIAN GAZETTE.

Second edition.

IMPORTANT event for the rich and religious!
Great Meeting of Silversmiths held in Queen Square; —
Church Extension, their object, — th' excitement prodigious; —
Demetrius, head man of the craft, takes the chair!

* "For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen; whom he

Third edition.

The Chairman still up, when our dev'l came away;
Having prefac'd his speech with the usual state prayer,
That the Three-headed Dian * would kindly, this day,
Take the Silversmiths' Company under her care.

Being ask'd by some low, unestablish'd divines,
"When your churches are up, where are flocks to be got?"
He manfully answer'd, "Let *us* build the shrines, **
"And we care not if flocks are found for them or not."

He then added — to show that the Silversmiths' Guild
Were above all confin'd and intolerant views —
"Only *pay* through the nose to the altars we build,
"You may *pray* through the nose to what altars you choose."

This tolerance, rare from a shrine-dealer's lip
(Though a tolerance mix'd with due taste for the till) —
So much charm'd all the holders of scriptural scrip,
That their shouts of "Hear!" "Hear!" are re-echoing still.

Fourth edition.

Great stir in the Shrine Market! altars to Phœbus
Are going dog-cheap — may be had for a rebus.
Old Dian's, as usual, outsell all the rest; —
But Venus's also are much in request.

LATEST ACCOUNTS FROM OLYMPUS.

As news from Olympus has grown rather rare,
Since bards, in their cruises, have ceas'd to *touch* there,
We extract for our readers th' intelligence given,
In our latest accounts from that *ci-devant* Heaven —

called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." — *Acts*, xix.

* Tria Virginis ora Dianæ.

** The "shrines" are supposed to have been small churches, or chapels, adjoining to the great temples; — "ædiculæ, in quibus statuæ reponebantur." — ERASM.

That realm of the By-gones, where still sit, in state,
Old god-heads and nod-heads, now long out of date.

Jove himself, it appears, since his love-days are o'er,
Seems to find immortality rather a bore;
Though he still asks for news of earth's capers and crimes,
And reads daily his old fellow-Thund'rer, the Times.
He and Vulcan, it seems, by their wives still hen-*peck'd* are,
And kept on a stinted allowance of nectar.

Old Phœbus, poor lad, has given up inspiration,
And pack'd off to earth on a *puff*-speculation.
The fact is, he found his old shrines had grown dim,
Since bards look'd to Bentley and Colburn, not him.
So, he sold off his stud of ambrosia-fed nags,
Came incog. down to earth, and now writes for the *Mags;*
Taking care that his work not a gleam hath to linger in't,
From which men could guess that the god had a finger in't.

There are other small facts, well deserving attention,
Of which our Olympic despatches make mention.
Poor Bacchus is still very ill, they allege,
Having never recover'd the Temperance Pledge.
"What, the Irish!" he cried — "those I look'd to the most!
"If they give up the *spirit*, I give up the ghost:"
While Momus, who us 'd of the gods to make fun,
Is turn'd Socialist now, and declares there are none!

But these changes, though curious, are all a mere farce
Compared to the new "casus belli" of Mars,
Who, for years, has been suffering the horrors of quiet,
Uncheer'd by one glimmer of bloodshed or riot!
In vain from the clouds his belligerent brow
Did he pop forth, in hopes that somewhere or somehow,
Like Pat at a fair, he might "coax up a row:"
But the joke wouldn't take — the whole world had got wiser;
Men liked not to take a Great Gun for adviser;
And, still less, to march in fine clothes to be shot,
Without very well knowing for whom or for what.

The French, who of slaughter had had their full swing,
Were content with a shot, now and then, at their King;
While, in England, good fighting 's a pastime so hard to gain,
Nobody 's left to fight *with*, but Lord C—rd—g—n.

'T is needless to say, then, how monstrously happy
Old Mars has been made by what 's now on the *tapis;*
How much it delights him to see the French rally,
In Liberty's name, around Mehemet Ali;
Well knowing that Satan himself could not find
A confection of mischief much more to his mind
Than the old Bonnet Rouge and the Bashaw combin'd.
Right well, too, he knows, that there ne'er were attackers,
Whatever their cause, that they didn't find backers;
While any slight care for Humanity's woes
May be soothed by that "Art Diplomatique," which shows
How to come, in the most approv'd method, to blows.

This is all, for to-day — whether Mars is much vext
At his friend Thiers's exit, we 'll know by our next.

THE TRIUMPHS OF FARCE.

Our earth, as it rolls through the regions of space,
Wears always two faces, the dark and the sunny;
And poor human life runs the same sort of race,
Being sad, on one side — on the other side, funny.

Thus oft we, at eve, to the Haymarket hie,
To weep o'er the woes of Macready; — but scarce
Hath the tear-drop of Tragedy pass'd from the eye,
When, lo, we 're all laughing in fits at the Farce.

And still let us laugh — preach the world as it may —
Where the cream of the joke is, the swarm will soon follow;
Heroics are very grand things, in their way,
But the laugh at the long run will carry it hollow.

For instance, what sermon on human affairs
Could equal the scene that took place t'other day
'Twixt Romeo and Louis Philippe, on the stairs —
The Sublime and Ridiculous meeting half-way!

Yes, Jocus! gay god, whom the Gentiles supplied,
And whose worship not ev'n among Christians declines,
In our senate thou 'st languish'd since Sheridan died,
But Sydney still keeps thee alive in our shrines.

Rare Sydney! thrice honour'd the stall where he sits,
And be his ev'ry honour he deigneth to climb at!
Had England a hierarchy form'd all of wits,
Who but Sydney would England proclaim as its primate?

And long may he flourish, frank, merry, and brave —
A Horace to hear, and a Paschal to read; *
While he *laughs*, all is safe, but, when Sydney grows grave,
We shall then think the Church is in danger *indeed*.

Meanwhile, it much glads us to find he 's preparing
To teach *other* bishops to "seek the right way;" **
And means shortly to treat the whole Bench to an airing,
Just such as he gave to Charles James t'other day.

For our parts, though gravity 's good for the soul,
Such a fancy have we for the side that there 's fun on,
We 'd rather with Sydney south-west take a "stroll,"
Than *coach* it north-east with his Lordship of Lunnun.

* Some parts of the *Provinciales* may be said to be of the highest order of *jeux d'esprit*, or squibs.

** "This stroll in the metropolis is extremely well contrived for your Lordship's speech; but suppose, my dear Lord, that instead of going E. and N. E. you had turned about," &c. &c. — SYDNEY SMITH's *Last Letter to the Bishop of London.*

THOUGHTS ON PATRONS, PUFFS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

IN AN EPISTLE FROM T. M. TO S. R.

WHAT, *thou*, my friend! a man of rhymes,
And, better still, a man of guineas,
To talk of "patrons," in these times,
When authors thrive, like spinning-jennies,
And Arkwright's twist and Bulwer's page
Alike may laugh at patronage!

No, no — those times are past away,
When, doom'd in upper floors to star it,
The bard inscrib'd to lords his lay, —
Himself, the while, my Lord Mountgarret.
No more he begs, with air dependent,
His "little bark may sail attendant"
Under some lordly skipper's steerage;
But launch'd triumphant in the Row,
Or ta'en by Murray's self in tow,
Cuts both *Star Chamber* and the peerage.

Patrons, indeed! when scarce a sail
Is whisk'd from England by the gale,
But bears on board some authors, shipp'd
For foreign shores, all well equipp'd
With proper book-making machinery,
To sketch the morals, manners, scenery,
Of all such lands as they shall see,
Or *not* see, as the case may be: —
It being enjoin'd on all who go
To study first Miss M********,
And learn from her the method true,
To *do* one's books — and readers, too.
For so this nymph of *nous* and nerve
Teaches mankind "How to Observe;"
And, lest mankind at all should swerve,
Teaches them also "*What* to Observe."

No, no, my friend — it can 't be blink'd —
The Patron is a race extinct;
As dead as any Megatherion
That ever Buckland built a theory on.
Instead of bartering, in this age,
Our praise for pence and patronage,
We, authors, now, more prosperous elves,
Have learn'd to patronize ourselves;
And since all-potent Puffing's made
The life of song, the soul of trade,
More frugal of our praises grown,
We puff no merits but our own.

Unlike those feeble gales of praise
Which critics blew in former days,
Our modern puffs are of a kind
That truly, really *raise the wind;*
And since they 've fairly set in blowing,
We find them the best *trade*-winds going.
'Stead of frequenting paths so slippy
As her old haunts near Aganippe,
The Muse, now, taking to the till,
Has open'd shop on Ludgate Hill
(Far handier than the Hill of Pindus,
As seen from bard's back attic windows);
And swallowing there without cessation
Large draughts *(at sight)* of inspiration,
Touches the *notes* for each new theme,
While still fresh "*change* comes o'er her dream."
What Steam is on the deep — and more —
Is the vast power of Puff on shore;
Which jumps to glory's future tenses
Before the present ev'n commences;
And makes "immortal" and "divine" of us
Before the world has read one line of us.

In old times, when the God of Song
Drove his own two-horse team along,

Carrying inside a bard or two,
Book'd for posterity "all through;" —
Their luggage, a few close-pack'd rhymes,
(Like yours, my friend,) for after-times —
So slow the pull to Fame's abode,
That folks oft slept upon the road; —
And Homer's self, sometimes, they say,
Took to his nightcap on the way. *

Ye Gods! how different is the story
With our new galloping sons of glory,
Who, scorning all such slack and slow time,
Dash to posterity in *no* time!
Raise but one general blast of Puff
To start your author — that 's enough.
In vain the critics, set to watch him,
Try at the starting post to catch him:
He 's off — the puffers carry it hollow —
The critics, if they please, may follow.
Ere *they* 've laid down their first positions,
He 's fairly blown through six editions!
In vain doth Edinburgh dispense
Her blue and yellow pestilence
(That plague so awful in my time
To young and touchy sons of rhyme) —
The Quarterly, at three months' date,
To catch th' Unread One, comes too late;
And nonsense, litter'd in a hurry,
Becomes "immortal," spite of Murray.

But, bless me! — while I thus keep fooling,
I hear a voice cry, "Dinner 's cooling."
That postman, too, (who, truth to tell,
'Mong men of letters bears the bell,)
Keeps ringing, ringing, so infernally
That I *must* stop —

Yours sempiternally.

* Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus. — HORAT.

THOUGHTS ON MISCHIEF.

BY LORD ST—NL—Y.

(HIS FIRST ATTEMPT IN VERSE.)

"Evil, be thou my good." MILTON.

How various are the inspirations
Of different men, in different nations!
As genius prompts to good or evil,
Some call the Muse, some raise the devil.
Old Socrates, that pink of sages,
Kept a pet demon, on board wages,
To go about with him incog.,
And sometimes give his wits a jog.
So L—nd—st, in *our* day, we know,
Keeps fresh relays of imps below,
To forward, from that nameless spot,
His inspirations, hot and hot.

But, neat as are old L—nd—st's doings —
Beyond ev'n Hecate's "hell-broth" brewings —
Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,
I 'd show you mischief prettier still;
Mischief, combining boyhoods' tricks
With age's sourest politics;
The urchin's freaks, the vet'ran's gall,
Both duly mix'd, and matchless all;
A compound nought in history reaches
But Machiavel, when first in breeches!

Yes, Mischief, Goddess multiform,
Whene'er thou, witch-like, rids't the storm.
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee —
No livelier lackey could they find thee.
And, Goddess, as I 'm well aware,
So mischief 's *done*, you care not *where*,
I own, 't will most *my* fancy tickle
In Paddyland to play the Pickle;

Having got credit for inventing
A new, brisk method of tormenting —
A way, they call the Stanley fashion,
Which puts all Ireland in a passion;
So neat it hits the mixture due
Of injury and insult too;
So legibly it bears upon 't
The stamp of Stanley's brazen front.

Ireland, we 're told, means land of *Ire;*
And *why* she 's so, none need inquire,
Who sees her millions, martial, manly,
Spat upon thus by me, Lord St—nl—y.
Already in the breeze I scent
The whiff of coming devilment;
Of strife, to me more stirring far
Than th' Opium or the Sulphur war,
Or any such drug ferments are.
Yes — sweeter to this Tory soul
Than all such pests, from pole to pole,
Is the rich, "swelter'd venom" got
By stirring Ireland's "charmed pot;" *
And, thanks to practice on that land,
I stir it with a master-hand.

Again thou 'lt see, when forth hath gone
The War-Church-cry, "On, Stanley, on!"
How Caravats and Shanavests
Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,
With all their merry moonlight brothers,
To whom the Church (*step*-dame to others)
Hath been the best of nursing mothers.
Again o'er Erin's rich domain
Shall Rockites and right reverends reign;
And both, exempt from vulgar toil,
Between them share that titheful soil;

* "Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot."

Puzzling ambition *which* to climb at,
The post of Captain, or of Primate.

And so, long life to Church and Co. —
Hurrah for mischief! — here we go.

EPISTLE FROM CAPTAIN ROCK TO LORD L—NDH—T.

Dear L—ndh—t, — you 'll pardon my making thus free, —
But form is all fudge 'twixt such "comrogues" as we,
Who, whate'er the smooth views we, in public, may drive at,
Have both the same praiseworthy object, in private —
Namely, never to let the old regions of riot,
Where Rock hath long reign'd, have one instant of quiet,
But keep Ireland still in that liquid we 've taught her
To love more than meat, drink, or clothing — *hot water*.

All the diff'rence betwixt you and me, as I take it,
Is simply, that *you* make the law and *I* break it;
And never, of big-wigs and small, were there two
Play'd so well into each other's hands as we do;
Insomuch, that the laws you and yours manufacture,
Seem all made express for the Rock-boys to fracture.
Not Birmingham's self — to her shame be it spoken —
E'er made things more neatly contriv'd to be broken;
And hence, I confess, in this island religious,
The breakage of laws — and of heads *is* prodigious.

And long may it thrive, my Ex-Bigwig, say I, —
Though, of late, much I fear'd all our fun was gone by;
As, except when some tithe-hunting parson show'd sport,
Some rector — a cool hand at pistols and port,
Who "keeps dry" his *powder*, but never *himself* —
One who, leaving his Bible to rust on the shelf,
Sends his pious texts home, in the shape of ball-cartridges,
Shooting his "dearly beloved," like partridges; —

Except when some hero of this sort turn'd out,
Or, th' Exchequer sent, flaming, its tithe-writs* about —
A contrivance more neat, I may say, without flattery,
Than e'er yet was thought of for bloodshed and battery;
So neat, that even *I* might be proud, I allow,
To have hit off so rich a receipt for a *row;* —
Except for such rigs turning up, now and then,
I was actually growing the dullest of men;
And, had this blank fit been allow'd to increase,
Might have snor'd myself down to a Justice of Peace.
Like you, Reformation in Church and in State
Is the thing of all things I most cordially hate.
If once these curst Ministers do as they like,
All 's o'er, my good Lord, with your wig and my pike
And one may be hung up on t'other, henceforth,
Just to show what *such* Captains and Chanc'llors were worth.

But we must not despair — ev'n already Hope sees
You 're about, my bold Baron, to kick up a breeze
Of the true baffling sort, such as suits me and you,
Who have box'd the whole compass of party right through,
And care not one farthing, as all the world knows,
So we *but* raise the wind, from what quarter it blows,
Forgive me, dear Lord, that thus rudely I dare
My own small resources with thine to compare:
Not ev'n Jerry Didler, in "raising the wind," durst
Compete, for one instant, with thee, my dear L—ndh—t.

But, hark, there 's a shot! — some parsonic practitioner?
No — merely a bran-new Rebellion Commissioner;
The Courts having now, with true law erudition,
Put even Rebellion itself "in commission."
As seldom, in *this* way, I 'm any man's debtor,
I 'll just *pay my shot*, and then fold up this letter.

* Exchequer tithe processes, served under a commission of rebellion. – *Chronicle.*

In the mean time, hurrah for the Tories and Rocks!
Hurrah for the parsons who fleece well their flocks!
Hurrah for all mischief in all ranks and spheres,
And, above all, hurrah for that dear House of Peers!

CAPTAIN ROCK IN LONDON.

LETTER FROM THE CAPTAIN TO TERRY ALT, ESQ.

Here I am, at head-quarters, dear Terry, once more,
Deep in Tory designs, as I 've oft been before: —
For, bless them! if 't wasn't for this wrong-headed crew,
You and I, Terry Alt, would scarce know what to do;
So ready they 're always, when dull we are growing,
To set our old concert of discord a-going,
While L—ndh—t 's the lad, with his Tory-Whig face,
To play, in such concert, the true *double-base*.
I had fear'd this old prop of my realm was beginning
To tire of his course of political sinning,
And, like Mother Cole, when her heyday was past,
Meant, by way of a change, to try virtue at last.
But I wrong'd the old boy, who as staunchly derides
All reform in himself as in most things besides;
And, by using *two* faces through life, all allow,
Has acquir'd face sufficient for *any* thing now.

In short, he 's all right; and, if mankind's old foe,
My "Lord Harry" himself — who 's the leader, we know,
Of another red-hot Opposition, below —
If that "Lord," in his well-known discernment, but spares
Me and L—ndh—t, to look after Ireland's affairs,
We shall soon such a region of devilment make it,
That Old Nick himself for his own may mistake it.

Ev'n already — long life to such Big-wigs, say I,
For, as long as they flourish, we Rocks cannot die —

* The subordinate officer or lieutenant of Captain Rock.

He has serv'd our right riotous cause by a speech
Whose perfection of mischief he only could reach;
As it shows off both *his* and *my* merits alike,
Both the swell of the wig, and the point of the pike;
Mixes up, with a skill which one can't but admire,
The lawyer's cool craft with th' incendiary's fire,
And enlists, in the gravest, most plausible manner,
Seven millions of souls under Rockery's banner!
Oh Terry, my man, let this speech *never* die;
Through the regions of Rockland, like flame, let it fly;
Let each syllable dark the Law-Oracle utter'd
By all Tipperary's wild echoes be mutter'd,
Till nought shall be heard, over hill, dale, or flood,
But "*You 're aliens in language, in creed, and in blood;*"
While voices, from sweet Connemara afar,
Shall answer, like true *Irish* echoes, "We are!"
And, though false be the cry, and though sense must abhor it,
Still th' echoes may quote *Law* authority for it,
And nought L—ndh—t cares for my spread of dominion
So he, in the end, touches cash "for th' *opinion*"

But I 've no time for more, my dear Terry, just now,
Being busy in helping these Lords through their *row*.
They 're bad hands at mob-work, but, once they begin,
They 'll have plenty of practice to break them well in.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;

BEING

A SEQUEL

TO THE

"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

PREFACE.

THE name of the country town, in England — a well known fashionable watering-place — in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD —, CURATE OF —, IN IRELAND.

WHO d'ye think we 've got here? — quite reformed from the giddy,
Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise —
Why, the famous Miss Fudge — that delectable Biddy
Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,

In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs —
  Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,
  And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.
Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off — gone, as charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges;
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much revered and much-palsied relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet, —
Age thirty, or thereabouts — stature six feet,
And warranted godly — to make all complete.
Nota bene — a Churchman would suit, if he 's *high*,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? doesn't this tempt your ambition?
  The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition, —
  Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.
Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,
To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of *you*.
You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,
When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit — at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:
Miss Fudge hath a niece — such a creature! — with eyes
Like those sparklers that peep out from summer-night skies
At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure — oh, bring all the gracefullest things
That are borne through the light air by feet or by wings,

Not a single new grace to that form could they teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each;
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

Ne'er, in short, was there creature more form'd to bewilder
A gay youth like me, who of castles aërial
(And *only* of such) am, God help me! a builder;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the sky.*

But, alas! nothing 's perfect on earth — even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes;
Talks learning — looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes;
And raves — the sweet, charming, absurd little dear!
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let 's hope for the best — and, meanwhile,
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile;
While you, if you 're wise, Dick, will play the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess,) to her Saint of an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who 've a lack,
Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye!
Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents.?
While her acres! — oh Dick, it don't matter one pin
How she touches th' affections, so *you* touch the rents;

* That floor which a facetious garreteer called "le premier en descendant du ciel."

And Love never looks half so pleas'd as when, bless him, he
Sings to an old lady's purse "Open, Sesame."
By the way, I 've just heard, in my walks, a report,
Which, if true, will insure for your visit some sport.
'T is rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week;
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set
Throw, for th' amusement of Christians, a summerset.
'T is fear'd their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot come,
Being called off, at present, to play Punch at home;*
And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity; —
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.**

'T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,
As a wag Presbyterian 's a thing quite to see;
And, 'mong the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em
Ever yet reckon'd a point of wit one of 'em.
But ev'n though depriv'd of this comical elf,
We 've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,
Who of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,
As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sublime*;***
And of him we 're quite certain, so, pray, come in time.

* See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July), for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

** "All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull.* (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God." — *Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech June* 20. *in the Record Newspaper.*

*** In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling."

LETTER II.

FROM MISS RIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH —.

JUST in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,
With godly concernments — and worldly ones, too;
Things carnal and spiritual mix'd, my dear Lizzy,
In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,
'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.

First, I 've been to see all the gay fashions from Town,
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down.
Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise), *à la folle*,
Charming hats, *pou de soie* — though the shape rather droll.
But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face;
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night.
The silks are quite heav'nly: — I 'm glad, too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day;
Hath had sweet experience — yea, ev'n doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin —
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit
I 've had since we met, and they 're more than I merit! —
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of th' Elect.
But now for the picture's reverse. — You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;
He, a Baptist Particular — *she*, of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;

And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions, and all.
All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
But above all, the cook-maid; — oh, ne'er would she tire —
Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire
She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.
(God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety! —
A sad trick I 've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)
But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale;
Come, Ast'risks, and help me the sad truth to veil —
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn pale!

* * * * *
* * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as *I* thought they were,
Have together this last week eloped; making bold
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold —
Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my shelves,
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer — I neglecting to lock it —
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket."*
Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?
It has made me quite ill: — and the worst of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, 't is hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.
This man "had a *call*," he said — impudent mockery!
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I 'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace.

* "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland, besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning learning the same verse.*"

The inclos'd two announcements have just met my eyes,
In that ven'rable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies; *
And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made
An essential in every craft, calling, and trade.
Where th' attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth
Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the truth;"
Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And th' Establish'd Wine Company proudly gives out
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,
And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock. **

* The Evangelical Magazine. — A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawnbroker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety, to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership, &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connection only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

** According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."

Morning Watch. — No. iii. 442, 443.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members is quite as

Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
When thus thro' all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven 's so in vogue, that each shop adver*tise*ment
Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs — can't stop to look,
But both describe charming — both Footman and Cook.
She, "decidedly pious" — with pathos deplores
Th' increase of French cook'ry, and sin on our shores;
And adds — (while for further accounts she refers
To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers,)
That "though *some* make their Sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days,
She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."
The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge; —
Has late been to Cambridge — to Trinity College;
Serv'd last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left — not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
Of my Journal — that Day-book I keep of my heart;
Where, at some little items, (partaking, perhaps,
More of earth than of heaven,) thy prud'ry may start,
And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.
For the present, I 'm mute — but, whate'er may befall,
Recollect, dear, (in Hebrews, xiii. 4.) St. Paul
Hath himself declar'd, "marriage is honourable in all."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

TRIED a new châlé gown on — pretty.
No one to see me in it — pity!

essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced." — No. x. p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity — "Deæ Pecuniæ (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."

Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid; —
The Lord forgive me! — she look'd dismay'd;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music — heavenly art!

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan —
A remarkably handsome, nice young man;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civiliz'd, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.
At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way:
Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while listening intent to me,
He 's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho! — what a blessing should Mr. Magan
Turn out, after all, a "renewed" young man;
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,
Were it heaven's high will, that he and I —
But I blush to write the nuptial word —
Should wed, as St. Paul says, "in the Lord;"
Not *this* world's wedlock — gross, gallant,
But pure — as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ — but who would count
One's natural sinful life's amount,
Or look in the Register's vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,

Who, blessed privilege! only then
Begins to live when he 's born again.
And, counting in *this* way — let me see —
I myself but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when th' event takes place,
An actual new-born child of grace —
Should Heav'n in mercy so dispose —
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left *tête-à-tête*,
Had just begun — having stirr'd the fire,
And drawn my chair near his — to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again bounc'd in;
And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil were whisk'd away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she —
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of nought but play —
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —.

STANZAS (INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW; OR, WHY? — WHAT? — HOW?

DARK comrade of my path! while earth and sky
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light array'd,
Why in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade —
Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, 'mid these flowery scenes,
Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
Sadd'ning them as thou goest — say, what means
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot —
Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
Thou bendest, too — then risest when I rise; —
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou
Thus com'st between me and those blessed skies —
Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
Than gloom of soul; while, as I eager cried,
Oh Why? What? How? — a Voice, that one might judge
To be some Irish echo's, faint replied,
Oh fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;
And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"
Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,
And which, you 'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's; — a
Most cruel and dark-design'd extravaganza,
And part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are
To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 't was with Byron's young eagle-ey'd strain,
Just so did they taunt him; — but vain, critics, vain
All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!
To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!!!
Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I indite,
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,
And I 'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards —

That *she* should make light of my works I can't blame;
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan — what a shame!
Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him
I 'm really afraid — after all, I — *must* hate him.
He is *so* provoking — nought 's safe from his tongue;
He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou
Once shone as contributor, Lord how he 'd quiz you!
He laughs at *all* Monthlies — I 've actually seen
A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine! —
While of Weeklies, poor things, there 's but one he peruses,
And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.
But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;
And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as
Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!
(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made "crucible,"
Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear — to tell you a secret which, pray
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may —
You know, and, indeed the whole county suspects
(Though the Editor often my best things rejects),
That the verses sign'd *so*, ☞, which you now and then see
In our County Gazette (vide *last*) are by me.
But 't is dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear — I may, without vanity, hint —
Though an angel should write, still 't is *devils* must print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
Choose to make of one's sense, and what 's worse, of one's rhymes.
But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talk'd of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
To commem'rate some saint of her *clique*, who 'd just died

Having said he "had tak'n up in heav'n his position,"
They made it, he 'd "tak'n up to heav'n his physician!"

This is very disheartening; — but brighter days shine,
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;
For, what do you think? — so delightful! next year,
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare —
I 'm to write in the Keepsake — yes, Kitty, my dear,
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you 're there!!
T' other night, at a Ball, 't was my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 't was plain, from some hints which I now and then caught,
Was the author of *something* — one couldn't tell what;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colburn had lately brought out.

We convers'd of *belles-lettres* through all the quadrille, —
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of Intellect's march — whether right 't was or wrong —
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant*.
In the course of this talk 't was that, having just hinted
That *I* too had Poems which — long'd to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.
"In the Annals of England let some," he said, "shine,
"But a place in her Annuals, Lady, be thine!
"Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
"Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those eyes, —
"All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size!"
How un*like* that Magan, who my genius would smother,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!

This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied glance
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the dance;
Till between us 't was finally fix'd that, next year,
In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisp'd in my ear
These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,
"Terms for rhyme — if it 's *prime* — ten and six-pence per page."

Think, Kitty, my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains;
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a court'sy profound,
Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I 've found
That he 's quite a new species of lit'rary man;
One, whose task is — to what will not fashion accustom us? —
To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance — the plan, to be sure, is the oddest! —
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the int'resting blusher;
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light,
Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.
My Aunt says — though scarce on such points one can credit her —
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
'T is certain the fashion 's but newly invented;
And, quick as the change of all things and all names is,
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter — there 's Aunt, in full screech,
Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.
God forgive me, I 'm not much inclined, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.
And, besides — 't will be all against dancing, no doubt,
Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred devout,
That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a head,
For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She 'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.
There, again — coming, Ma'am! — I 'll write more, if I can,
Before the post goes,

Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon! — though *not* about dancing, my dear;
'T was only on th' end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty 's the year that some state
As the time for that accident — some Forty Eight:*
And I own, of the two, I 'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and 't wo'n't matter.
Once more, love, good-bye — I 've to make a new cap;
But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ. TO THE REV. RICHARD —.

He comes from Erin's speechful shore
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions — hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,**
Twin prosers, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.
Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,
Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;
And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.

* With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846 or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

** "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord." — *Record Newspaper.*

He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache: —
Of ten whole Bishops snatch'd away
For ever from the light of day;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For whom that doom is yet in store) —
Of Rectors cruelly compell'd
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away; —
Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt
If 't isn't money well laid out; —
Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy Hierarchy,
Which us'd to roll in wealth so pleasantly;
But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,
Will preach and preach t' ye, till you 're dull again;
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you 're alive —
I 've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant —
And Tuesday, in the market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in 't,
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;
Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop, —
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,

And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic,
Though caring not a pin *which* way
Th' erratic souls go, so they *pay*. —
Just as some roguish country nurse,
  Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
  Then leaves poor dear to — suck its knuckle:
Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money — starve the souls.
Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,
Brought to the *stake* — i. e. a *beef* one,
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;
Though try them ev'n at this, they 'll bear it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns —
(A Viscount, be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day,)
Has just announc'd a godly rout,
Where Murtagh 's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame, *week-day* state: —
"Pray'rs, half-past seven, tea at eight."
Ev'n so the circular missive orders —
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick — you 're lost, if you lose time; —
  Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
  Will surely carry off old Biddy,
Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.
That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,

(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!)
Is dying of *angina pectoris;* —
So that, unless you 're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-*moon*,
And be the *man* of it, himself!

As for *me*, Dick — 't is whim, 't is folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'T is true, the girl 's a vile verse-maker —
Would rhyme all nature, if you 'd let her; —
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she 's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seiz'd all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses;"
Till one pursuit all tastes combines —
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,
Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.
Add to all this — what 's ev'n still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse —
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear th' amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better: —
Meantime, what awful length of letter!
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegasus of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago
Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go!

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

DEAR JUDY, I sind you this bit of a letther,
By mail-coach conveyance — for want of a betther —
To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
Och, Judy, that night! — when the pig which we meant
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Julianna, the craythur — that name was the death of her* —
Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her!
And *there* were the childher, six innocent sowls,
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;
While yourself, my dear Judy (though grievin 's a folly),
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy —
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
"Arrah, why did ye die till we 'd sowl'd you, my honey?"

But God's will be done! — and then, faith sure enough,
As the pig was desaiced, 't was high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,
Then tuk laave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the Ark;
The six childher with you, my dear July, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I 've had on my hands,
Is, at this present writin', too tadious to speak,
So I 'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week: —
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat,
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street —
Which their docthors (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins),
Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;
And the higher they liv'd, like owld crows, in the air,
The more *I* was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I 'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,
Muff, feathers and all! — the descint was most awful,
And — what was still worse, faith — I knew 't was unlawful:
For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and — here, Judy, I am!

What 's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay,)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.
Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper —
Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmasther, let alone *me*.
By gor, you 'd have laughed, Judy, could you 've but listen'd,
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is!* — no, it *isn't:*"

But it *was*, after all — for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer" — then a great "O;"
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that name, —
Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.
"Masther Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world over!
My own fosther-brother — by jinks, I 'm in clover.
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,
And he 'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt
But I manag'd, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,
Such a pair of owld cumrogues — was charmin' to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with th' evint than *I* am,
As he just then was wanting a Valley-de-sham;
And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t' other,
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;
And, in throth, it 's the only drawback on my place.
'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;
That 's to say, he turn'd Protestant — *why*, I can't larn;
But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it 's not *my* consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still — naythor betther nor worse.
Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,
And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
When Murthagh — or Morthimer, as he 's *now* chrishen'd,
His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* isn't —
Lookin' sly at me (faith, 't was divartin' to see)
"*Of coorse*, you 're a Protestant, Larry," says he.
Upon which says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
"Is 't a Protestant? — oh yes, *I am*, Sir," says I; —

And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
Controvarsial between us has since then occurr'd.
What Murthagh could mane, and, in troth, Judy dear,
What *I myself* meant, doesn't seem mighty clear;
But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler
I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar: —
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,
Address'd to the loyal and godly intintion'd,)
His riverence, my master, comes forward to preach, —
Myself doesn't know whether sarmon or speech,
But it 's all one to him, he 's a dead hand at each;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.

But, whisht! — there 's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"
And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
Which, faix, I 'd have made a much bigger and betther,
But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down.
So good luck to the childer! — tell Molly, I love her;
Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over —
Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heav'ns be your bed! — I will write, when I can again,
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH —.

How I grieve you 're not with us! — pray, come, if you can,
Ere we 're robb'd of this dear, oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory; —

(Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded,
The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded) —
The sly and the saintly, the wordly and godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly!
In short, he 's a *dear* — and *such* audiences draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,
As *can 't* but do good to the Protestant cause.
Poor dear Irish Church! — he to-day sketch'd a view
Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to *reasoning* — you know, dear, that 's now of no use,
People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
A thing to be managed "according to Cocker!"
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector
At paying some thousands a-year to a Rector,
In places where Protestants *never yet were*,)
"Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born there?
And granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they didn't find Rector and Clerk when they came!
It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
These little Church embryos *must* go astray;
And, while fools are computing what Parsons would cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to th' Establishment lost!
In vain do we put the case sensibly thus; —
They 'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
And ask "if, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,
It is right that *seven* eights of the trav'llers should pay
For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way?" —
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't, in reality,
A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Pop'ry in *other* respects,
She to Catholic *money* in no way objects;
And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,
That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.

But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,
People cannot or *will* not their cogency see;
And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she 'd be left in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we 've here,
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force, and profoundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange its original birth —
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth —
How oppos'd to the instinct, the law, and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;
Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration — yet still in existence!
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws —
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anom'ly stands mute; —
That, in short, 't is a Miracle! — and, *once* begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on.*

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite plac'd beyond doubt
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-prov'd, he would venture to swear,
As any thing else has been *ever* found there: —

While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sort of things.

So much for theology: — as for th' affairs
Of this temporal world — the light, drawing-room cares
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,
And to be, as th' Apostle was, "weak with the weak,"
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I 'm somewhat less busy)
In th' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub: —
As the use of more vowels and consonants
Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer! — but, shocking to say,
Being franked unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
It arriv'd on this blessed Sunday morn!! —
How shocking! — the postman's self cried "shame on't,"
Seeing th' immaculate Andrew's name on't!!
What will the Club do? — meet, no doubt.
'T is a matter that touches the Class Devout,
And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle — and saw it with pain —
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.

Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces —
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,
And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights.
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one 's religious,
And strict and — all that, there 's no need to be hideous;
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heav'n, 't isn't easy to say.

Then, there 's Gimp, the poor thing — if her custom we drop,
Pray, what 's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are given,
She 'll lose all the interest she now takes in heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the burning,"
May fall in again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem. — To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send £20 — heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast,
Making "Company's Christians"* perhaps costs the most.
And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own*,**
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey.***
Think, how horrid, my dear! — so that all 's thrown away;
And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They consum'd, while believers, we saints pay the price.

Still 't is cheering to find that we *do* save a few —
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;

* The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.

** Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.

*** The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. "One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's play-fellows complained to Tasuda that he had pilfered and ate their curds."

Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
While but one and a half 's left at Cooroopadum.
In this last-mention'd place 't is the barbers enslave 'em,
For, once they turn Christians, no barber will shave 'em.*

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians,** are tack'd to th' account.
And though, to catch Papists, one needn't go so far,
Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are;
And *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny,
I cannot resist recording it here. —
Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
Leading a husband in each hand,
And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer; —
One I could perfectly understand,
But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear.
'T was meant, however, I soon could see,
To afford me a *choice* — a most excellent plan;
And — who should this brace of candidates be,
But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan: —
A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen! —
That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders
(For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest,)

* "Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave Yesoo Kreest's people." — *Bapt. Mission Society*, vol. ii. p. 493.

** In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have extended my labours, (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831,) to the Heathen, Mahomedans, and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood (says another missionary for the year 1832) are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to, the force of truth."

And quite a creature to dazzle beholders;
While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest
As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.
Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt
As to *which* of the two I singled out.
But — awful to tell — when, all in dread
Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist, away, and I found but the head
Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!
The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!
Heigho! — it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or *wo'n't* see that he *might* be the man;
And, perhaps, dear — who knows? — if nought better befall
But — O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.
Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout
For the special discussion of matters devout; —
Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt,* so justly renown'd,
For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went round;

* An account of these Powerscourt Conversaziones (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the Christian Herald for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company: — "*Monday Evening, Six o'clock, September* 24. 1832. — 'An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connection and explanation, viz.' &c. &c. — *Wednesday.* — 'Should we expect a personal Antichrist? *and to whom will he be revealed?*' &c. &c. — *Friday.* — 'What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?*'" &c.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the Christian Herald: —

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations; though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any

Those theology-routs which the pious Lord R—d—n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in;
Where, blessed down-pouring!* from tea until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line; —
Then, supper — and then, if for topics hard driven,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was given;
While R—d—n, deep read in each topic and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY —

IRREGULAR ODE.

BRING me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,
To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they 've lain —
THE EMBRYOS OF A FUTURE MAIN! —
Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their PARENT SEA,

'accommodation,' or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting developement of Scripture. The progress of the Antichristian powers was very fully discussed."

* "About eight o'clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us — for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o'clock." — Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row, (dated Fernicary, April 4. 1830,) giving an account of her "miraculous cure."

(Polyphlysbæan * nam'd, in Greek),
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
Round startled isle and wondering peak,
They 'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
Young fires —

I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
But, having invok'd such a lot of fine things,
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings,
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.
The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it —
Decides the great question, to live or to die!
And, whether I 'm henceforth immortal or no,
All depends on the answer of Simpkins and Co.!
You 'll think, love, I rave, so 't is best to let out
The whole secret, at once — I have publish'd a Book!!!
Yes, an actual Book: — if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you 'll find "This day publish'd by Simpkins and Co.
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe Woe!'
By Miss Fanny F—, known more commonly *so* ☞."
This I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

How I manag'd, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a "Romaunt" which you 'd scarce, dear, believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet,** explain it, dear girl.
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence —

* If you guess what this word means, 't is more than *I* can: —
I but give 't as I got it from Mr. Magan.
F. F.

** A day-coach of that name.

(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,) —
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I 've manag'd, to scrape up, this year past, by stinting
My own little wants in gloves, ribands, and shoes,
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What 's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?
Yards of riband soon end — but the measures of rhyme,
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk — and, alas!
My poor copyright too — into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County Gazette"
(The only Mecænas I 've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)
Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!

As for *puffing* — that first of all lit'rary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 't is found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground; —
In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befall;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics — the *hypers* and all.
I suspect he himself, indeed, dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;
As I 've heard uncle Bob say, 't was known among Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But hark! there 's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town —
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.
That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,
All full of my book — I shall sink when I see 'em.
And then the great point — whether Simpkins and Co.
Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no! —

Five o'clock.

All 's delightful — such praises! — I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear,
I 've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps —
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'T is known that a certain distinguish'd physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition
(Ere critics have injur'd their powers of nutrition),
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.
Satires irritate — love-songs are found calorific;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,
Is a volume just published by Simpkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients — the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotic — are mix'd *per* receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we 've no hesitation
To say that, — 'bove all, for the young generation —
'T is an elegant, soothing, and safe preparation.

Nota bene — for readers, whose object 's *to sleep*,
And who read, in their nightcaps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE — FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T' other night, at the Countess of ***'s rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.

It was said that Lord —, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where — heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were squander'd away —
He kept reading some papers he 'd brought in his pocket.
Some thought them despatches from Spain or the Turk,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;
But it turn'd out 't was only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious —
Messrs. Simpkins and Co., to avoid all delay,
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanc'd the whole reading world by a day!

LETTER VIII.

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday evening.

I MUCH regret, dear Reverend Sir,
I could not come to *** to meet you;
But this curst gout wo'n't let me stir —
Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you;
As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.
Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to *extremities* —
But gout wo'n't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.
I 'm a plain man, who speak the truth,
And trust you 'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,
I 've wish'd your country at the devil:
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all
I 've heard of your high patriot fame —
From every word your lips let fall —
That you most truly wish the same.

It plagues one's life out — thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,
"Ireland wants this, and that, and t' other,"
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile, eternal bother.
While, of those countless things she wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev'n that little, if we 're men
And Britons, we 'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion;
And still each year, as Popery's curse
Has gather'd round us, I 've got worse;
Till ev'n my pint of port a day
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite *un*settled my digestion.

Look what has happen'd since — the Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Let loose upon us; — even Quakers
Turn'd into speechers and law-makers,
Who 'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.
Then, too, those Jews! — I really sicken
To think of such abomination;
Fellows, who wo'n't eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation! —
Depend upon 't, when once they 've sway,
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,

Th' Excise laws will be done away,
And *Circum*cise ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear Sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear
Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium 's near;
Nay, swears he knows the very year,
And regulates his leases by 't; —
Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
Before the world's own lease is out.
He thinks, too, that the whole thing 's ended
So much more soon than was intended,
Purely to scourge those men of sin
Who brought th' accurst Reform Bill in.*

However, let 's not yet despair;
Though Toryism 's eclips'd, at present,
And — like myself, in this old chair —
Sits in a state by no means pleasant;
Feet crippled — hands, in luckless hour,
Disabled of their grasping power;
And all that rampant glee, which revell'd
In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd —
Yet, though condemn'd to frisk no more,
And both in Chair of Penance set.
There 's something tells me, all 's not o'er
With Toryism or Bobby yet;
That though, between us, I allow
We 've not a leg to stand on now;
Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
Have made us both look deuced glum,

* This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to *punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and *who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.*" No. x. p. 373.

Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
Again we 'll shine triumphant out!

Yes — back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
And then, O'Mulligan — oh then,
When mounted on our nags again,
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee
(Glitter great from substance scanty), —
While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
Your faithful Sancho, by your side;
Then — talk of tilts and tournaments!
Dam' me, we 'll —

* * * * *

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
To Reverend Sir his compliments;
Is griev'd to say an accident
Has just occurr'd which will prevent
The Squire — though now a little better —
From finishing this present letter.
Just when he 'd got to "Dam' me, we 'll —"
His Honour, full of martial zeal,
Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
To keep his balance or his hold,
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All 's safe — the table, chair, and crutch; —
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bump'd consid'rably — that 's all.
At this no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday morning.

Squire much the same — head rather light —
Rav'd about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our housekeeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,
You 'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about;
And, throth, it 's a letther myself would like betther,
Could I manage to lave the contints of it out;
For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,
Who takes things quiet, 't will dhrive *you* crazy.

Oh, Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him!
That e'er I should come to 've been sarvant-man to him,
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the Flood
Was able to wash away clane from the earth)*
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,
Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end*.

But that 's now all over — last night I gev warnin',
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.
The thief of the world! — but it 's no use balraggin'; ** —
All I know is, I 'd fifty times rather be draggin'
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my aise,
And be forc'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways.
Arrah, sure, if I 'd heerd where he last show'd his phiz,
I 'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;

* "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families — fellows that the Flood could not wash away." — CONGREVE, *Love for Love*.

** To *balrag* is to abuse — Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Curran in his national stories used to employ the word as above. — See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish show'd off;
And it 's pity, so 't is, that they hadn't got no man
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their showman —
Sayin', "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze ta take notice,
"How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is;
"All by raison, we 're towld, that the nathur o' the baste
"Is to change its coat *once* in its lifetime, *at laste*;
"And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones
"Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.
"In regard of its *name* — why, in throth, I 'm consarn'd
"To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,
"Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the craythur
"Is plainly a 'Murthagh,' by name and by nathur."

This is how I 'd have towld them the rights of it all,
Had *I* been their showman at Exether Hall —
Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin
(Of th' owld bitther breed which they call Prosbetairin),
The fam'd Daddy C—ke — who, by gor, I 'd have shown 'em
As proof how such bastes may be tam'd, when you 've thrown 'em
A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem.**

But, throth, I 've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', like mad,
We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.
He says we 're all murtherers — div'l a bit less —
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or by pen,
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said 't was all towld him by Docthor Den!**

* Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum*; — a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

** Correctly, Deus — Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

"And who the div'l 's *he?*" was the question that flew
From Chrishtian to Chrishtian — but not a sowl knew.
While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,
As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions,* —
Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that 's at your breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our insthructor and Sin our creed!

When ax'd for his proofs again and again,
Div'l an answer he 'd give but Docthor Den.
Couldn't he call into coort some *livin'* men?
"No, thank you" — he 'd stick to Docthor Den —
An ould gintleman dead a century or two,
Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew;
And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it 's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.
Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand climactherics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics,
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses*,
"*Ris'n*" — but, by dad, I 'm afeard I can't give it ye —
"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of — inactivity;*
"*And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity*,
"*Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity!!*" ** —

* "The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests." — *Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee.* — "The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft." — *Speech of the Rev. Robert Daly.*

** "But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity.* She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted the *carcass of her de-*

Even you, Judy, true as you are to the Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight
Of that figure of speech call'd the Blatherumskite.
As for me, though a funny thought now and then came to me,
Rage got the betther at last — and small blame to me!
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,"
Says I bowldly "I 'll make a noration myself."
And with that up I jumps — but, my darlint, the minit
I cock'd up my head, div'l a sinse remain'd in it.
Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone. —
Which was odd, for us, Pats, who, whate'er we 've a hand in,
At laste in our *legs* show a sthrong understandin'.

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps should pursaive
What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,
"In regard of all that," says I — there I stopp'd short —
Not a word more would come, though I shtruggled hard for 't.
So, shnapping my fingers at what 's call'd the Chair,
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat there —
"In regard of all that," says I bowldly again —
"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer — *and* Docthor Den;" —
Upon which the whole company cried out "Amen;"
And myself was in hopes 't was to what *I* had said,
But, by gor, no such thing — they were not so well bred:
For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read out,
By way of fit finish to job so devout;
That is — *afther* well damning one half the community,
To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty
Of news, faith, I 've got to fill more — if 't was twinty.

parted humanity; noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity.*" — Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20. in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such reverend ravings, "Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas?"

But I 'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,
(Writin' "Private" upon it, that no one may read it,)
To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten him)
Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismisshin' him.
(*Private outside.*)
Just come from his riv'rence — the job is all done —
By the powers, I 've discharg'd him as sure as a gun!
And now, Judy dear, what on earth I 'm to do
With myself and my appetite — both good as new —
Without ev'n a single traneen in my pocket,
Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it —
Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that 's above,
Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, when hard dhrove!

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE REV. —.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,
By a safe, private hand I send
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
Should pry into the Letter-bag),
To tell you, far as pen can dare
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare; —
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But — scarce less trying in its way —
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And — injuring our preferment in it.
Just think, how worrying 't is, my friend,
To find, where'er our footsteps bend,
Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;
And bear the eternal torturing play

Of that great engine of our day,
Unknown to th' Inquisition — quizzing!

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aim'd at the *body* their attacks;
But modern torturers, more refin'd,
Work *their* machinery on the *mind*.
Had St. Sebastian had the luck
With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he 'd be stuck
With stings of ridicule all over;
And poor St. Lawrence, who was kill'd
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shar'd *my* errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A *moral* roasting would have got.
Nor should I (trying as all this is)
Much heed the suffering or the shame —
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,
I long have known no other fame,
But that (as I may own to *you*,
Though to the *world* it would not do,)
No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on *any* of my schemes;
No chance of something more *per ann.*
As supplement to K—llym—n;
No prospect that, by fierce abuse
Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation;
To forge anew the sever'd chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;
And five pounds was the price, *per* head,
For bagging *either*, live or dead; * —

* "Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this

Though oft, we're told, *one* outlaw'd brother
Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*.
Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and tropes
All scatter'd, one by one, away,
As flashy and unsound as they,
The question comes — what's to be done?
And there 's but one course left me — *one*.
Heroes, when tir'd of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;
And mine, as mighty Love 's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend, — the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,
So pleasing to a parson's eyes —
That only *gilding* which the Muse
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse; —
Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,
So he can only make it *his*.
There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take *her* family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd,)
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chos'n to shine

period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest — being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."

Memoirs of Captain Rock, book i. chap. 10.

Conspicuous in the *alias** line;
So that henceforth, by wife's decree,
(For Biddy from this point wo'n't budge)
Your old friend's new address must be
The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge* —
The "O" being kept, that all may see
We're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's calm Euthanasia.
Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall —
Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
And rivalling its bears in breeding.
Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers —
The pray'r giv'n out, as grace,** by speechers —
Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures: —
Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns: —
From each and all I now retire,
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M. P.s, and Peers, and Judges —
Parsons I 'd add too, if, alas!
There yet were hope the Church could pass
The gulf now oped for hers and her,
Or long survive what *Exeter* —
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name —
Have done to sink her reverend fame.

* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "alias" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What *other* proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend." — *Life of Mallet.*

** "I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this *solemn* object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Halloway to open it by prayer." — *Speech of Lord Kenyon.*

Adieu, dear friend — you 'll oft hear *from* me,
Now I 'm ne more a travelling drudge;
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)
Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD — .

———, *Ireland.*

DEAR DICK — just arriv'd at my own humble *gîte*,
I inclose you, post-haste, the account, all complete,
Just arriv'd, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

This place is getting gay and full again.

* * * * * * *

Last week was married, "in the Lord,"
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,
(He, who the Lord's force lately led on —
Exeter Hall his Ar*magh*-geddon,) *
To Miss B. Fudge of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as "heir of grace,"
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge.

Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 't is hinted —
Niece of the above, (whose "Sylvan Lyre,"
In our Gazette, last week, we printed,)
Elop'd with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
The fugitives were track'd, some time,
After they 'd left the Aunt's abode,

* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh!* — a most remarkable coincidence — and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse.

By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strew'd along the Western road; —
Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.
This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more;
And, from inquiries made last night,
We find they 've reach'd the Irish shore.

Every word of it true, Dick — th' escape from Aunt's thrall —
Western road — lyric fragments — curl-papers and all.
My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine
(As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and mine),
Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the *Nine;*
Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.
This she did, like a heroine; — smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits —
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets —
Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreathe Berenice's bright locks in the skies!
While the rest, honest Larry (who 's now in *my* pay),
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dar'd to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its *prose*,
With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!
But — I 'm call'd off abruptly — *another* Express!
What the deuce can it mean? — I 'm alarm'd, I confess.

P. S.

Hurrah, Dick, hurrah, Dick, ten thousand hurrahs!
I 'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days.
There — read the good news — and while glad, for *my* sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining wake,
Admire also the *moral* — that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd *himself!*

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise —
Lands, dwellings — rectories likewise —
To his "belov'd grand-niece," Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited — not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.

For self and partners, &c. &c.

SONGS

FROM

M. P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

YOUNG Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love — "is it you? good-by;"
So he oped the window, and flew away!

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won.
This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break, with *more*,
It could not live with *less*.
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

Spirit of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine;
And 't is the light of laughing eyes,
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to Sorrow known;
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,

Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain,
But give me, give me, &c. &c.

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not *then* alone 't was felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

BOAT GLEE.

The song that lightens our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave; —
For him there 's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way; —
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'T is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Oh think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman could dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her.
Ne heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him;
For soon neither smiling or weeping
Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Ev'n then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
And kisses, too,
As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
For he, who won
The eyes of fun,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
A Lottery, a Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
And Cupid play'd
A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
For hearts, we 're told,
In *shares* he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
And cut the hearts
So well in parts,
That each believ'd the whole his own.

Chor. — A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be;
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

S O N G.*

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent — our glory when present —
Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

* Sung in the character of a Frenchman.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound,
Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"'T is late, my love!" and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love exchang'd at night!

TO LADY HOLLAND.

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he 'd feel how easy 't is to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "at night" written over him.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA.

LAST night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and — all that,
And wondering much what little knavish sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to write: —
Sudden I saw — as in some witching dream —
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning from a violet bed.
"Bless me!" I starting cried, "what imp are you?"
"A small he-devil, Ma'am — my name BAS BLEU —
"A bookish sprite, much given to routs and reading;
"'T is I who teach your spinsters of good breeding,
"The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
"The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,
"And, when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy brain,
"With metaphysics twirl it back again!"

I view'd him, as he spoke — his hose were blue,
His wings — the covers of the last Review —
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell'd gaily o'er, for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new-fledg'd pair.
"Inspir'd by me — (pursued this waggish Fairy) —
"That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
"Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
"Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
"For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
"And mingle Love's blue brilliances with mine;
"For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
"Looks wise — the pretty soul! — and *thinks* she 's thinking.
"By my advice Miss Indigo attends
"Lectures on Memory, and assures her friends,

"'Pon honour! — (*mimics*) — nothing can surpass the plan
"'Of that professor — (*trying to recollect*) — psha! that memory-man —
"'That — what 's his name? — him I attended lately —
"'Pon honour, he improv'd *my* memory greatly.'"

Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.
"Nay, there — (he cried) — there I am guiltless quite —
"What! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,
"When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme;
"When lovely woman, all unschool'd and wild,
"Blush'd without art, and without culture smil'd —
"Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,
"Ere Science call'd their brilliant world her own,
"Rang'd the wild, rosy things in learned orders,
"And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing borders! —
"No, no — your gentle Inas will not do —
"To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,
"I 'll come — (*pointing downwards*) — you understand — till then adieu!"

And *has* the sprite been here? No — jests apart —
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true
The wife — the mother — firm, yet gentle too —
Whose soul, wrapp'd up in ties itself hath spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;
Who loves — yet dares even Love himself disown,
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne:
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and — Blue Devils.

THE DAY-DREAM.*

THEY both were hush'd, the voice, the chords, —
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces, remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain; —
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone; —

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though *what* they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo'd this truant air to come —
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

In vain: — the song that Sappho gave,
In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face · - the very face, methought,
From which had breath'd, as from a shrine

* In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.

Of song and soul, the notes I sought —
Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er, —
Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before, —
All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, 'mid the Blest
They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor ev'n in waking did the clue,
Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
So well as now I knew this strain.

And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

SONG.

WHERE is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live —
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around,
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o'er;
While cups that shine
With freight divine
Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;

Neither can see the moment's flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what 's *now*,
For all that Hope may say?
No — Joy's reply,
From every eye,
Is, "Live we while we may."

SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Haud curat Hippoclides.

ERASM. *Adag.*

To those we love we 've drank to-night;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom WE CARE NOT.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love — WE CARE NOT.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links — WE CARE NOT.

For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-posts, the way
They never go — WE CARE NOT.

For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure — WE CARE NOT.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
And, though to lies they swear not, —

Are hardly better than the throng
Of those who *do* — WE CARE NOT.

For courtly men, who feed upon
The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
Their crawling limbs — WE CARE NOT.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
In honest want — WE CARE NOT.

For prudent men, who hold the power
Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
To Beauty's shaft — WE CARE NOT.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
In camp or court, who *are* not,
Who never *were*, or e'er *will* be
Good men and true — WE CARE NOT.

ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE D'ANNE BOLEYN."

"S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeulx encor plus attirante,
Lesquelz sçavoit bien conduyre à propos
En les tenant quelquefoys en repos;
Aucunefoys envoyant en message
Porter du cueur le secret tesmoignage."

MUCH as her form seduc'd the sight,
Her eyes could ev'n more surely woo;
And when, and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out,

Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Nell ora, credo, che dell' oriente
Prima raggiò nel monte Citerea,
Che di fuoco d' amor par sempre ardente,
Giovane e bella in sogno mi parea
Donna vedere andar per una landa
Cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea: —

Sappia qualunque 'l mio nome dimanda,
Ch' io mi son Lia, e vo movendo 'ntorno
Le belle mani a farmi una ghirlanda —
Per piacermi allo specchio qui m' adorno;
Ma mia suora Rachel mai non si smaga
Dal suo ammiraglio, e siede tutto il giorno.

Ell' è de' suoi begli occhi veder vaga,
Com' io dell' adornarmi con le mani;
Lei lo vedere e me l' ovrare appaga.

DANTE, *Purg.* canto xxvii.

'T WAS eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of love,
In slumber thus I dream'd —
Methought, at that sweet hour,
A nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
Thus said and sung to me: —
"Should any ask what Leila loves,
"Say thou, To wreathe her hair
"With flow'rets cull'd from glens and groves,
"Is Leila's only care.

"While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
"O'er hill and dale I roam,
"My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
"Sits lone and mute at home.

"Before her glass untiring,
"With thoughts that never stray,
"Her own bright eyes admiring,
"She sits the live-long day;
"While I! — oh, seldom ev'n a look
"Of self salutes my eye; —
"My only glass, the limpid brook,
"That shines and passes by."

SOVEREIGN WOMAN.

A BALLAD.

THE dance was o'er, yet still in dreams,
That fairy scene went on;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams
Though day itself is gone.
And gracefully to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there —
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang'd — in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthron'd;
While, rang'd around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd:
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way —
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again —
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
Our land's defenders lead:
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone —
In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
Victoria 's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'T is woman, woman, rules us still.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

Come, play me that simple air agin,
I us'd so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain —
Say where, where is it now?
But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That, shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.
The new-found life that came
With love's first echo'd vow; —
The fear, the bliss, the shame —
Ah — where, where are they now?
But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
For sweet 't were thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
To breathe life's hour away.

MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS.

VOL. X.

OF THE LONDON EDITION.

OF THE LONDON EDITION

OF

MOORE'S LYRICAL WORKS

PREFACE

TO THE TENTH VOLUME.

THE Story which occupies this volume was intended originally to be told in verse; and a great portion of it was at first written in that form. This fact, as well as the character, perhaps, of the whole work, which a good deal partakes of the cast and colouring of poetry, have been thought sufficient to entitle it to a place in this general collection of my poetical writings.

How little akin to romance or poesy were some of the circumstances under which this work was first projected by me, the reader may have seen from a preceding preface;* and the following rough outline, which I have found among my papers, dated Paris, July 25. 1820, will show both my first general conception, or foreshadowing of the story, and likewise the extent to which I thought right, in afterwards working out this design, to reject or modify some of its details.

"Began my Egyptian Poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it. The story to be told in letters from a young Epicurean philosopher, who, in the second century of the Christian era, goes to Egypt for the purpose of discovering the elixir of immortality, which is supposed to be one of the secrets of the Egyp-

* Preface to the Eighth Volume, p. 226.

tian priests. During a Festival on the Nile, he meets with a beautiful maiden, the daughter of one of the priests lately dead. She enters the catacombs, and disappears. He hovers around the spot, and at last finds the well and secret passages, &c. by which those who are initiated enter. He sees this maiden in one of those theatrical spectacles which formed a part of the subterranean Elysium of the Pyramids — finds opportunities of conversing with her — their intercourse in this mysterious region described. They are discovered; and he is thrown into those subterranean prisons, where they who violate the rules of Initiation are confined. He is liberated from thence by the young maiden, and taking flight together, they reach some beautiful region, where they linger, for a time, delighted, and she is near becoming a victim to his arts. But taking alarm, she flies; and seeks refuge with a Christian monk, in the Thebaid, to whom her mother, who was secretly a Christian, had consigned her in dying. The struggles of her love with her religion. A persecution of the Christians takes place, and she is seized (chiefly through the unintentional means of her lover), and suffers martyrdom. The scene of her martyrdom described, in a letter from the Solitary of the Thebaid, and the attempt made by the young philosopher to rescue her. He is carried off from thence to the cell of the Solitary. His letters from that retreat, after he has become a Christian, devoting his thoughts entirely to repentance and the recollection of the beloved saint who had gone before him. — If I don't make something out of all this, the deuce is in 't."

According to this plan, the events of the story were to be told in Letters, or Epistolary Poems, addressed by the philospher to a young Athenian friend; but, for greater variety, as well as convenience, I afterwards distributed the task of narration among the chief personages of the Tale. The great difficulty, however, of managing, in rhyme, the minor details of a story, so as to be clear without growing prosaic, and still more, the diffuse length to which I saw narration in verse would extend, deterred me from

following this plan any further; and I then commenced the tale anew in its present shape.

Of the Poems written for my first experiment, a few specimens, the best I could select, were introduced into the prose story; but the remainder I had thrown aside, and nearly forgotten even their existence, when a circumstance somewhat characteristic, perhaps, of that trading spirit, which has now converted Parnassus itself into a market, again called my attention to them. The late Mr. Macrone, to whose general talents and enterprise in business all who knew him will bear ready testimony, had long been anxious that I should undertake for him some new Poem or Story, affording such subjects for illustration as might call into play the fanciful pencil of Mr. Turner. Other tasks and ties, however, had rendered my compliance with this wish impracticable; and he was about to give up all thoughts of attaining his object, when on learning from me accidentally that the Epicurean was still my own property, he proposed to purchase of me the use of the copyright for a single illustrated edition.

The terms proffered by him being most liberal, I readily acceded to the proposed arrangement; but, on further consideration, there arose some difficulty in the way of our treaty — the work itself being found insufficient to form a volume of such dimensions as would yield any hope of defraying the cost of the numerous illustrations then intended for it. Some modification, therefore, of our terms was thought necessary; and then first was the notion suggested to me of bringing forth from among my papers the original sketch, or opening of the story, and adding these fragments, as a sort of make-weight, in the mutual adjustment of our terms.

That I had myself regarded the first experiment as a failure, was sufficiently shown by my relinquishment of it. But, as the published work had then passed through several editions, and had been translated into most of the languages of Europe, it was thought that an insight into the anxious process by which such success had been attained, might, as an encouragement, at least, to the humble merit of painstaking, be deemed of some little use.

The following are the translations of this Tale which have reached me: viz. two in French, two in Italian (Milan, 1836 — Venice, 1835), one in German (Inspruc, 1828), and one in Dutch, by M. Herman van Loghem (Deventer, 1829).

THE EPICUREAN.

A TALE.

TO

LORD JOHN RUSSELL,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED

BY ONE WHO ADMIRES HIS CHARACTER

AND TALENTS,

AND IS PROUD OF HIS FRIENDSHIP.

A

LETTER TO THE TRANSLATOR,

FROM

———, Esq.

Cairo, June 19. 1800.

My dear Sir,

During a visit lately paid by me to the monastery of St. Macarius — which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron — I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith transmit to you. Observing one of the monks very busily occupied in tearing up into a variety of fantastic shapes some papers which had the appearance of being the leaves

of old books, I inquired of him the meaning of his task, and received the following explanation: —

The Arabs, it seems, who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon-houses small scraps of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better for the charm; and the monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have, at all times, a supply of such amulets for purchasers.

In general, the fathers of the monastery have been in the habit of scribbling these fragments themselves; but a discovery lately made by them, saves all this trouble. Having dug up (as my informant stated) a chest of old manuscripts, which, being chiefly on the subject of alchemy, must have been buried in the time of Dioclesian, "we thought," added the monk, "that we could not employ such rubbish more properly, than in tearing it up, as you see, for the pigeon-houses of the Arabs."

On my expressing a wish to rescue some part of these treasures from the fate to which his indolent fraternity had consigned them, he produced the manuscript which I have now the pleasure of sending you — the only one, he said, remaining entire — and I very readily paid the price which he demanded for it.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in Chap. VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the Romance of *Sethos*,* will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you may be induced to give a translation of this Tale to the world,

I am, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

—.

* The description, here alluded to, may also be found, copied *verbatim* from Sethos, in the "Voyages d'Anténor." — "In that philosophical romance, called 'La Vie de Sethos,'" says Warburton, "we find a much juster account of old Egyptian wisdom, than in all the pretended 'Histoire du Ciel.'" — *Div. Leg.* book iv. sect. 14.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian, that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant chair of their sect; — and, by the unanimous voice of the School, I was the individual chosen for their Chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before occurred, of a person so young being selected for that high office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, could not but rank among the most agreeable recommendations to a sect that included within its circle all the beauty as well as the wit of Athens, and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the name of philosophy, was little else than a plausible pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the sect had, indeed, much changed, since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he asserted that Pleasure is the only Good, inculcated also that Good is the only source of Pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicurus would have as little recognised his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name, as he would have known his own quiet Garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the School were now held.

Many causes concurred, at this period, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, to render our school by far the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed, that the prevalence, in one half of a community, of very rigid notions on the subject of religion, produces the opposite extreme of laxity and infidelity in the other; and this kind of reaction it was that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the Garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those, who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old established creed — all who believed in the Deities of

Olympus, and all who lived by them. The natural consequence was, a considerable increase of zeal and activity, throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole Heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigour; — the weakest parts of the Mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections, tending to bring Saturn, or his wife Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs, between the alarmed bigotry of the declining Faith and the simple, sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful that those lovers of ease and pleasure, who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to inquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both in the arms of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centred all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the Garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twentieth day of every month. To these monthly rites had, for some time, been added a grand annual Festival, in commemoration of his birth. The feasts, given on this occasion by my predecessors in the Chair, had been invariably distinguished for their taste and splendour; and it was my ambition, not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary, now celebrated under my auspices, so lively and brilliant as to efface the recollection of all that had preceded it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed so bright a scene. The grounds that formed the original site of the Garden had received, from time to time, considerable additions; and the whole extent was now laid out with that perfect taste, which understands how to wed Nature with Art, without sacrificing any of her simplicity to the alliance. Walks, leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance — glades, opening, as if to afford a playground for the sunshine — temples, rising on the very spots where Imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes, in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly court-

ing the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace — such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and, animated as they were on this occasion, by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images of luxury and beauty, could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the disciples who had apartments within the Garden, bore the image of our Founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chanting verses in praise of what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation — his frugality and temperance.

Round a beautiful lake, in the centre of the Garden, stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature; while, in the remaining three, Conversation, the Song, and the Dance, held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the Library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece — Horace, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucian, and the lamented biographer of the Philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were also the portraits, in marble, of all the eminent female votaries of the school — Leontium and her fair daughter Danae, Themista, Philænis, and others.

It was here that, in my capacity of Heresiarch, on the morning of the Festival, I received the felicitations of the day from some of the fairest lips of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell upon the doctrines he had inculcated) endeavoured to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of lending to the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may be supposed, engrossed but little the nights or mornings of the Garden, yet all the lighter parts of learning — that portion of its attic honey, for which the bee is not compelled to go very deep into the flower -- was somewhat zealously

cultivated by us. Even here, however, the young student had to encounter that kind of distraction, which is, of all others, the least favourable to composure of thought; and, with more than one of my fair disciples, there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the Garden, taking his picture from the life, thus described: —

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sate a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While, by her side, the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'er-shadow all the page."

But it was for the evening of that day, that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the Garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre; while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated, as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on; — their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros: the former, the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter, that more earthly spirit, which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening their conflict was maintained with various success; the timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which, falling short of their mark upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell, and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide glade, illuminated only by the moon, was performed an imitation of the torch-race of the Panathenæa by young boys chosen for their fleetness, and arrayed with wings, like Cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and embodied the dream of Pythagoras into real motion and song.

At every turning some new enchantment broke unexpectedly on the eye or ear; and now, from the depth of a dark grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of sweet music, which, mingling with the murmur of the water, seemed like the voice of the spirit that presided over its flow; — while, at other times, the same strain appeared to come breathing from among flowers, or was heard suddenly from under ground, as if the foot had just touched some spring that set its melody in motion.

It may seem strange that I should now dwell upon all these trifling details; but they were to me full of the future; and every thing connected with that memorable night — even its long-repented follies — must for ever live fondly and sacredly in my memory. The festival concluded with a banquet, at which, as master of the Sect, I presided; and being, myself, in every sense, the ascendant spirit of the whole scene, gave life to all around me, and saw my own happiness reflected in that of others.

CHAPTER II.

The festival was over; — the sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens, alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy; — an imagination that, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, presented saddening thoughts, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and not even in the fullest fervour of the latter were they ever separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation came to mingle themselves with even the most smiling scenes through which love and enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy thoughts. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of earthly delight assumed, in my eyes, a

mournful preciousness; and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the rich cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to as I was by the learned, and admired and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen, in every eye that met mine, either the acknowledgment of bright triumphs already won, or the promise of others, still brighter, that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves; — the perishableness of myself and all around me had recurred every instant to my mind. Those hands I had prest — those eyes, in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that ought never to die — those voices, that had spoken of eternal love — all, all, I felt, were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

Oh, were it not for this sad voice,
Stealing amid our mirth to say,
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey; —
But for this bitter — only this —
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its depth the whole,
I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
If bliss made gods, a deity!

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings, in one of those wild, passionate songs, to which this mixture of mirth and melancholy, in a spirit so buoyant, naturally gave birth.

And seldom had my heart so fully surrendered itself to this sort of vague sadness as at that very moment, when, as I paced thoughtfully among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own step was all that now sounded, where so many gay forms had lately been revelling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet glimmered, and the calm glories of the night still rested on all around. Unconscious whither my pathway led,

I continued to wander along, till I, at length, found myself before that fair statue of Venus, with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our Garden; — that image of deified woman, the only idol to which I had ever yet bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal of the statue, I raised my eyes to heaven, and fixing them sadly and intently on the ever-burning stars, as if seeking to read the mournful secret in their light, asked, wherefore was it that Man alone must fade and perish, while they, so much less wonderful, less godlike than he, thus still lived on in radiance unchangeable and for ever! — "Oh, that there were some spell, some talisman," I exclaimed, "to make the spirit that burns within us deathless as those stars, and open to it a career like theirs, as bright and inextinguishable throughout all time!"

While thus indulging in wild and melancholy fancies, I felt that lassitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, still leaves behind, come insensibly over me, and at length sunk at the base of the statue to sleep.

But even in sleep, the same fancies continued to haunt me; and a dream,* so distinct and vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus presented itself to my mind. I found myself suddenly transported to a wide and desolate plain, where nothing appeared to breathe, or move, or live. The very sky that hung above it looked pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had become dead; — and had that whole region been the remains of some older world, left broken up and sunless, it could not have presented an aspect more quenched and desolate. The only thing that bespoke life, throughout this melancholy waste, was a small spark of light, that at first glimmered in the distance, but, at length, slowly approached the bleak spot where I stood. As it drew nearer, I could see that its small but steady gleam came from a taper in the hand of an ancient and venerable man, who now stood, like a pale messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very

* For the importance attached to dreams by the ancients, see *Jortin*, Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 90.

soul, he said, "Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile — go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the deathlike hue of his cheek at once brightened into a smile of more than earthly promise; while the small torch he held in his hand sent forth a glow of radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated; — the light spreading even to the distant horizon's edge, along whose line I could now see gardens, palaces, and spires, all as bright as the rich architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, came floating in every direction through the air, and, from all sides, such varieties of enchantment broke upon me, that, with the excess alike of harmony and of radiance, I awoke.

That infidels should be superstitious is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind; and, if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a Divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me

> Oracles, truer far than oak
> Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night — touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate — should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and even sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain did I mock at my own weakness; — such self-derision is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still, in the midst of all my enjoyment, came the cold and saddening consciousness of mortality,

and, with it, the recollection of that visionary promise, to which my fancy, in defiance of reason, still continued to cling.

At times indulging in reveries, that were little else than a continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible existence of some mighty secret, by which youth, if not perpetuated, might be at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love pines and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted. "Who knows," I would ask, "but that in Egypt, that region of wonders, where Mystery hath yet unfolded but half her treasures — where still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth, so many written secrets of the antediluvian world — who can tell but that some powerful charm, some amulet, may there lie hid, whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but awaits my coming — some compound of the same pure atoms, that form the essence of the living stars, and whose infusion into the frame of man might render him also unfading and immortal!"

Thus fondly did I sometimes speculate, in those vague moods of mind, when the life of excitement in which I was engaged, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I was not wholly myself. This bewilderment, too, was not a little increased by the constant struggle I experienced between my own natural feelings, and the cold, mortal creed of my sect — in endeavouring to escape from whose deadening bondage I but broke loose into the realms of fantasy and romance.

Even in my soberest moments, however, that strange vision for ever haunted me; and every effort I made to chase it from my recollection was unavailing. The deliberate conclusion, therefore, to which I at last came, was, that to visit Egypt was now my only resource; that, without seeing that land of wonders, I could not rest, nor, until convinced of my folly by disappointment, be reasonable. Without delay, accordingly, I announced to my friends of the Garden, the intention I had formed to pay a visit to the land of Pyramids. To none of them, however, did I dare to confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me; — knowledge being the object that I alleged, while Pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the School, it was

feared, might suffer by my absence; and there were some tenderer ties, which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided; while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, I set sail in the summer of the year 257, A. D., for Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

To one, who so well knew how to extract pleasure from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favourable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often, indeed, did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and loving hearts, to which most willingly would I have paused to offer homage. But the wind blew direct towards the land of Mystery; and, still more, I heard a voice within me, whispering for ever "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt, our course became less prosperous; and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile, in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which the Egyptians on board declared to be the work of their deity, Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven out of our course to the eastward, some benigner influence prevailed above; and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful city of Alexandria rising from the sea, with its proud Palace of Kings, its portico of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars,* towering in the midst to heaven.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the Rock of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbour of Eunostus. The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning; and there was a

* More properly, perhaps, "the Column of the Pillars." Vide *Abdallatif*, Relation de l'Egypte, and the notes of *M. de Sacy*. The great portico round this column (formerly designated Pompey's, but now known to have been erected in honour of Dioclesian) was still standing, M. de Sacy says, in the time of Saladin. Vide *Lord Valentia's Travels*.

languor in the first waking movements of that voluptuous city — whose houses and temples lay shining in silence around the harbour — that sufficiently attested the festivities of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay; and, as I walked, through a line of palaces and shrines, up the street which leads from the sea to the Gate of Canopus, fresh as I was from the contemplation of my own lovely Athens, I yet felt a glow of admiration at the scene around me, which its novelty, even more than its magnificence, inspired. Nor were the luxuries and delights, which such a city promised, among the least of the considerations upon which my fancy dwelt. On the contrary, every thing around me seemed prophetic of love and pleasure. The very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim seclusion of the temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach the next best art — that of multiplying its enjoyments.

The population of Alexandria,* at this period, consisted of the most motley miscellany of nations, religions, and sects, that had ever been brought together in one city. Beside the school of the Grecian Platonist was seen the oratory of the cabalistic Jew; while the church of the Christian stood, undisturbed, over the crypts of the Egyptian Hierophant. Here, the adorer of Fire, from the East, laughed at the less elegant superstition of the worshipper of cats, from the West. Here Christianity, too, had learned to emulate the pious vagaries of Paganism; and while, on one side, her Ophite professor was seen bending his knee gravely before a serpent, on the other, a Nicosian Christian was heard contending, with no less gravity, that there could be no chance whatever of salvation out of the pale of the Greek alphabet. Still worse, the uncharitableness of Christian schism was already, with

* Ammianus thus speaks of the state of Alexandria in his time, which was, I believe, as late as the end of the fourth century: — "Ne nunc quidem in eadem urbe Doctrinæ variæ silent, non apud nos exaruit Musica nec Harmonia conticuit." Lib. 22.

equal vigour, distinguishing itself; and I heard every where, on my arrival, of the fierce rancour and hate, with which the Greek and Latin churchmen were then persecuting each other, because, forsooth, the one fasted on the seventh day of the week, and the others fasted upon the fourth and sixth!

To none, however, of these different creeds and sects, except in as far as they furnished food for ridicule, had I time to pay much attention. I was now in the most luxurious city of the universe, and accordingly gave way, without reserve, to the various seductions that surrounded me. My reputation, both as a philosopher and a man of pleasure, had preceded my coming; and Alexandria, the second Athens of the world, welcomed me as her own. I found my celebrity, indeed, act as a talisman, that opened all hearts and doors at my approach. The usual novitiate of acquaintance was dispensed with in my favour, and not only intimacies, but loves and friendships, ripened as rapidly in my path, as vegetation springs up where the Nile has flowed. The dark beauty of the Egyptian women* possessed a novelty in my eyes that enhanced

* From the character of the features of the Sphinx, and a passage in Herodotus, describing the Egyptians as *μελαγχροες και ουλοτριχες*, Volney, Bruce, and a few others, have concluded that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt were negroes. But this opinion is contradicted by a host of authorities. See *Castera's* notes upon *Browne's Travels*, for the result of Blumenbach's dissection of a variety of mummies. Denon, speaking of the character of the heads represented in the ancient sculpture and painting of Egypt, says, "Celle des femmes ressemble encore à la figure des jolies femmes d'aujourd'hui: de la rondeur, de la volupté, le nez petit, les yeux longs, peu ouverts," &c. &c. He could judge, too, he says, from the female mummies, "que leurs cheveux étoient longs et lisses, que le caractère de tête de la plupart tenoit du beau style." — "Je rapportai," he adds, "une tête de vieille femme qui étoit aussi belle que celles de Michel-Ange, et leur resembloit beaucoup."

In a "*Description générale de Thèbes*," by *Messrs. Jollois et Desvilliers*, they say, "Toutes les sculptures Egyptiennes, depuis les plus grands colosses de Thèbes jusqu'aux plus petites idoles, ne rappellent en aucune manière les traits de la figure des nègres; outre que les têtes des momies des catacombes de Thèbes présentent des profils droits." (See also *M. Jomard's* "Description of Syene and the Cataracts," *Baron Larrey*, on the "conformation physique" of the Egyptians, &c.) But the most satisfactory refutation of the opinion of Volney has been afforded within these few years, by *Doctor Granville*, who having been lucky

its other charms; and the hue left by the sun on their rounded cheeks seemed but an earnest of the genial ardour he must have kindled in their hearts —

Th' imbrowning of the fruit, that tells,
How rich within the soul of sweetness dwells.

Some weeks had now passed in such constant and ever-changing pleasures, that even the melancholy voice deep within my heart, though it still spoke, was but seldom listened to, and soon died away in the sound of the siren songs that surrounded me. At length, as the novelty of these gay scenes wore off, the same vague and gloomy bodings began to mingle with all my joys; and an incident that occurred, at this time, during one of my gayest revels, conduced still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis happened to take place during my stay, and I was, more than once, induced to mingle with the gay multitudes that flocked to the shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, as long as this festival lasted, the great canal, which led from Alexandria to Canopus, was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious licence, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holyday to the follies and passions of earth, in honour of heaven.

enough to obtain possession of a perfect female mummy, has, by the dissection and admeasurement of its form, completely established the fact, that the ancient Egyptians were of the Caucasian race, not of the Ethiopian. See this gentleman's curious "*Essay on Egyptian Mummies*," read before the Royal Society, April 14, 1825.

De Pauw, the great depreciator of every thing Egyptian, has, on the authority of a passage in Ælian, presumed to affix to the countrywomen of Cleopatra the stigma of complete and unredeemed ugliness. The following line of Euripides, however, is an answer to such charges: —

Νειλου μεν αἰδε καλλιπαρθενοι ξοαι.

In addition to the celebrated instances of Cleopatra, Rhodope, &c. we are told, on the authority of Manetho (as given by Zoega from Georgius Syncellus), of a beautiful queen of Memphis, Nitocris, of the sixth dynasty, who, in addition to other charms and perfections, was (rather inconsistently with the negro hypothesis) *ξανθη την χροιαν*, *i.e.* yellow haired.

See for a tribute to the beauty of the Egyptian women, Montesquieu's Temple de Gnide.

I was returning, one lovely night, to Alexandria. The north wind, that welcome visitor, had cooled and freshened the air, while the banks, on either side of the stream, sent forth, from groves of orange and henna, the most delicious odours. As I had left all the crowd behind me at Canopus, there was not a boat to be seen on the canal but my own; and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were suddenly broken by the sound of some female voices, coming mingled with laughter and screams, from the garden of a pavilion, that stood, brilliantly illuminated, upon the bank of the canal.

On rowing nearer, I perceived that both the mirth and the alarm had been caused by the efforts of some playful girls to reach a hedge of jasmine which grew near the water, and in bending towards which they had nearly fallen into the stream. Hastening to proffer my assistance, I soon recognised the voice of one of my fair Alexandrian friends, and, springing on the bank, was surrounded by the whole group, who insisted on my joining their party in the pavilion, and having flung around me, as fetters, the tendrils of jasmine, which they had just plucked, conducted me, no unwilling captive, to the banquet-room.

I found here an assemblage of the very flower of Alexandrian society. The unexpectedness of the meeting added new zest to it on both sides; and seldom had I ever felt more enlivened myself, or succeeded better in infusing life and gaiety into others.

Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils; but, as usual, rather to set off than to conceal their beauty, some bright gleams of which were constantly escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female, who particularly attracted my attention, on whose head was a chaplet of dark-coloured flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around: the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gaiety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I inquired of

my fair neighbour the cause of it, but she looked grave and was silent.

In the mean time, the lyre and the cup went round; and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute, and sung to it some of the songs of Greece, with a warmth of feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasure, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was day-break ere our delighted party rose, and most unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

We were scarce afloat, when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind; and, with a heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened at once to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that — there, to my utter astonishment, was still seated that silent figure, which had awakened so much my curiosity during the evening. A vague feeling of awe came over me, as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form; — not a leaf of the dark chaplet upon its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood on the table before the figure, I raised, with a hesitating hand, the veil; and saw — what my fancy had already anticipated — that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape itself during the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy, or skeleton, at the banquet-table, had been for some time disused, except at particular ceremonies; and, even on such occasions, it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were thus stamped upon the idea that had long haunted me, and this picture of what I was *to be* now associated itself constantly with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more livelily than ever. The bright, assuring smile of that venerable Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were for ever present to my mind. But as yet, alas, I had done nothing towards realizing the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt; — the very soil on which it now stood was not in existence, when already Thebes and Memphis had numbered ages of glory.

"No," I exclaimed; "it is only beneath the Pyramids of Memphis, or in the mystic Halls of the Labyrinth, those holy arcana are to be found, of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which — blest thought! — the key to eternal life may lie."

Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends, and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt was, perhaps, of all others, the country most calculated, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous, which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a fancy and temperament like mine, and keep both for ever tremblingly alive. Wherever I turned, I beheld the desert and the garden, mingling together their desolation and bloom. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, as if, in that land, Pleasure and Death kept hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendour of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights — all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had been so long the familiar inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria, the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its flood; and, as, looking around me, I saw in the light of the setting sun, shrines, palaces, and monuments, encircled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atalantis, on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such

varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side! —

While, far as sight could reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods — and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests, in white garments, go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands:
While, there, rich barks — fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts —
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meröe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers,* that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she, whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last!

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered delightedly on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places, whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Saïs I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read, by the blaze of innumerable lights, those sublime words on the temple of

* Vide *Strabo*.

Neïtha: * — "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, ** and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins, as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur, that had once called itself, in its pride, "The City of the Sun." But to the Isle of the Golden Venus*** was, I own, my fondest pilgrimage; — and there, as I rambled through its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more worthy to form the shrine of a Deity are the everliving stems of the garden and the grove, than the most precious columns the inanimate quarry can supply.

Every where new pleasures, new interests awaited me; and though Melancholy stood, as usual, for ever near, her shadow fell but half-way over my vagrant path, leaving the rest but more welcomely brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures, during this short voyage, would only detain me from events, far, far more worthy of record. Amidst all this endless variety of attractions, the great object of my journey had been forgotten; — the mysteries of this land of the sun still remained, to me, as much mysteries as ever, and as yet I had been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that memorable evening, when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and beheld them towering aloft, like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will look his last — it was not till this moment that the great secret announced in my dream again rose, in all its

* *Το δ' εν Σαει της Αθηνας, ἡν και Ισιν νομιζουσιν, ἑδος, επιγραφην εχει τοιαυτην, Εγω ειμι παν το γεγονος, και ον και εσομενον, και τον εμον πεπλον ουδεις πω απεκαλυψεν. Plutarch. de Isid. et Osir.*

** De-là, en remontant toujours le Nil, on trouve à deux cent cinquante pas, ou environ de la Matarée, les traces de l'ancienne Héliopolis, ou Ville de Soleil, à qui ce lieu étoit particulièrement consacré. C'est pour cette raison qu'on l'appelloit encore l'OEil, ou la Fontaine du Soleil. *Maillet.*

*** "On trouve une île appelée Venus-Dorée, ou le champ d'or, avant de remonter jusqu'à Memphis." *Voyages de Pythagore.*

inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine resting upon those monuments — a stillness, as of reverence, in the air that breathed around them, which seemed to steal, like the music of past times, into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave, had sunk into dust since earth first saw those wonders; and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed, — "Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated, while pyramids endure? Oh, Death, Death! even upon these everlasting tablets — the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase — thou hast written our doom awfully, and intelligibly saying, 'There is for man no eternal mansion but the grave!'"

My heart sunk at the thought; and, for the moment, I yielded to that desolate feeling, which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and again, the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that my heart most wished, with that happy facility which enables imagination to stand in the place of happiness. "Yes," I cried, "immortality *must* be within man's reach; and, as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise alone must the secret have been revealed. It is said, that deep, under yonder pyramid, has lain for ages concealed the Table of Emerald,* on which the Thrice-Great Hermes, in times before the flood, engraved the secret of Alchemy, which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the mightier, the more god-like secret, that gives *life* at will, be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings, who now repose in those massy structures, scooped earth to its very centre,

* For an account of the Table of Emerald, vide *Lettres sur l' Origine des Dieux d' Egypte. De Pauw* supposes it to be a modern fiction of the Arabs. Many writers have fancied that the art of making gold was the great secret that lay hid under the forms of Egyptian theology. "La science Hermétique," says the Benedictine, Pernetz, "l'art sacerdotal, étoit la source de toutes les richesses des Rois d'Egypte, et l'objet de ces mystères si cachés sous le voile de leur prétendue Religion." *Fables Egyptiennes.* The hieroglyphs, that formerly covered the Pyramids, are supposed by some of these writers to relate to the same art. See *Mutus Liber*, *Rupellæ.*

and raised quarries into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, still live; — those mighty mansions, which we call tombs, being rich and everlasting palaces, within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander, with the few Elect who have been sharers of their gift, through a sunless, but ever illuminated, elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterranean realm, by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth hath ever beheld — which none of heaven, except that God, who stands, with finger on his hushed lip,* hath ever trodden?"

While thus I indulged in fond dreams, the sun, already half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his last look of the Pyramids — as he had done, evening after evening, for ages, till they had grown familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness,** while, on the other, their great shadows, lengthening away to the eastward, looked like the first steps of Night, hastening to envelope the hills of Araby in her shade.

No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared, than, on every house-top in Memphis, gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft, to proclaim his setting — while, at the same moment, a full burst of harmony was heard to peal from all the temples along the shores.

Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected, that, on that very evening, the great festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half-way over between the

* "Enfin Harpocrates représentoit aussi le soleil. Il est vrai que c'étoit le Dieu du silence; il mettoit le doigt sur la bouche parce qu'on adoroit le soleil avec un respectueux silence, et c'est de là qu'est venu le Sigé des Basilidiens, qui tiroient leur origine de l'Egypte." *Beausobre.*

** "By reflecting the sun's rays," says *Clarke*, speaking of the Pyramids, "they appeared white as snow."

gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess,

whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.
Not the cold Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins;
But she, who haunts the gay, Bubastian* grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth, to match that heav'n, but love!

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and, hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived the life of a Nile-bird, on the waters, steered my course to the island-temple of the Moon.

CHAPTER V.

The rising of the Moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis — still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through ages — now, softened by the mild moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like one of those dreams of human glory that must ere long pass away. Even already ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and there, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

On the waters all was gaiety and life. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding, like

* For Bubastis, the Diana of the Egyptians. — Vide *Jablonski*, lib. iii. cap. 4.

rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind — from the light coracle,* built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides slowly to the sound of flutes — all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island, I could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds,** that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted — there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with small silver stars. Through their

* Vide *Amailhou*, "*Histoire de la Navigation et du Commerce des Egyptiens sous les Ptolemées.*" See also, for a description of the various kinds of boats used on the Nile, *Maillet*, tom. i. p. 98.

** Vide *Maurice*, Appendix to "Ruins of Babylon." Another reason, he says, for their worship of the Ibis, "founded on their love of geometry, was (according to Plutarch) that the space between its legs, when parted asunder, as it walks, together with its beak, forms a compiete equilateral triangle." From the examination of the embalmed birds, found in the Catacombs of Saccara, there seems to be no doubt that the Ibis was the same kind of bird as that described by Bruce, under the Arabian name of Abou Hannes.

dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile — that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon, than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower* are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, to the beat of the castanet, some, to the shrill ring of a sistrum** — which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis — continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not unpleasing, harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one — whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it — who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my looks and thoughts. I know not why, but there was a something in those half-seen features — a charm in the very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty — which took my fancy more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was I by this coy mystery, that her alone, of all the group, could I either see or think of — her alone I watched, as, with the same downcast brow, she glided gently and aërially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard; — the massy gates of the Temple flew open, as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule; while, at the same instant, as if the light

* "La fleur en est mille fois plus odoriférante que celles de nos fêves d'Europe, quoique leur parfum nous paroisse si agréable. Comme on en sème beaucoup dans les terres voisines, du Caire, du côté de l'occident, c'est quelque chose de charmant que l'air embaumé que l'on respire le soir sur les terrasses, quand le vent de l'ouest vient à souffler, et y apporte cette odeur admirable." *Maillet.*

** "Isis est genius," says *Servius*, "Ægypti, qui per sistri motum, quod gerit in dextra, Nili accessus recessusque significat."

and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then — by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and as quickly let fall their lids again — it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so deeply. It was a new feeling — a new sense — coming as suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being; — and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should in my transport have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed — and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished along with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it * caught in her drapery, and disengaged some ornament which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror ** which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain did I try to follow; — the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But

* The ivy was consecrated to Osiris. Vide *Diodor. Sic.* 1. 10.

** "Quelques unes," says *Dupuis*, describing the processions of Isis, "portoient des miroirs attachés à leurs épaules, afin de multiplier et de porter dans tous les sens les images de la Déesse." *Origine des Cultes*, tom viii. p. 847. A mirror, it appears, was also one of the emblems in the mysteries of Bacchus.

the servants of the Temple denied all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught, from time to time, a glimpse of some spangled zone, or lotus wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain; — in every direction, files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time — bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me — till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

There lies, to the north of Memphis,* a solitary lake, (which, at this season of the year, mingles with the rest of the waters,) upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead — a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has lain awaiting through long ages the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited — looking out on each successive generation that visits them, with the same face and features **

* "Tout prouve que la territoire de Sakkarah étoit la Necropolis au sud de Memphis, et le faubourg opposé à celui-ci, où sont les pyramides de Gizeh, une autre Ville des Morts, qui terminoit Memphis au nord." *Denon.*

There is nothing known with certainty as to the site of Memphis, but it will be perceived that the description of its position given by the Epicurean corresponds, in almost every particular, with that which M. Maillet (the French consul, for many years, at Cairo) has, in his work on Egypt, left us. It must be always borne in mind, too, that of the distances between the respective places here mentioned, we have no longer any accurate means of judging.

** "Par-là non seulement on conservoit les corps d'une famille entière, mais en descendant dans ces lieux soûterreins, où ils étoient déposés, on pouvoit se représenter en un instant tous ses ancêtres depuis

they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree, consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs; and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm, is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer, when a new inhabitant is added to the silent city.

It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half gloomy, half bright, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young Priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very remembrance of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never for a moment left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I continued to row on, scarce knowing whither I went, till, at length, startled to find myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and beheld, rising in succession before me, pyramid beyond pyramid * each towering more loftily than the other — while all were out-topped in grandeur by one, upon whose summit the bright moon rested as on a pedestal.

Drawing nearer to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this silent city of tombs above the level of the inundation, I rested my oar, and allowed the boat to rock idly upon the water, while, in the mean time, my thoughts, left equally without direction, were allowed to fluctuate as idly. How vague and various were the dreams that then floated through my mind — that bright vision of the temple still mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like a aërial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light, into which I had seen her vanish, was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion, and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness, which it were worth worlds, but for one instant, to inspire; and again — as the dark fancies, that ever haunted me,

plusieurs milliers d'années, tels à-peu-près qu'ils étoient de leur vivant." *Maillet.*

* "Multas olim pyramidas fuisse e ruinis arguitur." *Zoega.* — *Vansleb*, who visited more than ten of the small pyramids, is of opinion that there must have originally been a hundred in this place.

See, on the subject of the lake to the northward of Memphis, *Shaw's Travels*, p. 302.

recurred — I saw her cold, parched, and blackening, amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!

Turning away, with a shudder, from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the water, and, in a few moments, saw, shooting past me towards the shore, a small boat in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where, under the shadow of a tomb on the bank, I lay concealed, the boat again departed, with the same fleetness, over the flood.

Never had the prospect of a lively adventure come more welcome to me than at this moment, when my busy fancy was employed in weaving such chains for my heart, as threatened a bondage, of all others, the most difficult to break. To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination, was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. It is only reality that can afford any chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divert me from such thoughts — to bring back my imagination to earth and reality, from the vague region in which it had been wandering, was a relief far too seasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; but, by the bright light of the moon, I was enabled to keep their forms in view, as, with rapid step, they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid, whose peak barely surmounted the plane-trees that grew nigh, they vanished from my sight. I hastened to the spot, but there was not a sign of life around; and, had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied these forms were spirits, sent down from thence to mock me — so instantaneously had they disappeared. I searched through the neighbouring grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which, for a few feet from the ground, was furnished with steps, I found, midway between peak and base, a part of its surface, which, although

presenting to the eye an appearance of smoothness, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I, at last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this hidden aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stairway within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were all lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons whom I had been pursuing would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet to account for their disappearance otherwise was still more difficult. At all events, my curiosity was now too eager in the chase to relinquish it; — the spirit of adventure, once raised, could not be so easily laid. Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving Queen whose eye alone was upon me, I passed through the portal, and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the bottom of the stairway I found myself in a low, narrow passage through which, without stooping almost to the earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark windings, this way seemed but little to advance my progress — its course, I perceived, being chiefly circular, and gathering, at every turn, but a deeper intensity of darkness.

"Can any thing," thought I, "of human kind, sojourn here?" — and had scarcely asked myself the question, when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to issue from some cell or alcove, in which the right-hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes, for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I could take, unseen myself, a full and distinct

view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shadow out the History of the Soul; the winged globe with a serpent — the rays descending from above, like a glory — and the Theban beetle,* as he comes forth after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel, on a low altar of granite, lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal ** — as it is the custom to preserve the dead in Ethiopia — and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death,*** on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus branch broken in two, and a small bird just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I paid but little attention; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were now intently fixed.

The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and between its light and me stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The posi-

* "On voit en Egypte, après la retraite du Nil et la fécondation des terres, le limon couvert d'une multitude de scarabées. Un pareil phénomène a dû sembler aux Egyptiens le plus propre à peindre une nouvelle existence." *M. Jomard.* — Partly for the same reason, and partly for another, still more fanciful, the early Christians used to apply this emblem to Christ. "Bonus ille scarabæus meus," says St. Augustine, "non eâ tantum de causâ quod unigenitus, quod ipsemet sui auctor mortalium speciem induerit, sed quòd in hac nostrâ fæce sese volutaverit et ex hac ipsâ nasci voluerit."

** "Les Egyptiens ont fait aussi, pour conserver leurs morts, des caisses de verre." *De Pauw.* — He mentions, also, in another place, a sort of transparent substance, which the Ethiopians used for the same purpose, and which was frequently mistaken by the Greeks for glass.

*** "Un prêtre, qui brise la tige d'une fleur, des oiseaux qui s'envolent, sont les emblèmes de la mort et de l'âme qui se sépare du corps." *Denon.*

Theseus employs the same image in the Phædra: —

Ορνις γαρ ὡς τις εκ χερων αφαντος ει
Πηδημ᾽ ες ἅδου πικρον ὁρμησασα μοι.

tion in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline I felt my heart beat high — and memory had no less share, as it proved, in this feeling than imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall upon the features, I saw, with a transport which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she — the young worshipper of Isis — the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement, by which she had now afforded me an opportunity of recognising her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross* of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with a degree of inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with Heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies.

What a power is there in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard — in whose presence even Passion himself stands

* A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

"The singular appearance of a Cross so frequently recurring among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, had excited the curiosity of the Christians at a very early period of ecclesiastical history; and as some of the Priests, who were acquainted with the meaning of the hieroglyphics, became converted to Christianity, the secret transpired. 'The converted heathens,' says Socrates Scholasticus, 'explained the symbol, and declared that it signified Life to Come.'" *Clarke.*

Lipsius, therefore, is mistaken in supposing the Cross to have been an emblem peculiar to the Christians. See, on this subject, *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. vi. c. 16.

It is singular enough that while the Cross was thus held sacred among the Egyptians, not only the custom of marking the forehead with the sign of the Cross, but Baptism and the consecration of the bread in the Eucharist, were imitated in the mysterious ceremonies of Mithra. *Tertull. de Proscriptione Hereticorum.*

Zoega is of opinion that the Cross, said to have been for the first time found, on the destruction of the temple of Serapis, by the Christians, could not have been the crux ansata; as nothing is more common than this emblem on all the Egyptian monuments.

abashed, and turns worshipper at the very altar which he came to despoil! She, who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination as something I could have risked immortality to win — she, whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and dared all punishments, divine and human, to make her mine — that very creature was now before me, as if thrown by fate itself, into my power — standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard! Yet, no — so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead extended over the living, that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

But, entranced as I felt in witnessing such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth seemed to me a wrong, a sacrilege — and, rather than let her eyes encounter the flash of mine, or disturb, by a whisper, that sacred silence, in which Youth and Death held communion through undying Love, I would have suffered my heart to break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life itself depended on my every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene — leaving it still holy and tranquil as I had found it — and, gliding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, reached again the narrow stairway, and re-ascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and, from the summit of the Arabian hills, was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters — as if proud of last night's homage to his own divine Isis, now fading away in the superior splendour of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly at once from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek forgetfulness of the wondrous scene I had just witnessed. "Once," I exclaimed, "out of the circle of this enchantment, I know too well my own susceptibility to new impressions, to feel any doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is now around me."

But vain were all my efforts and resolves. Even while swearing to fly that spot, I found my steps still lingering fondly round the pyramid — my eyes still turned towards the portal which severed

this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence, till, already, it was mid-day, and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.*

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which, for the moment, her presence had subdued into reverence, return to take possession of my imagination and my senses. I even reproached myself for the awe, that had held me spell-bound before her. "What," thought I, "would my companions of the Garden say, did they know that their chief — he whose path Love had strewed with trophies — was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to utter a single sigh, and who had vanquished the victor, without even knowing her triumph!"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and I determined, at all risks, to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any egress out of their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among those tombs, contrasting mournfully the burning fever in my own veins with the cold quiet of those who lay slumbering around.

At length the intense glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, became too much for even strength like mine to endure. Exhausted, I threw myself down at the base of the pyramid — choosing my place directly under the portal, where, even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still keep watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep — but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape, with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now, like the goddess Neïtha, upon her throne at Saïs, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow, which till then no mortal

* It was an idea entertained among the ancients that the Pyramids were so constructed ("mecanicâ constructione," says *Ammianus Marcellinus*) as never to cast any shadow.

had ever beheld — and now, like the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise from out the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages, —

"Fair Rhodope,* as story tells,
The bright unearthly nymph, who dwells
'Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
The Lady of the Pyramid!"

So long had my sleep continued, that, when I awoke, I found the moon again resplendent above the horizon. But all around was looking tranquil and lifeless as before; nor did a print on the grass betray that any foot had passed there since my own. Refreshed, however, by my long rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this strange mystery that haunted me.

Having learned, from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found not only my lamp, but also some dates and dried fruits, of which I was always provided with store, for my roving life upon the waters, and which, after so many hours of abstinence, were now a most welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the melancholy echoes of the cemetery gave answer. The sound came, I knew, from the Great Temple on the shore of the lake, and was the sort of shriek which its gates — the Gates of Oblivion** as they are called — used always

* From the story of Rhodope, *Zoega* thinks, "videntur Arabes ansam arripuisse ut in una ex pyramidibus, genii loco, habitare dicerent mulierem nudam insignis pulchritudinis quæ aspecto suo homines insanire faciat." *De Usu Obeliscorum.* See also *L'Egypte de Murtadi par Vattier.*

** "Apud Memphim æneas quasdam portas, quæ Lethes et Cocyti (hoc est oblivionis et lamentationis) appellantur, aperiri, gravem asperumque edentes sonum." *Zoega.*

to send forth from their hinges, when opening at night, to receive the newly landed dead.

I had, more than once before, heard that sound, and always with sadness; but, at this moment, it thrilled through me like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary; — even while it passed through my mind, I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more, I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid; and, being enabled by the light of my lamp to follow the windings more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now, alas, nought living within. The young Priestess had vanished like a spirit into the darkness; and all the rest remained as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine; the cross was lying where the hands of the young mourner had placed it, and the cold image, within the shrine, wore still the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death — of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross, and kindling with the recollection, I raised it passionately to my own; — but the dead eyes, I thought, met mine, and, awed and saddened in the midst of my ardour, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost every clue to the object of my pursuit, and, with all that sullen satisfaction which certainty, even when unwelcome, brings, was about to retrace my steps slowly to earth, when, as I held forth my lamp, on leaving the chapel, I perceived that the gallery, instead of terminating here, took a sudden and snake-like bend to the left, which had before eluded my observation, and which seemed to give promise of a pathway still further into those recesses. Re-animated by this discovery, which opened a new source of hope to my heart, I cast, for a moment, a hesitating look at my lamp, as if to inquire whether it would be faithful through the gloom I was about to encounter, and then, without further consideration, rushed eagerly forward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE path led, for a while, through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had before encountered in descending the stair-way; and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies,* whose glassy eyes appeared to glare upon me preternaturally as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes, for the second time, vanish; as the path, it was manifest, extended no further. The only object I was able to discern, by the glimmering of my lamp, which now burned, every minute, fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well, that lay gaping before me — a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now crossed my memory that I had once heard of such wells, as being used occasionally for passages by the priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I examined anxiously all within, in order to see if it afforded the means of effecting a descent into the chasm; but the sides, I could perceive, were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that sort of dark pitch, which the Dead Sea throws out upon its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step, projecting dimly from the side, and, below it, another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young Priestess was now at an end — it being impossible that female foot should have ventured on this descent — yet, as I had engaged so far in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined, at all hazards, to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp, therefore, (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to be worn like a helmet,) firmly

* See, for the custom of burying the dead upright, ("post funus stantia busto corpora," as Statius describes it,) Dr. Clarke's preface to the 2d section of his fifth volume. They used to insert precious stones in the place of the eyes. "Les yeux étoient formés d'émeraudes, de torquoises," &c. — Vide *Masoudy*, quoted by *Quatremère*.

upon my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing, at regular intervals, to a considerable depth; and had already counted near a hundred of these steps, when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no further. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support — the hard slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stooping my head, so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood, and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, contrived to clamber with no small difficulty through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stair-way, the steps of which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I, at last, reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates were closed directly across my path, as if wholly to forbid any further progress. Massy and gigantic, however, as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease — so readily did their stupendous folds give way to my touch,

> "Light as a lime-bush, that receives
> Some wandering bird among its leaves."

No sooner, however, had I passed through, than the astounding din, with which the gates clashed together again,* was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo**

* The following verses of Claudian are supposed to have been meant as a description of those imitations of the noise of earthquake and thunder which, by means of the Ceraunoscope, and other such contrivances, were practised in the shows of the Mysteries: —

> Jam mihi cernuntur trepidis delubra moveri
> Sedibus, et claram dispergere culmina lucem,
> Adventum testata Dei. Jam magnus ab imis
> Auditur fremitus terris, templumque remugit
> Cecropium. *Rapt. Proserp.* lib. i.

** See, for the echoes in the pyramids, *Plutarch. de Placitis Philosoph.*

throughout that vast, subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound.

Startled as I was by the crash, not even this supernatural clangour could divert my attention from the sudden light that now broke around me — soft, warm, and welcome as are the stars of his own South to the eyes of the mariner who has long been wandering through the cold seas of the North. Looking for the source of this splendour, I saw, through an archway opposite, a long illuminated alley, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and fenced, on one side, with thickets of odoriferous shrubs, while, along the other extended a line of lofty arcades, from which the light, that filled the whole area, issued. As soon, too, as the din of the deep echoes had subsided, there stole gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appeared to come mellowed and sweetened in its passage, through many a spacious hall within those shining arcades; while among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, which, towering high and clear above all the rest, formed the spire, as it were, into which the harmony tapered, as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment, that — though never had I caught a sound from the fair Egyptian's lips — I yet persuaded myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling to me, like a distant spirit from its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, to my mortification, that it was guarded by a trellis-work, whose bars, though invisible at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles, I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark, cavernous opening, which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding, however, my impatience, the aspect of this passage, as I looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darkness, as a sort of livid and ghastly twilight, from which a damp, like that of death-vaults, exhaled, and through

which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom-like shapes * were, at that very moment, hovering.

Looking anxiously round, to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast folding-gates through which I had just passed, a blue, tremulous flame, which, after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into characters of light, and formed the following words: —

You, who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back. —

You, who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air —

If danger, and pain,
And death you despise,
On — for again
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine

But if —

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the Garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned freshly to my mind. "Am I then," I exclaimed, "in the path to the promised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life *indeed* be mine?"

"Yes!" seemed to answer out of the air, that spirit-voice, which still was heard at a distance crowning the choir with its

* "Ce moment heureux (de l'Autopsie) étoit préparé par des scènes effrayantes, par des alternatives de crainte et de joie, de lumière et de ténèbres, par la lueur des éclairs, par le bruit terrible de la foudre, qu'on imitoit, et par des apparitions de spectres, des illusions magiques, qui frappoient les yeux et les oreilles tout ensemble." *Dupuis.*

single sweetness. I hailed the omen with transport. Love and Immortality, both beckoning me onward — who would give even a thought to fear, with two such bright hopes in prospect? Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchantress, whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I instantly plunged into the chasm.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which, though far less horrible, was, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as my lamp, which had been, for some time, almost useless, was now fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which appeared to be wider and more open to the air than any I had yet passed. Nor was it long before the sudden appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great Trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames before me burst high and wide on all sides; — and the awful spectacle that then presented itself was such as might have daunted hearts far more accustomed to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket, or grove of the most combustible trees of Egypt — tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm; while around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire,* which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread the contagion of their own wild-fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia,** whose light is often seen brightening, at night, the distant cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove, I could now perceive, my only pathway lay. There was not a moment, therefore, to be

* "Ces considérations me portent à penser que, dans les mystères, ces phénomènes étoient beaucoup mieux exécutées, et sans comparaison plus terribles à l'aide de quelque composition pyrique qui est restée cachée, comme celle du feu Grégeois." *De Pauw.*

** "Il n'y a point d'autre moyen que de porter le feu dans ces forêts de roseaux, qui répandent alors dans tout le païs une lumière aussi considérable que celle du jour même." *Maillet*, tom. i. p. 63.

lost — for the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewed with vivid fire. Casting away my now useless lamp, and holding my robe as some slight protection over my head, I ventured, with trembling limbs, into the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of fire above my head, while the serpents that hung hissing from the red branches shot showers of sparkles down upon me as I passed. Never were decision and activity of more avail: — one minute later, and I must have perished. The narrow opening, of which I had so promptly availed myself, closed instantly behind me; and as I looked back, to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already one mass of fire.

Rejoiced to have escaped this first trial, I instantly plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had advanced but a few paces, when the path turned suddenly off, leading downwards, as I could perceive by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined region, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighbouring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded far in this course, when the sound of torrents* — mixed, as I thought, from time to time, with shrill wailings, resembling the cries of persons in danger or distress — fell mournfully upon my ear. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which, headlong as a winter-torrent, the dark flood, to whose roar I had been listening, poured its waters; while upon its surface floated grim spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks I had heard — as if in fear of some awful precipice towards whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw plainly that across that torrent must be my course. It was, indeed, fearful; but in courage and perseverance now lay

* The Nile, *Pliny* tells us, was admitted into the Pyramid.

my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore, I knew not; for all there was immersed in impenetrable gloom, nor could the feeble light which I carried send its glimmer half so far. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprung from the rock on which I stood into the flood, trusting that, with my right hand, I should be able to buffet the current, while, with the other, as long as a gleam of my brand remained, I might hold it aloft to guide me safely to the shore.

Long, formidable, and almost hopeless was the struggle I had now to maintain; and more than once overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had given myself up,* as destined to follow those pale, death-like apparitions, that still went past me, hurrying onward, with mournful cries, to find their doom in some invisible gulf beyond.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted, and the last remains of the pine branch were dropping from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending, almost perpendicularly, from the wave, till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse — for it was nothing more, as my light expired in giving it — lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so desperate were my efforts, that, after a few minutes' struggle, I felt my brow strike against the stairway, and, in an instant, my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my escape from that perilous flood, though I knew not whither the stairway led, I promptly ascended the steps. But this feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived, that each successive step, as my foot left it, broke away from beneath me, leaving me in mid-air, with no other alternative than that of still mounting by the

* "On exercoit," says *Dupuis*, "les recipiendaires, pendant plusieurs jours, à traverser, à la nage, une grande étendue d'eau. On les y jettoit et ce n'étoit qu'avec peine qu'ils s'en retiroient. On appliquoit le fer et le feu sur leurs membres. On les faisoit passer à travers les flammes."

The aspirants were often in considerable danger, and Pythagoras, we are told, nearly lost his life in the trials. Vide *Recherches sur les Initiations, par Robin.*

same momentary footing, and with the appalling doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I, for a few seconds, continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful river, in which — so tranquil had it now become — I could hear the plash of the falling fragments, as every step in succession gave way from under my feet. It was a most fearful moment — but even still worse remained. I now found the balustrade, by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto appeared to be firm, growing tremulous in my hand, while the step, to which I was about to trust myself, tottered under my foot. Just then, a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around me, and I saw, hanging out of the clouds, so as to be barely within my reach, a huge brazen ring. Instinctively I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As if, too, this massy ring, which I grasped, was by some magic power linked with all the winds in heaven, no sooner had I seized it than, like the touching of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of gusts and tempests, that ever strewed the sea-shore with wrecks or dead; and, as I swung about, the sport of this elemental strife, every new burst of its fury threatened to shiver me, like a storm-sail, to atoms!

Nor was even this the worst; — for still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up, as if by a thousand whirlwinds, and then round and round, like a stone-shot in a sling, continued to be whirled in the midst of all this deafening chaos, till my brain grew dizzy, my recollection became confused, and I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world, whose rotations Eternity alone can number!

Human strength could no longer sustain such a trial. I was on the point, at last, of loosing my hold, when suddenly the violence of the storm moderated; — my whirl through the air gradually ceased, and I felt the ring slowly descend with me, till — happy as a shipwrecked mariner at the first touch of land — I found my feet once more upon firm ground.

At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness

filled the whole air. Music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; and as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling every where with fountains, that circulated, like streams of life, among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting, that the fancy of poet or prophet, in their warmest pictures of Elysium, have ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas, opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur — streams, shining out at intervals, in their shadowy course — and labyrinths of flowers, leading, by mysterious windings, to green, spacious glades full of splendour and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light, from some unseen source, resembling nothing that illumines our upper world — a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were seen wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands; while, over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens went dancing to aërial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.

Exhausted as I was by the painful trials I had undergone, no sooner did I perceive those fair groups in the distance, than my weariness, both of frame and spirit, was forgotten. A thought crossed me that she, whom I sought, might haply be among them; and notwithstanding the feeling of awe, with which that unearthly scene inspired me, I was about to fly, on the instant, to ascertain my hope. But while in the act of making the effort, I felt my robe gently pulled, and turning round, beheld an aged man before me, whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, I knew at once to be a Hierophant. Placing a branch of the consecrated palm in my hand, he said, in a solemn voice, "Aspirant of the Mysteries,

welcome!" — then, regarding me for a few seconds with grave attention, added, in a tone of courteousness and interest, "The victory over the body hath been gained! — Follow me, young Greek, to thy resting-place."

I obeyed the command in silence — and the Priest, turning away from this scene of splendour, into a secluded pathway, where the light gradually faded as we advanced, led me to a small pavilion, by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside, and, pointing silently to a bed of dried poppy-leaves, left me to repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

THOUGH the sight of that splendid scene whose glories opened upon me, like a momentary glimpse into another world, had, for an instant, re-animated my strength and spirit, yet, so completely was my whole frame subdued by fatigue, that, even had the form of the young Priestess herself then stood before me, my limbs would have sunk in the effort to reach her. No sooner had I fallen on my leafy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in that deep and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs.

On awaking I saw, beside me, the same venerable personage, who had welcomed me to this subterranean world on the preceding night. At the foot of my couch stood a statue, of Grecian workmanship, representing a boy, with wings, seated gracefully on a lotus-flower, and having the forefinger of his right hand pressed to his lips. This action, together with the glory round his brows, denoted as I already knew, the God of Silence and Light.*

Impatient to know what further trials awaited me, I was about to speak, when the Priest exclaimed, anxiously, "Hush!" —

* "Enfin Harpocrates représentoit aussi le Soleil. Il est vrai que c'étoit aussi le Dieu du Silence; il mettoit le doigt sur la bouche parcequ'on adoroit le Soleil avec un respectueux silence; et c'est de là qu'est venu le Sigé des Basilidiens, qui tiroient leur origine de l'Europe..... Enfin Harpocrates étoit assis sur le lotus, qui est la plante du Soleil." *Hist. des Juifs.*

and, pointing to the statue at the foot of the couch, said, — "Let the spell of that Spirit be upon thy lips, young stranger, till the wisdom of thy instructors shall think fit to remove it. Not unaptly doth the same deity preside over Silence and Light; since it is only out of the depth of contemplative silence, that the great light of the soul, Truth, can arise!"

Little used to the language of dictation or instruction, I was now preparing to rise, when the Priest again restrained me; and, at the same moment, two boys, beautiful as the young Genii of the stars, entered the pavilion. They were habited in long garments of the purest white, and bore each a small golden chalice in his hand.* Advancing towards me, they stopped on opposite sides of the couch, and one of them, presenting to me his chalice of gold, said, in a tone between singing and speaking, —

"Drink of this cup — Osiris** sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the Dead*** who downward go.

"Drink of this cup — the water within
Is fresh from Lethe's stream;
'T will make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep'd in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;

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* For the two cups used in the mysteries, see *L'Histoire des Juifs*, liv. ix. c. 16.

** Osiris, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world; and performed the office of Pluto, in the mythology of the Egyptians. "They believed," says Dr. Pritchard, "that Serapis presided over the region of departed souls, during the period of their absence, when languishing without bodies, and that the dead were deposited in his palace." *Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology.*

*** "Frigidam illam aquam post mortem, tanquam Hebes poculum, expetitam." *Zoega.* — The Lethe of the Egyptians was called Ameles. See *Dupuis*, tom. viii. p. 651.

"The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight,
But mocks the taste;

"The love that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath; —

"All that, of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup, and be
Forgot, as it never had been!"

Unwilling to throw a slight on this strange ceremony, I leaned forward, with all due gravity, and tasted the cup; which I had no sooner done than the young cup-bearer, on the other side,* invited my attention; and, in his turn, presenting the chalice which he held, sung, with a voice still sweeter than that of his companion, the following strain: —

"Drink of this cup — when Isis led
Her boy, of old to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine,** and said —
'Drink of this cup, thou 'lt never die!"

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heav'n on high,
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou 'lt never die!"

Well as I had hitherto kept my philosophy on its guard, against the illusions with which, I knew, this region abounded, the young cup-bearer had here touched a spring of imagination, over which my philosophy, as has been seen, had but little control.

* "Enfin on disoit qu'il y avoit deux coupes, l'une en haut et l'autre en bas. Celui qui beuvoit de la coupe d'en bas, avoit toujours soif, ses désirs s'augmentoit au lieu de s'éteindre, mais celui qui beuvoit de la coupe en haut étoit rempli et content. Cette première coupe étoit la connoissance de la nature, qui ne satisfait jamais pleinement ceux qui en sondent les mystères; et la seconde coupe, dans laquelle on devoit boire pour n'avoir jamais soif, étoit la connaissance des mystères du Ciel." *Hist. des Juifs*, liv. ix. chap. 16.

** The *της αθανασιας φαρμακον*, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, Isis prepared for her son Orus. — Lib. i.

No sooner had the words, "thou shalt never die," struck on my ear, than the dream of the Garden came fully to my mind, and, starting half-way from the couch, I stretched forth my hands to the cup. But, recollecting myself instantly, and fearing that I had betrayed to others a weakness fit only for my own secret indulgence, I sunk back again, with a smile of affected indifference on my couch — while the young minstrel, but little interrupted by my movement, still continued his strain, of which I heard but the concluding words: —

"And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be."

Though the assurances of immortality contained in these verses would at any other moment — vain and visionary as I thought them — have sent my fancy wandering into reveries of the future, the effort of self-control I had just made enabled me to hear them with indifference.

Having gone through the form of tasting his second cup, I again looked anxiously to the Hierophant, to ascertain whether I might be permitted to rise. His assent having been given, the young pages brought to my couch a robe and tunic, which, like their own, were of linen of the purest white; and having assisted to clothe me in this sacred garb, they then placed upon my head a chaplet of myrtle, in which the symbol of Initiation, a golden grasshopper,* was seen shining out from among the dark leaves.

Though sleep had done much to refresh my frame, something more was still wanting to restore its strength; and it was not without a smile at my own reveries I reflected, how much more welcome than even the young page's cup of immortality was the unpretending, but real, repast now set before me — fresh fruits

* *Hor. Apoll.* — The grass-hopper was also consecrated to the sun as being musical.

from the Isle of Gardens* in the Nile, the delicate flesh of the desert antelope, and wine from the Vineyard of the Queens at Anthylla,** which one of the pages fanned with a palm-leaf, to keep it cool.

Having done justice to these dainties, it was with pleasure I heard the proposal of the Priest, that we should walk forth together and meditate among the scenes without. I had not forgotten the splendid Elysium that last night welcomed me — those rich gardens, that soft unearthly music and light, and, above all, those fair forms I had seen wandering about — as if, in the very midst of happiness, still seeking it. The hope, which had then occurred to me, that, among those bright groups might haply be found the young maiden I sought, now returned with increased strength. I had little doubt that my guide was leading me to the same Elysian scene, and that the form, so fit to inhabit it, would again appear before my eyes.

But far different, I found, was the region to which he now conducted me; — nor could the whole world have produced a scene more gloomy, or more strange. It wore the appearance of a small, solitary valley, enclosed, on every side, by rocks, which seemed to rise, almost perpendicularly, till they reached the very sky; — for it was, indeed, the blue sky that I saw shining between their summits, and whose light, dimmed thus and nearly lost in its long descent, formed the melancholy daylight of this nether world.*** Down the side of these rocky walls descended a cataract, whose source was upon earth, and on whose waters, as they rolled glassily over the edge above, a gleam of radiance rested, showing how brilliant and pure was the sunshine they had left behind. From thence, gradually growing darker and frequently broken by alternate chasms and projections, the stream fell, at last, in a

* The isle Antirrhodus, near Alexandria. *Maillet.*

** Vide *Athen. Deipnos.*

*** "On s'était même avisé, depuis la première construction de ces demeures, de percer en plusieurs endroits jusqu'au haut les terres qui les couvroient; non pas à la vérité, pour tirer un jour qui n'auroit jamais été suffisant, mais pour recevoir un air salutaire," &c. *Sethos.*

pale and thin mist — the phantom of what it had been on earth — into a small lake that lay at the base of the rock to receive it.

Nothing was ever so bleak and saddening as the appearance of this lake. The usual ornaments of the waters of Egypt were not wanting to it: the tall lotus here uplifted her silvery flowers, and the crimson flamingo floated over the tide. But they looked not the same as in the world above; — the flower had exchanged its whiteness for a livid hue, and the wings of the bird hung heavy and colourless. Every thing wore the same half-living aspect; and the only sounds that disturbed the mournful stillness were the wailing cry of a heron among the sedges, and that din of the falling waters, in their midway struggle, above.

There was, indeed, an unearthly sadness in the whole scene, of which no heart, however light, could resist the influence. Perceiving how much I was affected by it, "Such scenes," remarked the Priest, are best suited to that solemn complexion of mind, which becomes him who approaches the Great Mystery of futurity. Behold" — and, in saying thus, he pointed to the opening over our heads, through which, though the sun had but just passed his meridian, I could perceive a star or two twinkling in the heavens — "in the same manner as from this gloomy depth we can see those fixed stars,* which are invisible now to the dwellers on the bright earth, even so, to the sad and self-humbled spirit, doth many a mystery of heaven reveal itself, of which they, who walk in the light of the proud world, know not!"

He now led me towards a rustic seat or alcove, beside which stood an image of that dark Deity,** that God without a smile,

* "On voyoit en plein jour par ces ouvertures les étoiles, et même quelques planètes en leur plus grande latitude septentrionale; et les prêtres avoient bientôt profité de ce phénomène, pour observer à diverses heures le passage des étoiles." *Sethos.* — *Strabo* mentions certain caves or pits, constructed for the purpose of astronomical observations, which lay in the Heliopolitan prefecture, beyond Heliopolis.

** *Serapis*, Sol Inferus. — Athenodorus, scriptor vetustus, apud Clementem Alexandrinum in *Protreptico*, ait "simulacra Serapidis conspicua esse colore cæruleo et nigricante." Macrobius, in verbis descriptis, §. 6. docet nos apud Ægyptios "simulacra solis infera fingi colore cæruleo." *Jablonski.*

who presides over the silent kingdom of the Dead.* The same livid and lifeless hue was upon his features, that hung over every thing in this dim valley; and, with his right hand, he pointed directly downwards, to denote that his melancholy kingdom lay there. A plantain** — that favourite tree of the genii of Death — stood behind the statue, and spread its branches over the alcove, in which the Priest now seated himself, and made a sign that I should take my place by his side.

After a long pause, as if of thought and preparation, —"Nobly," said he, "young Greek, hast thou sustained the first trials of Initiation. What still remains, though of vital import to the soul, brings with it neither pain nor peril to the body. Having now proved and chastened thy mortal frame, by the three ordeals of Fire, of Water, and of Air, the next task to which we are called is the purification of thy spirit — the effectual cleansing of that inward and immortal part, so as to render it fit for the reception of the last luminous revealment, when the Veils of the Sanctuary shall be thrown aside, and the Great Secret of Secrets unfolded to thy view! — Towards this object, the primary and most important step is, instruction. What the three purifying elements thou hast passed through have done for thy body, instruction will effect for —"

"But that lovely maiden!" I exclaimed, bursting from my silence, having fallen, during his speech, into a deep reverie, in which I had forgotten him, myself, the Great Secret, every thing — but her.

Startled by this profane interruption, he cast a look of alarm towards the statue, as if fearful lest the God should have heard my words. Then, turning to me, in a tone of mild solemnity, "It is but too plain," said he, "that thoughts of the upper world, and of its vain, shadowy delights, still engross thee far too much, to allow the lessons of Truth to sink profitably into thy heart. A few

* Osiris.

** This tree was dedicated to the Genii of the Shades, from its being an emblem of repose and cooling airs. "Cui imminet musæ folium, quod ab Iside infera geniisque ei addictis manu geri solitum, umbram requiemque et auras frigidas subindigitare videtur." *Zoega.*

hours of meditation amid this solemn scenery — of that wholesome meditation, which purifies, by saddening — may haply dispose thee to receive, with due feelings of reverence, the holy and imperishable knowledge we have in store for thee. With this hope I now leave thee to thy own thoughts, and to that God, before whose calm and mournful eye all the vanities of the world, from which thou comest, wither!"

Thus saying, he turned slowly away, and passing behind the statue, towards which he had pointed during the last sentence, suddenly, and as if by enchantment, disappeared from my sight.

CHAPTER IX.

Being now left to my own solitary thoughts, I was fully at leisure to reflect, with some degree of coolness, upon the inconveniences, if not dangers, of the situation into which my love of adventure had hurried me. However prompt my imagination was always to kindle, in its own ideal sphere, I have ever found that, when brought into contact with reality, it as suddenly cooled; — like those meteors, that appear to be stars, while in the air, but, the moment they touch earth, are extinguished. And such was the feeling of disenchantment that now succeeded to the wild dreams in which I had been indulging. As long as Fancy had the field of the future to herself, even immortality did not seem too distant a race for her. But when human instruments interposed, the illusion all vanished. From mortal lips the promise of immortality seemed a mockery, and even imagination had no wings that could carry beyond the grave.

Nor was this disappointment the only feeling that pained and haunted me; — the imprudence of the step, on which I had ventured, now appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had here thrown myself into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world, without even a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It appeared evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus, by which the terrors and splendours of Initiation are produced, that my descent into the

pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous, indeed, and active as were the Spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, it could little be doubted that all my movements, since my arrival, had been watchfully tracked; and the many hours I had employed in wandering and exploring around the pyramid, betrayed a curiosity and spirit of adventure which might well suggest to these wily priests the hope of inveigling an Epicurean into their toils.

I was well aware of their hatred to the sect of which I was Chief; — that they considered the Epicureans as, next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of their craft and power. "How thoughtless, then," I exclaimed, "to have placed myself in a situation, where I am equally helpless against fraud and violence, and must either pretend to be the dupe of their impostures, or else submit to become the victim of their vengeance!" Of these alternatives, bitter as they both were, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. It was with a blush that I even looked back upon the mockeries I had already yielded to; and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonials, and of being tutored and preached to by hypocrites I so much despised, appeared to me, in my present mood of mind, a trial of patience, compared to which the flames and whirlwinds I had already encountered were pastime.

Often and impatiently did I look up, between those rocky walls, to the bright sky that appeared to rest upon their summits, as, pacing round and round, through every part of the valley, I endeavoured to find some outlet from its gloomy precincts. But vain were all my endeavours; — that rocky barrier, which seemed to end but in heaven, interposed itself every where. Neither did the image of the young maiden, though constantly in my mind, now bring with it the least consolation or hope. Of what avail was it that she, perhaps, was an inhabitant of this region, if I could neither behold her smile, nor catch the sound of her voice — if, while among preaching priests I wasted away my hours, her presence was, alas, diffusing its enchantment elsewhere.

At length exhausted, I lay down by the brink of the lake, and gave myself up to all the melancholy of my fancy. The pale semblance of daylight, which had hitherto glimmered around, grew,

every moment, more dim and dismal. Even the rich gleam, at the summit of the cascade, had faded; and the sunshine, like the water, exhausted in its descent, had now dwindled into a ghostly glimmer, far worse than darkness. The birds upon the lake, as if about to die with the dying light, sunk down their heads; and as I looked to the statue, the deepening shadows gave such an expression to its mournful features as chilled my very soul.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came, with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave — removed, for ever, from the world above, and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had happened, I knew, frequently, that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of; — being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in those dark dungeons, with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my own destiny; and so appalling was the thought, that even the courage by which I had been hitherto sustained died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

At length, after some hours of this gloomy musing, I heard a rustling in the sacred grove behind the statue; and, soon after, the sound of the Priest's voice — more welcome than I had ever thought such voice could be — brought the assurance that I was not yet wholly abandoned. Finding his way to me through the gloom, he now led me to the same spot, on which we had parted so many hours before; and, addressing me in a voice that retained no trace of displeasure, bespoke my attention, while he should reveal to me some of those divine truths, by whose infusion, he said, into the soul of man, its purification can alone be effected.

The valley had now become so dark, that we could no longer, as we sate, discern each other's faces. There was a melancholy in the voice of my instructor that well accorded with the gloom around us: and, saddened and subdued, I now listened with resignation, if not with interest, to those sublime, but, alas, I

thought, vain tenets, which, with all the warmth of a true believer, this Hierophant expounded to me.

He spoke of the pre-existence of the soul* — of its abode, from all eternity, in a place of splendour and bliss, of which whatever we have most beautiful in our conceptions here is but a dim transcript, a clouded remembrance. In the blue depths of ether, he said, lay that "Country of the Soul" — its boundary alone visible in the line of milky light, which, as by a barrier of stars, separates it from the dark earth. "Oh, realm of purity! Home of the yet unfallen Spirit! — where, in the days of her first innocence, she wandered; ere yet her beauty was soiled by the touch of earth, or her resplendent wings had withered away. Methinks I see," he cried, "at this moment, those fields of radiance** — I look back, through the mists of life, into that luminous world, where the souls that have never lost their high, heavenly rank, still soar, without a stain, above the shadowless stars, and there dwell together in infinite perfection and bliss!"

As he spoke these words, a burst of pure, brilliant light,*** like a sudden opening of heaven, broke through the valley; and, as soon as my eyes were able to endure the splendour, such a vision of glory and loveliness opened upon them, as took even my

* For a full account of the doctrines which are here represented as having been taught to the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries, the reader may consult *Dupuis*, *Pritchard's Analysis of the Egyptian Mythology*, &c. &c. "L'on découvroit l'origine de l'ame, sa chute sur la terre, à travers les sphères et les élémens, et son retour au lieu de son origine .... c'étoit ici la partie la plus métaphysique, et que ne pourroit guère entendre le commun des Initiés, mais dont on lui donnoit le spectacle par des figures et des spectres allégoriques." *Dupuis.*

** See *Beausobre*, lib. iii. c. 4., for the "terre bienheureuse et lumineuse," which the Manicheans supposed God to inhabit. Plato, too, speaks (in Phæd.) of a pure land lying in the pure sky (*την γην καθαραν εν καθαρῳ κεισθαι ουρανῳ*), the abode of divinity, of innocence, and of life."

*** The power of producing a sudden and dazzling effusion of light, which was one of the arts employed by the contrivers of the ancient Mysteries, is thus described in a few words by Apuleius, who was himself admitted to witness the Isiac ceremonies at Corinth: — "Nocte mediâ vidi solem candido coruscantem lumine."

sceptical spirit by surprise, and made it yield, at once, to the potency of the spell.

Suspended, as I thought, in air, and occupying the whole of the opposite region of the valley, there appeared an immense orb of light, within which, through a haze of radiance, I could see distinctly fair groups of young female spirits, who, in silent, but harmonious movement, like that of the stars, wound slowly through a variety of fanciful evolutions; seeming, as they linked and unlinked each other's arms, to form a living labyrinth of beauty and grace. Though their feet appeared to glide along a field of light, they had also wings, of the most brilliant hue, which, like rainbows over water-falls, when played with by the breeze, reflected, every moment, a new variety of glory.

As I stood, gazing with wonder, the orb, with all its ethereal inmates, began gradually to recede into the dark void, lessening, as it went, and becoming more bright, as it lessened; — till, at length, distant, to all appearance, as a retiring comet, this little world of Spirits, in one small point of intense radiance, shone its last and vanished. "Go," exclaimed the rapt Priest, "ye happy souls, of whose dwelling a glimpse is thus given to our eyes, go, wander, in your orb, through the boundless heaven, nor ever let a thought of this perishable world come to mingle its dross with your divine nature, or allure you down earthward to that mortal fall by which spirits, no less bright and admirable, have been ruined!"

A pause ensued, during which, still under the influence of wonder, I sent my fancy wandering after the inhabitants of that orb — almost wishing myself credulous enough to believe in a heaven, of which creatures, so much like those I had worshipped on earth, were inmates.

At length, the Priest, with a mournful sigh at the sad contrast he was about to draw between the happy spirits we had just seen and the fallen ones of earth, resumed again his melancholy History of the Soul. Tracing it gradually from the first moment of earthward desire* to its final eclipse in the shadows of this world,

* In the original construction of this work, there was an episode introduced here (which I have since published in a more extended form),

he dwelt upon every stage of its darkening descent, with a pathos that sent sadness into the very depths of the heart. The first downward look of the Spirit towards earth — the tremble of her wings on the edge of Heaven — the giddy slide, at length, down that fatal descent, and the Lethean cup, midway in the sky, of which when she has once tasted, Heaven is forgot — through all these gradations he traced mournfully her fall, to that last stage of darkness, when, wholly immersed in this world, her celestial nature becomes changed, she no longer can rise above earth, nor even remember her former home, except by glimpses so vague, that, at length, mistaking for hope what is only, alas, recollection, she believes those gleams to be a light from the Future, not the Past.

"To retrieve this ruin of the once blessed Soul — to clear away from around her the clouds of earth, and, restoring her lost wings,* facilitate their return to Heaven — such," said the reverend man, "is the great task of our religion, and such the triumph of those divine Mysteries, in whose inmost depths the life and essence of that holy religion lie treasured. However sunk and changed and clouded may be the Spirit, yet as long as a single trace of her original light remains, there is still hope that —"

Here the voice of the Priest was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant breathings had been, for some minutes, audible, but which now gained upon the ear too thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley — and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

illustrating the doctrine of the fall of the soul by the Oriental fable of the Loves of the Angels.

* In the language of Plato, Hierocles, &c., to "restore to the soul its wings," is the main object both of religion and philosophy.

Damascius, in his Life of Isidorus, says, "Ex antiquissimis Philosophis Pythagoram et Platonem Isidorus ut Deos coluit, et *eorum animas alatas esse* dixit quas in locum supercœlestem inque campum veritatis et pratum elevatas, divinis putavit ideis pasci." *Apud. Phot. Bibliothec.*

The feeble light, by which I saw her, came from a pale, moon-like meteor which had gradually formed itself in the air as the music approached, and now shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own kingdom, gaze upon each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise from out of the lake, full of the breath of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express; — and, as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen Spirit, (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us,) so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me,* that, with almost painful anxiety, I now awaited the result.

Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position; — the air round it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before shrouded the face of the figure, became every minute more transparent, and the features, one by one, gradually disclosed themselves. Having tremblingly watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed, "It is she!" In another minute, this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young Priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes!

To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse — but the arm of the Priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a flood of glory around the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and the young

* In tracing the early connexion of spectacles with the ceremonies of religion, *Voltaire* says, "Il y a bien plus; les véritables grandes tragédies, les représentations imposantes et terribles, étoient les mystères sacrés, qu'on célébroit dans les plus vastes temples du monde, en présence des seuls Initiés; c'étoit là que les habits, les décorations, les machines étoient propres au sujet; et le sujet étoit la vie présente et la vie future.' *Des divers Changemens arrivés à l'Art tragique.*

To these scenic representations in the Egyptian mysteries, there is evidently an allusion in the vision of Ezekiel, where the Spirit shows him the abominations which the Israelites learned in Egypt: — "Then said he unto me, 'Son of man, hast thou seen what the ancients of the house of Israel do in the dark, every man in *the chambers of his imagery*?"' Chap. viii.

maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended slowly into the air.

"Stay, beautiful vision, stay!" I exclaimed, as, breaking from the hold of the Priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground — the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not: — receding into the darkness, like that orb, whose heavenward track she seemed to follow, her form lessened by degrees away, till she was seen no more; while, gazing, till the last luminous speck had disappeared, I allowed myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me there to such repose as it was possible, after such a scene, to enjoy.

CHAPTER X.

The apparition with which I had been blessed in that Valley of Visions — for so the place where I had witnessed these wonders was called — brought back to my heart all the hopes and fancies, in which during my descent from earth I had indulged. I had now seen once more that matchless creature, who had been my guiding star into this mysterious realm; and that she was destined to be, in some way, connected with the further revelations that awaited me, I saw no reason to doubt. There was a sublimity, too, in the doctrines of my reverend teacher, and even a hope in the promises of immortality held out by him, which, in spite of reason, won insensibly both upon my fancy and my pride.

The Future, however, was now but of secondary consideration; — the Present, and that deity of the Present, woman, were the objects that engrossed my whole soul. It was, indeed, for the sake of such beings alone that I considered immortality desirable, nor, without them, would eternal life have appeared to me worth a single prayer. To every further trial of my patience and faith, I now made up my mind to submit without a murmur. Some kind chance, I fondly persuaded myself, might yet bring

me nearer to the object of my adoration, and enable me to address, as mortal woman, one who had hitherto been to me but as a vision, a shade.

The period of my probation, however, was nearly at an end. Both frame and spirit had now stood the trial; and, as the crowning test of the purification of the latter was that power of seeing into the world of spirits, with which I had proved myself, in the Valley of Visions, to be endowed, there now remained, to complete my Initiation, but this one night more, when, in the Temple of Isis, and in the presence of her unveiled image, the last grand revelation of the Secret of Secrets was to be laid open to me.

I passed the morning of this day in company with the same venerable personage, who had, from the first, persided over the ceremonies of my instruction; and who, to inspire me with due reverence for the power and magnificence of his religion, now conducted me through the long range of illuminated galleries and shrines, that extend under the site upon which Memphis and the Pyramids stand, and form a counterpart under ground to that mighty city of temples upon earth.

He then descended with me, still lower, into those winding crypts, where lay the Seven Tables of stone,* found by Hermes in the valley of Hebron. "On these tables," said he, "is written all the knowledge of the antediluvian race — the decrees of the stars from the beginning of time, the annals of a still earlier world, and all the marvellous secrets, both of heaven and earth, which would have been

'*but* for this key,
Lost in the Universal Sea.'"

Returning to the region, from which we had descended, we next visited, in succession, a series of small shrines representing the various objects of adoration through Egypt, and thus furnishing to the Priest an occasion for explaining the mysterious nature

* "Bernard, Comte de la Marche Trévisane, instruit par la lecture des livres anciens, dit, qu'Hermes trouva sept tables dans la vallée d'Hebron, sur lesquelles étoient gravés les principes des arts libéraux." *Fables Egyptiennes.* See *Jablonski de stelis Herm.*

of animal worship, and the refined doctrines of theology that lay veiled under its forms. Every shrine was consecrated to a particular faith, and contained a living image of the deity which it adored. Beside the goat of Mendes,* with his refulgent star upon his breast, I saw the crocodile, as presented to the eyes of its idolaters at Arsinoë, with costly gems** in its loathsome ears, and rich bracelets of gold encircling its feet. Here, floating through a tank in the centre of a temple, the sacred carp of Lepidotum showed its silvery scales; while, there, the Isiac serpents*** trailed languidly over the altar, with that sort of movement which is thought most favourable to the aspirations of their votaries. In one of the small chapels we found a beautiful child, employed in feeding and watching over those golden beetles, which are adored for their brightness, as emblems of the sun; while, in another, stood a sacred ibis upon its pedestal, so like, in plumage and attitude, to the bird of the young Priestess, that most gladly would I have knelt down and worshipped it for her sake.

After visiting all these various shrines, and hearing the reflections which they suggested, I was next led by my guide to the Great Hall of the Zodiac, on whose ceiling was delineated, in bright and undying colours, the map of the firmament, as it appeared at the first dawn of time. Here, in pointing out the track of the sun among the spheres, he spoke of the analogy that exists between moral and physical darkness — of the sympathy with which all spiritual creatures regard the sun, so as to sadden and decline when he sinks into his wintry hemisphere, and to rejoice when he resumes his own empire of light. Hence, the festivals and hymns, with which most of the nations of the earth are wont to welcome the resurrection of his orb in spring, as an emblem

* For an account of the animal worship of the Egyptians, see *De Pauw*, tom. ii.

** Herodotus *(Euterp.)* tells us that the people about Thebes and Lake Mœris kept a number of tame crocodiles, which they worshipped, and dressed them out with gems and golden ornaments in their ears.

*** "On auguroit bien de serpens Isiaques, lorsqu'ils goûtoient l'offrande et se trainoient lentement autour de l'autel." *De Pauw.*

and pledge of the re-ascent of the soul to heaven. Hence, the songs of sorrow, the mournful ceremonies* — like those Mysteries of the Night,** upon the Lake of Saïs — in which they brood over his autumnal descent into the shades, as a type of the Spirit's fall into this world of death.

In discourses such as these the hours passed away; and though there was nothing in the light of this sunless region to mark to the eye the decline of day, my own feelings told me that the night drew near; — nor, in spite of my incredulity, could I refrain from a slight flutter of hope, as that promised moment of revelation drew nigh, when the Mystery of Mysteries was to be made all my own. This consummation, however, was less near than I expected. My patience had still further trials to encounter. It was necessary, I now found, that, during the greater part of the night, I should keep watch in the Sanctuary of the Temple, alone and in utter darkness — thus preparing myself, by meditation, for the awful moment, when the irradiation from behind the sacred Veils was to burst upon me.

At the appointed hour, we left the Hall of the Zodiac, and proceeded through a long line of marble galleries, where the lamps were more thinly scattered as we advanced, till, at length, we found ourselves in total darkness. Here the Priest, taking me by the hand, and leading me down a flight of steps, into a place where the same deep gloom prevailed, said, with a voice trembling, as if from excess of awe, — "Thou art now within the Sanctuary of our goddess, Isis, and the veils, that conceal her sacred image, are before thee!"

After exhorting me earnestly to that train of thought, which best accorded with the spirit of the place where I stood, and, above all, to that full and unhesitating faith, with which alone, he said, the manifestation of such mysteries should be approached, the holy man took leave of me, and re-ascended the steps; — while, so spell-bound did I feel by that deep darkness, that the

* For an account of the various festivals at the different periods of the sun's progress, in the spring, and in the autumn, see *Dupuis* and *Pritchard*.

** Vide *Athenag. Leg. pro Christ.* p. 138.

last sound of his footsteps died upon my ear, before I ventured to stir a limb from the position in which he had left me.

The prospect of the long watch I had now to look forward to was dreadful. Even danger itself, if in an active form, would have been far preferable to this sort of safe, but dull, probation, by which patience was the only virtue put to the proof. Having ascertained how far the space around me was free from obstacles, I endeavoured to beguile the time by pacing up and down within those limits, till I became tired of the monotonous echoes of my own tread. Finding my way, then, to what I felt to be a massive pillar, and, leaning wearily against it, I surrendered myself to a train of thoughts and feelings, far different from those with which the good Hierophant had hoped to inspire me.

"If these priests," thought I, "possess really the secret of life, why are they themselves the victims of death? why sink into the grave with the cup of immortality in their hands? But no, safe boasters, the eternity they so lavishly promise is reserved for *another*, a future world — that ready resource of all priestly promises — that depository of the airy pledges of all creeds. Another world! — alas, where doth it lie? or, what spirit hath ever come to say that Life is there?"

The conclusion at which, half sadly, half passionately, I arrived, was that, life being but a dream of the moment never to come again, every bliss so vaguely promised for hereafter ought to be secured by the wise man here. And, as no heaven I had ever heard of from these visionary priests opened half such certainty of happiness as that smile which I beheld last night — "Let me," I exclaimed, impatiently, striking the massy pillar till it rung, "let me but make that beautiful Priestess my own, and I here willingly exchange for her every chance of immortality, that the combined wisdom of Egypt's Twelve Temples can offer me!"

No sooner had I uttered these words, than a tremendous peal, like that of thunder,* rolled over the Sanctuary, and seemed to

* See, for some curious remarks on the mode of imitating thunder and lightning in the ancient mysteries, *De Pauw*, tom. i. p. 323. The machine with which these effects were produced on the stage was called a ceraunoscope.

shake its very walls. On every side, too, a succession of blue, vivid flashes pierced, like lances of light, through the gloom, revealing to me, at intervals, the mighty dome in which I stood — its ceiling of azure, studded with stars — its colossal columns, towering aloft, and those dark, awful veils, whose massy drapery hung from the roof to the floor, covering the rich glories of the Shrine beneath their folds.

So weary had I grown of my tedious watch, that this stormy and fitful illumination, during which the Sanctuary seemed to rock to its base, was by no means an unwelcome interruption of the monotonous trial my patience had to suffer. After a short interval, however, the flashes ceased; — the sounds died away, like exhausted thunder, through the abyss, and darkness and silence, like that of the grave, succeeded.

Resting my back once more against the pillar, and fixing my eyes upon that side of the Sanctuary, from which the promised irradiation was to burst, I now resolved to await the awful moment in patience. Resigned and almost immovable, I had remained thus, for nearly another hour, when suddenly, along the edges of the mighty Veils, I perceived a thin rim of light, as if from some brilliant object under them; — resembling that border which encircles a cloud at sunset, when the rich radiance from behind is escaping at its edges.

This indication of concealed glories grew every instant more strong; till, at last, vividly marked as it was upon the darkness, the narrow fringe of lustre almost pained the eye — giving promise of a fulness of splendour too bright to be endured. My expectations were now wound to the highest pitch, and all the scepticism, into which I had been cooling down my mind, was forgotten. The wonders that had been presented to me since my descent from earth — that glimpse into Elysium on the first night of my coming — those visitants from the Land of Spirits in the mysterious valley — all led me to expect, in this last and brightest revelation, such visions of glory and knowledge as might transcend even fancy itself, nor leave a doubt that they belonged less to earth than heaven.

While, with an imagination thus excited, I stood waiting the

result, an increased gush of light still more awakened my attention; and I saw, with an intenseness of interest, which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil raised slowly from the floor. I now felt that the Great Secret, whatever it might be, was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind — so wholly had imagination now resumed her empire — that the splendid promise of my dream was on the very point of being realized!

With surprise, however, and, for the moment, with some disappointment, I perceived, that the massy corner of the Veil was but lifted sufficiently from the ground to allow a female figure to emerge from under it — and then fell over its mystic splendours as utterly dark as before. By the strong light, too, that issued when the drapery was raised, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features, that had already so often mocked me with their momentary charm, and seemed destined, indeed, to haunt my fancy as unavailingly as even the fond, vain dream of Immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendour, and distrusting even my senses, when under the influence of so much excitement, I had but just begun to question myself as to the reality of my impression, when I heard the sounds of light footsteps approaching me through the gloom. In a second or two more, the figure stopped before me, and, placing the end of a riband gently in my hand, said, in a tremulous whisper, "Follow, and be silent."

So sudden and strange was the adventure, that, for a moment, I hesitated — fearing that my eyes might possibly have been deceived as to the object they had seen. Casting a look towards the Veil, which seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt the riband in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. This movement, like a touch of magic, at once decided me. Without any further deliberation, I yielded to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before me, found myself led up the same flight of marble

steps, by which the Priest had conducted me into the Sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the pace of my conductress quicken, and giving one more look to the Veiled Shrine, whose glories we left burning uselessly behind us, hastened onward into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief, that she, who now held the other end of that clue, was one whom I was ready to follow devotedly through the world.

CHAPTER XI.

With such rapidity was I hurried along by my unseen guide, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time left for reflection upon the strangeness of the adventure to which I had committed myself. My knowledge of the character of the Memphian priests, as well as some fearful rumours that had reached me, concerning the fate that often attended unbelievers in their hands, awakened a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But, when I recalled the face of my guide, as I had seen it in the small chapel, with that divine look, the very memory of which brought purity into the heart, I found my suspicions all vanish, and felt shame at having harboured them but an instant.

In the mean while, our rapid course continued without any interruption, through windings even more capriciously intricate *

* In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt — the fifteen hundred chambers under the labyrinth — the subterranean stables of the Thebaïd, containing a thousand horses — the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the bed of the Nile, &c. &c. — the stories and traditions current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions. "Un Arabe," says Paul Lucas, "qui étoit avec nous, m'assura qu'étant entré autrefois dans le Labyrinthe, il avoit marché dans les chambres souterraines jusqu'en un lieu où il y avoit une grande place environnée de plusieurs niches qui ressembloit à de petites boutiques, d'où l'on entroit dans d'autres allées et dans chambres, sans pouvoir en trouver la fin." In speaking, too, of the arcades along the Nile, near Cosseir, "Ils me dirent même que ces souterraines étoient si profondes qu'il y en avoient qui alloient à trois journées de là, et qu'ils condui-

than any I had yet passed, and whose thick gloom seemed never to have been broken by a single glimmer of light, My unseen conductress was still at some distance before me, and the slight clue, to which I clung as if it were Destiny's own thread, was still kept, by the speed of her course, at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here;" and, at the same moment, led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which, obeying her brief command, I lost not a moment in placing myself, while the maiden, no less promptly, took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car — which, as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent — on being let loose from its station, shot down, almost perpendicularly, into the darkness, with a rapidity which, at first, nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves, and the impetus, which the car acquired in descending, was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded — from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till, at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped.

Here, the maiden alighting again placed the riband in my hands — and again I followed her, though with more slowness and difficulty than before, as our way now led up a flight of damp and

soient dans un pays où l'on voyoit de beau jardins, qu'on y trouvoit de belles maisons," &c. &c.

See also in *M. Quatremère's Mémoires sur l'Egypte*, tom i. p. 142., an account of a subterranean reservoir, said to have been discovered at Kaïs, and of the expedition undertaken by a party of persons, in a long narrow boat, for the purpose of exploring it. "Leur voyage avoit été de six jours, dont les quatre premiers furent employés à pénétrer les bords: les deux autres à revenir au lieu d'où ils étoient partis. Pendant tout cet intervalle ils ne purent atteindre l'extrémité du bassin. L'émir Ala-eddin-Tamboga, gouverneur de Behnesa, écrivit ces détails au sultan, qui en fut extrêmement surpris."

time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the wearied and insecure foot interminable. Perceiving with what languor my guide advanced, I was on the point of making an effort to assist her progress, when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which, at the same moment, shone upon her figure, apprised me that we were at last arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and, by the dim light, could discern, that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast, ruined temple — having entered by a secret passage under the pedestal, upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the young maiden, after closing again the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a single look towards me, to cast herself down upon her knees, with her hands clasped and uplifted, as if in thanksgiving or prayer. But she was unable, evidently, to sustain herself in this position; — her strength could hold out no longer. Overcome by agitation and fatigue, she sunk senseless upon the pavement.

Bewildered as I was myself, by the strange events of the night, I stood for some minutes looking upon her in a state of helplessness and alarm. But, reminded, by my own feverish sensations, of the reviving effects of the air, I raised her gently in my arms, and crossing the corridor that surrounded the sanctuary, found my way to the outer vestibule of the temple. Here, shading her eyes from the sun, I placed her, reclining, upon the steps, where the cool north-wind, then blowing freshly between the pillars, might play, with free draught, over her brow.

It was, indeed — as I now saw, with certainty — the same beautiful and mysterious girl, who had been the cause of my descent into that subterranean world, and who now, under such strange and unaccountable circumstances, was my guide back again to the realms of day. I looked around to discover where we were, and beheld such a scene of grandeur, as, could my eyes have been then attracted to any object but the pale form reclining at my side, might well have induced them to dwell on its splendid beauties.

I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre

of Lake Mœris; * and that sanctuary, where we had just emerged from darkness, formed part of the ruins of an ancient temple, which was (as I have since learned), in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair Lake, itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was still, though divested of many of these wonders, a scene of interest and splendour such as the whole world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples, that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race, the voice of the Past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits, here and there, rose blackly above the wave, ** told of times long fled, and generations long swept away, before whose giant remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the Lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth; — its twelve Royal Palaces, representing the mansions of the Zodiac — its thundering portals *** and constellated halls, having left nothing now behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of acacia and olive around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air, in re-animating the young Priestess, were less speedy than I had expected; — her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (which had been, for some time, supported by my arm) against the base of one of the columns, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the Lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous.

* The position here given to Lake Mœris, in making it the immediate boundary of the city of Memphis to the south, corresponds exactly with the site assigned to it by Maillet: — "Memphis avoit encore à son midi un vaste reservoir, par où tout ce qui peut servir à la commodité et à l'agrément de la vie lui étoit voituré abondamment de toutes les parties de l'Egypte. Ce lac qui la terminoit de ce côté-la," &c. &c. Tom. ii. p. 7.

** "On voit sur la rive orientale des antiquités qui sont presque entièrement sous les eaux." *Belzoni.*

*** "Quorundam autem domorum (in Labyrintho) talis est situs, ut adaperientibus fores tonitruum intus terribile existat." *Pliny.*

But, my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended, with the lightness of a desert deer, to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean-tree, whose flowers stood, shining like gold, above the water, one of those large hollowed leaves that serve as cups * for the Hebes of the Nile, I filled it from the Lake, and hurried back with the cool draught towards the temple. It was not, however, without some difficulty that I at last succeeded in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky slip waste all its contents, and as often did I return impatiently to refill it.

During this time, the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and consciousness; and, at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep, was just rising from the steps, with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if confusedly recalling the recollection of what had occurred. No sooner did she observe me, than a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously round, as though she sought for protection, and half-audibly uttering the words, "Where is he?" she made an effort, as I approached, to retreat into the temple.

Already, however, I was by her side, and taking her hand, as she turned away from me, gently in mine, asked, "Whom dost thou seek, fair Priestess?" — thus, for the first time, breaking the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have re-assured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehension. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the Temple, she continued in a voice of suppressed alarm, — "Where *can* he be? — that venerable Athenian, that philosopher, who —"

"Here, here," I exclaimed, anxiously, interrupting her — "behold him still by thy side — the same, the very same, who saw thee steal from under the Veils of the Sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those labyrinths below, and who

* *Strabo.* According to the French translator of Strabo, it was the fruit of the *faba Aegyptiaca*, not the leaf, that was used for this purpose. "Le *κιβωριον*," he says, "devoit s'entendre de la capsule ou fruit de cette plante, dont les Egyptiens se servoient comme d'un vase, imaginant que l'eau du Nil y devenoit délicieuse."

now only waits his command from those lips, to devote himself through life and death to thy service." As I spoke these words, she turned slowly round, and looking timidly in my face, while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder, "Thou!" and then hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear to me, that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the Temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought; while silent and watchful I awaited her decision, though, at the same time, with a feeling which the result proved to be prophetic — that my destiny was, from thenceforth, linked inseparably with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with a look of terror towards the Temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the East, and exclaimed, "To the Nile, without delay!" — clasping her hands, after she had thus spoken, with the most suppliant fervour, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me at the same time, with a look that would have taught Stoics themselves tenderness.

I lost not a moment in obeying the welcome command. With a thousand wild hopes naturally crowding upon my fancy, at the thoughts of a voyage, under such auspices, I descended rapidly to the shore, and hailing one of those boats that ply upon the Lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen, a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the Temple for my fair charge; and without a word or look, that could alarm, even by its kindness, or disturb the innocent confidence which she now evidently reposed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Every thing around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning was in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might clearly be traced over the Lake, as it went wakening up the

waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the Lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the liveliness of the scene, there came, at intervals, on the breeze, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters,* that allow themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel I had selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts**— so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile — in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, adorned richly on the outside, with religious emblems, and gaily fitted up, within, for feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness — tempered cautiously with as much reserve as the deep tenderness of my feeling towards her would admit — left her to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits so much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the state of ferment in which I had been so long kept appeared to render it hopeless. Having thrown myself on the deck of the vessel, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream — sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes, with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs; while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there

* *Aelian*, lib. vi. 32.

** Called Thalameges, from the pavilion on the deck. Vide *Strabo*.

shone a small temple or pleasure-house; — while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses, * for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible in every direction. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had been roosting all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked all just freshly awakened; — and, most of all, the superb lotus, which, having risen along with the sun from the wave, was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now successively presented themselves, and mingled with the vague reveries that floated through my mind, as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept along the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days could not but appear to me one continued series of wonders, yet by far the greatest marvel of all was, that she, whose first look had sent wild-fire into my heart — whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion, that would have dared all danger and wrong to obtain its object — *she* was now at this moment resting sacredly within that pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay motionless at its threshold.

Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian height. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile-goose, having folded up her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank ** appeared to move less nimbly, as the light fell on their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalm-

* As April is the season for gathering these roses (see *Malte-Brun's Economical Calendar*), the Epicurean could not, of course, mean to say that he saw them actually in flower.

** "L'or et l'azur brillent en bandes longitudinales sur leur corps entier, et leur queue est du plus beau bleu céleste." *Sonnini.*

ing influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion — as if once more to assure myself that I was in no dream or trance, but that the young Egyptian was really there — I felt my eyes close as I gazed, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed,* that, in the more prosperous days of Memphis, the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent Lake, and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured forth again, through the Nile, into the ocean. The course of this canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a south-easterly direction towards the Saïd; and in calms, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But as the breeze was now blowing freshly from the north, there was every prospect of our reaching the river before nightfall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt; and the quiet gurgle of the waters, and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow, were the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence which prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Libyan hills, before the sleep, into which these sounds had contributed to lull me, was broken; and the first object on which my eyes rested, in waking, was that fair young Priestess — seated within a porch which shaded the door of the pavilion, and bending intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half-turned towards me; and as she, once or twice, raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis, over her cheek, I found all those feelings of reverence, which she had inspired me with in the chapel, return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She was now looking, too, direct

* "Un Canal," says *Maillet*, "très profond et très large y voituroit les eaux du Nil."

to the glorious sky, and her pure eyes and that heaven, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments, with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place, and approached the pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence, I had long, of course, been schooled; and, now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly fail, it may be supposed, of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very different may be the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us, it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less embarrassed than the secluded Priestess; — and, after one or two ineffectual efforts to converse, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

From this situation — the result of timidity on one side, and of a feeling altogether new, on the other — we were, at length, relieved, after an interval of estrangement, by the boatmen announcing that the Nile was in sight. The countenance of the young Egyptian brightened at this intelligence; and the smile with which I congratulated her upon the speed of our voyage was responded to by another from her, so full of gratitude, that already an instinctive sympathy seemed established between us.

We were now on the point of entering that sacred river, of whose sweet waters the exile drinks in his dreams — for a draught of whose flood the royal daughters of the Ptolemies,* when far

* "Anciennement on portoit les eaux du Nil jusqu'à des contrées fort éloignées, et surtout chez les princesses du sang des Ptolomées, mariées dans des familles étrangères." *De Pauw.*

The water thus conveyed to other lands was, as we may collect from Juvenal, chiefly intended for the use of the Temples of Isis, established in those countries.

Si candida jusserit Io,
Ibit ad Ægypti finem, calidaque petitas

away, on foreign thrones, have been known to sigh in the midst of their splendour. As our boat, with slackened sail, was gliding into the current, an inquiry from the boatmen, whether they should anchor for the night in the Nile, first reminded me of the ignorance in which I still remained, with respect to the motive or destination of our voyage. Embarrassed by their question, I directed my eyes towards the Priestess, whom I saw waiting for my answer with a look of anxiety, which this silent reference to her wishes at once dispelled. Unfolding eagerly the volume with which I had seen her so much occupied, she took from between its folds a small leaf of papyrus, on which there appeared to be some faint lines of drawing, and after looking upon it thoughtfully for a few moments, placed it, with an agitated hand, in mine.

In the mean time, the boatmen had taken in their sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the river with the current, while, by a light which had been kindled at sunset on the deck, I stood examining the leaf that the Priestess had given me — her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the papyrus were so faint as to be almost invisible, and I was for some time wholly unable to form a conjecture as to their import. At length, however, I succeeded in making out that they were a sort of map, or outlines — traced slightly and unsteadily with a Memphian reed — of a part of that mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or rather emblems, of the chief towns in its immediate neighbourhood.

It was thither, I now saw clearly, that the young Priestess wished to pursue her course. Without further delay, therefore, I ordered the boatmen to set our yacht before the wind, and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed: the white sail again rose into the region of the breeze, and the satisfaction that beamed in every feature of the fair Egyptian showed that the quickness with which I had attended to her wishes was not unfelt by her. The moon had now risen; and thoug the current was against us,

> A Meroë portabit aquas, ut spargat in æde
> Isidis, antiquo quæ proxima surgit ovili.
>
> *Sat.* vi.

the Etesian wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and we were soon floating before it, through the rich plains and groves of the Saïd.

The love with which this simple girl had inspired me, was partly, perhaps, from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her, not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the natural buoyancy of my spirit repressed. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell; and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than compensated by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far before the glittering of lights at a distance, and the shooting up of fire-works, at intervals, into the air, apprized us that we were then approaching one of those night-fairs, or marts, which it is the custom, at this season, to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar; but to my young companion it was evidently a new world; and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed, from under her veil, upon the busy scene into which we now sailed, gave an air of innocence to her beauty, which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river; and the whole surface, from one bank to the other, was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island, in the middle of the stream, lay anchored the galleys of the principal traders — large floating bazars, bearing each the name of its owner,* emblazoned in letters of flame, upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out, in gay confusion, the products of the loom and needle of Egypt — rich carpets of Memphis, and likewise those variegated veils, for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional charm. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship — vases of the fragrant porcelain of On — cups of that frail crys-

* "Le nom du maître y étoit écrit, pendant la nuit, en lettres de feu." *Maillet.*

tal, * whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage — enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia. **

While Commerce was thus displaying her various luxuries in one quarter, in every other, the spirit of pleasure, in all its countless shapes, swarmed over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river alone; as along the banks of the island and on the shores, illuminated mansions were seen glittering through the trees, from whence sounds of music and merriment came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave; and the notes of the lyre, the flageolet, and the sweet lotus-wood flute, *** were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their wonders into the air. Bursting out suddenly from time to time, as if in the very exuberance of joy, these sallies of flame appeared to reach the sky, and there, breaking into a shower of sparkles, shed such a splendour around, as brightened even the white Arabian hills — making them shine as doth the brow of Mount Atlas at night, † when the from his own bosom is playing around its snows.

* Called Alassontes. For their brittleness *Martial* is an authority: —

Tolle, puer, calices, tepidique toreumata Nili,
Et mihi securâ pocula trade manu.

"Sans parler ici des coupes d'un verre porté jusqu'à la pureté du crystal, ni de celles qu'on appelloit Alassontes, et qu'on suppose avoir représenté des figures dont les couleurs changeoient suivant l'aspect sous lequel on les regardoit, à peu près comme ce qu'on nomme vulgairement *Gorge de pigeon*," &c. *De Pauw.*

** The bean of the Glycyne, which is so beautiful as to be strung into necklaces and bracelets, is generally known by the name of the black bean of Abyssinia. *Niebuhr.*

*** See *M. Villoteau on the musical instruments of the Egyptians.*

† *Solinus* speaks of the snowy summit of Mount Atlas glittering with flames at night. In the account of the Periplus of Hanno, as well as in that of Eudoxus, we read that as those navigators were coasting this part of Africa, torrents of light were seen to fall on the sea.

The opportunity this mart afforded us, of providing ourselves with some less remarkable habiliments than those in which we had escaped from that nether world, was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself, the strange mystic garb which I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had fortunately thrown round me on the night of my watch. But the thin veil of my companion was a far less efficient disguise. She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her hair; but the sacred robe of her order was still too visible, and the stars of the bandelet shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change; and, as she took from out a casket — which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure — a small jewel, to give in exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out, at the same time, the very cross of silver which I had seen her kiss, as may be remembered, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link between us (for such it now appeared to my imagination) called up again in my heart all the burning feelings of that moment; — and, had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would have but too plainly betrayed itself.

The object, for which we had delayed in this gay scene, having been accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river. The sounds and the lights we left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dews, worthy of being called "the tears of Isis,"* fell refreshingly through the air, and every plant and flower sent its fragrance to meet them. The wind, just strong enough to bear us smoothly against the current, scare stirred the shadow of the tamarisks on the water. As the inhabitants from all quarters were collected at the night-fair, the Nile was more than usually still and solitary. Such a silence, indeed, prevailed, that, as we glided near the shore, we could hear the rustling of

* "Per lacrymas, vero, Isidis intelligo effluvia quædam Lunæ, quibus tantam vim videntur tribuisse Ægypti." *Jablonski.* — He is of opinion that the superstition of the *Nucta*, or miraculous drop, is a relic of the veneration paid to the dews, as the tears of Isis.

the acacias,* as the chameleons ran up their stems. It was, altogether, such a night as only the climate of Egypt can boast, when the whole scene around lies lulled in that sort of bright tranquillity, which may be imagined to light the slumbers of those happy spirits, who are said to rest in the Valley of the Moon,** on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated, side by side, on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile — each a mystery to the other — our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret; — separated, too, till now, by destinies so different; the one, a gay voluptuary of the Garden of Athens, the other, a secluded Priestess of the Temples of Memphis; — and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled a little our mutual reserve, but had luckily furnished us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From this topic I took care to lead her, without any interruption, to others — being fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was only, indeed, by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to avoid the disclosure of all I thought and felt; and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was really interested.

"How bright and happy," said I — pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters,*** which was just then shining brilliantly over our heads — "How bright and happy this world ought to be, if, as your Egyptian sages assert, yon pure and beautiful lumi-

* *Travels of Captain Mangles.*

** *Plutarch. Dupuis*, tom. x. The Manicheans held the same belief. See *Beausobre*, p. 565.

*** Ὑδραγωγον is the epithet applied to this star by *Plutarch. de Isid.*

nary was its birth-star!"* Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded — "To the study," I exclaimed, "for ages, of skies like this, may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises, at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness; — that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which steals sometimes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death appears to reign in the deep stillness of earth, there are yet those beacons of Immortality burning in the sky."

Pausing, as I uttered the word "immortality," with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of my companion, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives; — such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips, — "Thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?"

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood, for some moments, unconsciously gazing upon one of those fires, which — according to the custom of all who travel by night on the Nile — our boatmen had kindled, to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavoured to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me, that, till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved — till the secret, with which my own bosom laboured, should be disclosed — it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken; — to lay open, at once, the feelings of my own heart, as far as such revealment might be hazarded, without startling the timid innocence of my companion.

* *Ἡ Σωθεως ανατολη γενεσεως καταρχουσα της εις τον κοσμον.*
Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.

Thus resolved, I resumed my seat, with more composure, by her side, and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the Temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck, presented it with a trembling hand to her view. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward to look at the mirror, fell upon her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognised it to be hers, and her look of bashful yet eager inquiry, in raising her eyes to mine, were appeals to which I was not, of course, tardy in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the Temple, and passing hastily, but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid — my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel — my encounter with the Trials of Initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the Veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me — though my lips had sent back many a sentence, unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued or disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel — of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living — the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and, when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design, in my manner and conduct towards this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the Garden could have dictated a policy half

so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The same ardour which, if shown at once, and without reserve, might probably have startled a heart so little prepared for it, being now checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, was then most surely on its way to triumph. Like one whose slumbers are gradually broken by sweet music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the course of the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was even aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom, till startled by the reflection of it glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy, for a similar proof of confidence to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose upon her such a task. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little met the ear, there was, on both sides, a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect, I fondly hoped, of being still together in our dreams.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was so near the dawn of day when we parted, that we found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile, so frankly cordial, with which she met me, might have been taken for the greeting of a long mellowed friendship, did not the blush and the cast-down eyelid that followed betray symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened as I was, in some degree, by the avowal which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect thus given to our intercourse, not to feel some little alarm at the prospect of returning to the theme. We were both, therefore, alike willing to allow our attention to be diverted, by the variety of strange objects that presented themselves on the way, from a subject that evidently both were alike unwilling to approach.

The river was now all stirring with commerce and life. Every instant we met with boats descending the current, so wholly in-

dependent of aid from sail or oar, that the mariners sat idly on the deck as they shot along, either singing or playing upon their double-reeded pipes. The greater number of these boats came laden with those large emeralds, from the mine in the desert, whose colours, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon; while some brought cargoes of frankincense from the acacia groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others, that had been, as we learned, to the Golden Mountains* beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood,** which is yearly washed down, by the Green Nile of Nubia, at the season of the floods.

Our companions up the stream were far less numerous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from the fair of last night, shot rapidly past us, with those high sails that catch every breeze from over the hills; — while, now and then, we overtook one of those barges full of bees,*** that are sent at this season to colonise the gardens of the south, and take advantage of the first flowers after the inundation has passed away.

For a short time, this constant variety of objects enabled us to divert so far our conversation as to keep it from lighting upon the one, sole subject, round which it constantly hovered. But the effort, as might be expected, was not long successful. As evening advanced, the whole scene became more solitary. We less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sunset, when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now full of the evening light, we saw issuing from a thicket of acanthus near it, a train of young maidens gracefully linked together in the dance by stems of the lotus held at arms' length between them. Their tresses were also wreathed with this gay emblem of the season, and in such profusion were its white flowers twisted around their waists and

* Vide *Wilford on Egypt and the Nile*, Asiatic Researches.

** "À l'époque de la crue le Nil Vert charie les planches d'un bois qui a une odeur semblable à celle de l'encens." *Quatremère.*

*** *Maillet.*

arms,* that they might have been taken, as they lightly bounded along the bank, for Nymphs of the Nile, then freshly risen from their bright gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few minutes at this sacred dance, the maiden turned away her eyes, with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, appeared to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted; — and accordingly I proceeded, as gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, to avail myself of the opening. Her own frankness, however, relieved me from the embarrassment of much questioning. She appeared even to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me; and beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me, would be like endeavouring to note down some unpremeditated strain of music, with all those fugitive graces, those felicities of the moment, which no art can restore, as they first met the ear. From a feeling, too, of humility, she had omitted in her short narrative several particulars relating to herself, which I afterwards learned; — while others, not less important, she but slightly passed over, from a fear of offending the prejudices of her heathen hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story, not as she, herself, sketched it, but as it was afterwards filled up by a pious and venerable hand — far, far more worthy than mine of being associated with the memory of such purity.

STORY OF ALETHE.

"THE mother of this maiden was the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, though a native of that city, was descended

* "On les voit comme jadis cueillir dans les champs des tiges du lotus, signes du débordement et présages de l'abondance; ils s'enveloppent les bras et le corps avec les longues tiges fleuries, et parcourent les rues," &c. *Description des Tombeaux des Rois, par M. Costaz.*

from Grecian parents. When very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens selected to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen, who, at that period, presided over the School of Alexandria, and was in all the fulness of his fame both among Pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both creeds, he brought the natural light of philosophy to illustrate the mysteries of faith, and was then only proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this world, when he found it minister usefully to the triumph of divine truth.

"Although he had courted in vain the crown of martyrdom, it was held, through his whole life, suspended over his head, and, in more than one persecution, he had shown himself cheerfully ready to die for that holy faith which he lived but to testify and uphold. On one of these occasions, his tormentors, having habited him like an Egyptian priest, placed him upon the steps of the Temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the Pagan ministers, present palm-branches to the multitude who went up into the shrine. But the courageous Christian disappointed their views. Holding forth the branches with an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come hither and take the branch, not of an Idol Temple, but of Christ.'

"So indefatigable was this learned Father in his studies, that, while composing his Commentary on the Scriptures* he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in recording the dictates of his eloquent tongue; while the same number of young females, selected for the beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious leaves.

"Among the scribes so selected, was the fair young Theora, whose parents, though attached to the Pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter, thus occupied in a task, which they looked on as purely mechanical. To the maid herself, however, her employment brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the divine truths, so eloquently illustrated, found their way, by

* It was during the composition of his great critical work the Hexapla, that Origen employed these female scribes.

degrees, from the page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hearing, sunk still more deeply into her mind. There was, at once, a sublimity and gentleness in his views of religion, which, to the tender hearts and lively imaginations of women, never failed to appeal with convincing power. Accordingly, the list of his female pupils was numerous; and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Heraïs, and others, bear honourable testimony to his influence over that sex.

"To Theora the feeling, with which his discourses inspired her, was like a new soul — a consciousness of spiritual existence, never before felt. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text; and when, by the kindness of a Catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she, for the first time, became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures, she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture of pleasure and fear she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been with ease secured to the faith, had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued. But circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harassed and thwarted in his labours by the tyranny of Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe was, therefore at an end: her intercourse with the followers of the new faith ceased; and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Among other earthly feelings, love conduced not a little to wean her thoughts from the true religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer, who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry,* in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this

* Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbè
Texta, Semiramiâ qnæ variantur acu. *Martial.*

merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died — leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother, while, as yet, but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females, it has been, at all times, a favourite resource, to seek for employment in the service of some of those great temples by which so large a portion of the wealth and power of Egypt is absorbed. In most of these institutions there exists an order of Priestesses, which, though not hereditary, like that of the Priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that dignity and station, with which, in a government so theocratic, Religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, we may take for granted, that an accomplished female, like Theora, found but little difficulty in being elected one of the Priestesses of Isis; and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethe, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomps and specious miracles of this mysterious region. Though Theora, as we have seen, had been diverted by other feelings from her first enthusiasm for the Christian faith, she had never wholly forgot the impression then made upon her. The sacred volume, which the pious Catechumen had given her, was still treasured with care; and, though she seldom opened its pages, there was always an idea of sanctity associated with it in her memory, and often would she sit to look upon it with reverential pleasure, recalling the happiness she had felt when it was first made her own.

"The leisure of her new retreat, and the lone melancholy of widowhood, led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred volume, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but tasted, and feeling — what thousands of mourners, since her, have felt — that Christianity is the true and only religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, as well from the peril with which, at that period, it was attended,

as from the necessity she felt herself under of concealing from those around her the precious light that had been thus kindled in her own heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution, which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning to Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomps and ceremonies of the Temple; — though, often, with such remorse of soul, that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God, that he would forgive this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the mean time her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added, every hour, both to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servitors* was to look after the flowers for the altar; — of others to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve, in perfect polish, those silver images of the Moon which the priests carried in processions; while others were, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe — the most honourable of these minor ministries — was to wait upon the sacred birds of the Moon, to feed them daily with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and provide for their use that purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours; and that ibis, which Alciphron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the Temple, was, of all the sacred flock, her especial favourite, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

* De Pauw, who differs in opinion from those who supposed women to be eligible to the higher sacerdotal offices in Egypt, thus enumerates the tasks to which their superintendence was, as he thinks, confined: — "Les femmes n'ont pu tout au plus dans l'ordre secondaire s'acquitter que de quelques emplois sans conséquence; comme de nourrir des scarabées, des musaraignes et d'autres petits animaux sacrés." Tom. i. sect. 2.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministrants; and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute, sounded nowhere so sweetly as through these subterranean gardens. The chief object, indeed, in the education of the youth of the Temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows and phantasms, in which the entire charm and secret of Initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old system of superstition, against the infidelity and, still more, the new Faith that menaced it, was an increased display of splendour and marvels in those Mysteries for which Egypt has so long been celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imitations had, under various names, multiplied throughout Europe, that at length the parent superstition ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny; and, in order still to rank as the first Priesthood in the world, it became necessary for those of Egypt to remain still the best impostors.

"Accordingly, every contrivance that art could devise, or labour execute — every resource that the wonderful knowledge of the Priests, in pyrotechny, mechanics, and dioptrics, could command — was brought into action to heighten the effect of their Mysteries, and give an air of enchantment to every thing connected with them.

"The final scene of beatification — the Elysium, into which the Initiate was received — formed, of course, the leading attraction of these ceremonies; and to render it captivating alike to the senses of the man of pleasure, and the imagination of the spiritualist, was the great object to which the attention of the Sacred College was devoted. By the influence of the Priests of Memphis over those of the other Temples they had succeeded in extending their subterranean frontier, both to the north and south, so as to include, within their ever-lighted Paradise, some of the gardens excavated for the use of the other Twelve Shrines.

"The beauty of the young Alethe, the touching sweetness of her voice, and the sensibility that breathed throughout her every look and movement, rendered her a powerful auxiliary in such

appeals to the imagination. She had been, accordingly, in her very childhood, selected from among her fair companions, as the most worthy representative of spiritual loveliness, in those pictures of Elysium — those scenes of another world — by which not only the fancy, but the reason, of the excited Aspirants was dazzled.

"To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime. But to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she — when Alethe stood smiling before her, arrayed, perhaps, as a spirit of the Elysian world — turn away, with a shudder, from the happy child, almost fancying she saw already the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow, as she gazed upon it.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions; — those feelings, rather than doctrines, of which God has never left his creatures destitute, and which, in all ages, have furnished, to those who sought after it, some clue to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption; its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and re-ascent to the source of all spirit; — these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt; and to impress them, in their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was generally their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted, within the pre-

cincts of the Sacred College, to some of the most favoured Priestesses. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them, at every step, below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she could venture, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in upon them, incline themselves to its rays.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, admiring that glorious assembly of stars, whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations of error it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk still lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions, heaven was made the mere mirror of earth, reflecting back all its most earthly features.

"Even in the Temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavour to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station upon the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before — when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed upon it — on all such occasions Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual, unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that, in thus but partially letting in light upon a mind far too ardent to rest satisfied with such glimmerings, she but bewildered the heart which she meant to guide, and cut down the feeble hope around which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart; — fears, in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orcus, who was, at this period, High Priest of Memphis, was a man, in every respect, qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life, when enough of the warmth and vigour of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But, in his instance, youth had left only the baser passions behind, while age but brought with it a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing almost wholly to the senses, were well understood by him; nor had he failed either to discover that, in order to render religion subservient to his own interests, he must shape it adroitly to the interests and passions of others.

"The state of anxiety and remorse in which the mind of the hapless Theora was kept by the scenes, however artfully veiled, which she daily witnessed around her, became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it would be half so dreadful as this endurance of sinfulness and deceit. Her child was, as yet, pure and innocent; but, without that sentinel of the soul, Religion, how long might she continue so?

"This thought at once decided her: all other fears vanished before it. She resolved instantly to lay open to Alethe the whole secret of her soul; to make this child, who was her only hope on earth, the sharer of all her hopes in heaven, and then fly with her, as soon as possible, from this unhallowed spot, to the far desert — to the mountains — to any place, however desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths was even beyond what she expected. It was like the lighting of one torch at another, so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Amply, indeed, was the anxious mother now repaid for all her misery, by this perfect communion of love and faith, and by the delight, with which she saw her beloved child — like the young antelope, when first led by her dam to the well — drink thirstily by her side, at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxieties that Theora had suffered began to prey upon her health. She felt her strength daily decline; and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to Heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which but hastened the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might have been now beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and in the solitude of the desert would have found at last safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project; — and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She still continued, however, to conceal the state of her health from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though observing the traces of disease on her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the hastening footsteps of death, nor even thought of the possibility of ever losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived; and while the anguish and dismay of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt, with bitter regret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration much precious time, and that there now remained but a few brief and painful moments, for the communication of all those wishes and instructions on which the future destiny of the young orphan depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands, to implore that she would, at all risks, fly from this unholy place, and pointing in the direction of the mountains of the Saïd, to name, with her last breath, the venerable man, to whom, under Heaven, she looked for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alethe gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearless grief, which rendered her insensible, for some time, to the dangers of her situation. Her sole comfort consisted in visiting that monumental chapel where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night, in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass her lonely, and — however sad they were — happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that

decorated that chapel were but ill-suited to the slumber of a Christian, there was one among them, the Cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem alike common to the Gentile and the Christian — being, to the former, a shadowy type of that immortality, of which, to the latter, it is a substantial and assuring pledge.

"Nightly, upon this cross, which she had often seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a solemn and heartfelt vow, never to abandon the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments rise, that, but for the last injunctions from those pallid lips, she would, at once, have avowed her perilous secret, and boldly pronounced the words, 'I am a Christian,' among those benighted shrines!

"But the will of her, to whom she owed more than life, was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now, she felt, be her first object; and, in planning the means of effecting it, her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed, that she now found herself compelled to resume her idolatrous services at the shrine. To some of the offices of Theora she succeeded, as is the custom, by inheritance; and in the performance of these tasks — sanctified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them — there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which her sorrow found relief. But the part she was again forced to take, in the scenic shows of the Mysteries, brought with it a sense of degradation and wrong which she could no longer endure.

"Already had she formed, in her own mind, a plan of escape, in which her acquaintance with all the windings of this mystic realm gave her confidence, when the solemn reception of Alciphron, as an Initiate, took place.

"From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria, he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Orcus, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity, wherever he went, and the

bold freedom with which he indulged his wit at the expense of religion, were all faithfully reported to the High Priest by his spies, and awakened in his mind no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcus could know no other alternative but that of either converting or destroying him; and though his spite, as a man, would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride, as a priest, led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid became speedily known, and the alarm was immediately given to the priests below. As soon as they had discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he not only still continued to linger round the pyramid, but was observed to look often and wistfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent; and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird into his net, resolved not to suffer an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly, the whole of that wonderful machinery, by which the phantasms and illusions of Initiation are produced, were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm; and the increased stir and vigilance awakened among its inmates, by this more than ordinary display of the resources of priestcraft, rendered the accomplishment of Alethe's purpose, at such a moment, peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the important share which it had been her own fortune to take in attracting the young philosopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely, as the Chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of Initiation; and whom the priests, she could see, were endeavouring to insnare in their toils, by every art and lure with which their dark science had gifted them.

"To her mind, the image of a philosopher, such as Alciphron had been represented to her, came associated with ideas of age and reverence; and, more than once, the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in which she could not refrain from indulging. Often had she been

told by Theora of the many Gentile sages, who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the Cross; and though this Initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumours which she had gathered from the servants of the Temple, of his undisguised contempt for the errors of heathenism, led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice, with which the High Priest had mentioned this 'infidel,' as he styled him, when giving her instructions in the scene she was to act before the philosopher in the valley, too plainly informed her of the dark destiny that hung over him. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for Initiation, who had been doomed to a durance worse than that of the grave, for but a word, a whisper breathed against the sacred absurdities they witnessed; and it was evident to her that the venerable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from the snares and perils of this region than herself.

"Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary scene, in which she had appeared before Alciphron — little knowing how ardent were the heart and imagination, over which her beauty, at that moment, exercised its influence — was, she solemnly resolved, the very last unholy service, that superstition or imposture should ever command of her.

"On the following night the Aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation, or a sense of the danger of his own, consent to lend his aid to her flight, most gladly would she accept it — well assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so odious and fearful as those which she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, reject the proposal, her determination was equally fixed — to trust to that God whose eye watches over the innocent, and go forth alone.

"To reach the island in Lake Mœris was her first great object; and there occurred fortunately, at this time, a mode of effecting

her purpose, by which both the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be much diminished. The day of the annual visitation of the High Priest to the Place of Weeping* — as that island in the centre of the Lake is called — was now fast approaching; and Alethe knew that the self-moving car, by which the High Priest and one of the Hierophants are conveyed down to the chambers under the Lake, stood then waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight, and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there, long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle — having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favourite ibis, which, although too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love — she went early, with a trembling step, to the Sanctuary, and there hid herself in one of the recesses of the Shrine. Her intention was to steal out from thence to Alciphron, while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great Statue behind the Veils had begun. But her fears delayed her till it was almost too late; — already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding-place.

In a few minutes more the mighty Veils would have been withdrawn, and the glories of that scene of enchantment laid open — when, at length, summoning all her courage, and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in preparing this splendid mockery, she stole from under the Veil and found her way, through the gloom, to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation; — she had but to trust to the simple words, 'Follow, and be silent;' and the implicit readiness with which she found them obeyed filled her with no less surprise than the philosopher himself had felt in hearing them.

"In a second or two they were on their way through the subterranean windings, leaving the ministers of Isis to waste their splendours on vacancy, through a long series of miracles and visions which they now exhibited — unconscinus that he, whom

* Vide *Wilford*, *Asiatic Researches*, vol. iii. p. 340.

they were taking such pains to dazzle, was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, far removed beyond the reach of their deceiving spells."

CHAPTER XIV.

Such was the singular story, of which this innocent girl now gave me, in her own touching language, the outline.

The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could not but observe, I was affected by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the last sentence, when, rising abruptly from her seat, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with the words fast crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation, that defied even the most distant approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame which consumed me, and to describe which, passion is far too weak a word, there was also much of her recital that disheartened and alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the garb of a Memphian Priestess, was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But, when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced — the tender and sacred tie, associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated — her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we to be left to each other, as on this silent river, in such undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own, to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her — that of some monk of the desert, some stern Solitary — the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind — and the horror with which, ere long, he might teach her to regard the reprobate infidel upon whom she now

smiled — in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my dream of happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm must then open between our fates, as would dissever them, wide as earth from heaven, asunder.

It was true, she was now wholly in my power. I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped her who was, to me, its type and substitute. If, at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit, towards one so sacred arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holy fear in her presence — like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary — and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I could indulge, at least, in dreams of the future. But, now — what expectation, what prospect remained? My single chance of happiness lay in the hope, however delusive, of being able to divert her thoughts from the fatal project she meditated; of weaning her, by persuasion and argument, from that austere faith, which I had before hated and now feared, and of attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes for ever!

In the agitation of these thoughts, I had started from my resting-place, and continued to pace up and down, under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sunk down, amid that blaze of light, into a sleep, which to my fevered brain seemed a sleep of fire.

On awaking, I found the veil of Alethe laid carefully over my brow, while she, herself, sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously upon that leaf, which her mother had given her, and employed apparently in comparing its outlines with the course of the river, as well as with the forms of the rocky hills by which we were passing. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security, and was beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But, though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her re-

liance, as is usual in such cases, increased with her danger, and upon me, far more than on herself, did she seem to depend for saving her. To reach, as soon as possible, her asylum in the desert, was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes; and the self-reproach which she expressed at having, for a single moment, suffered her thoughts to be diverted from this sacred purpose, not only revealed the truth, that she *had* forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking, with mournful looks, her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, without a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance; and, could we have been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence was far too sacred to be deceived; and, reluctant as I naturally felt, to enter on an inquiry, which might soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinöe, a high and steep rock, impending over the flood, which has borne, for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine, of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when all the rest of the birds take wing, and leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine, rendered famous by this charm — for such the multitude consider it — there ran, in ancient times, a

canal from the Nile, to some great and forgotten city, now buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but, after having passed through the defile, its scanty waters disappear, and are wholly lost under the sands.

It was in the neighbourhood of this place, as I could collect from the delineations on the leaf — where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain — that the abode of the Solitary, to whom Alethe was about to consign herself, was situated. Little as I knew of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me, that we had long since left this mountain behind;* and, on inquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it, on the preceding night; and, as the wind had been, ever since, blowing strongly from the north, and the sun was already sinking towards the horizon, we must be now, at least, a day's sail to the southward of the spot.

This discovery, I confess, filled my heart with a feeling of joy which I found it difficult to conceal. It seemed as if fortune was conspiring with love in my behalf, and, by thus delaying the moment of our separation, afforded me a chance at least of happiness. Her look and manner, too, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret hope. In the first moment of astonishment, her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendour, under which I felt my own wink as though lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling then going on within, crossed her arms upon her bosom, and looked down silently upon the deck; her whole countenance sinking into an expression, sad, but resigned, as if she now felt that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw Love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

* The voyages on the Nile are, under favourable circumstances, performed with considerable rapidity. "En cinq ou six jours," says *Maillet*, "on pourroit aisément remonter de l'embouchure du Nil à ses cataractes, ou descendre des cataractes jusqu'à la mer." The great uncertainty of the navigation is proved by what *Belzoni* tells us: — "Nous ne mîmes cette fois que deux jours et demi pour faire le trajet du Caire à Melawi, auquel, dans notre second voyage, nous avions employés dix-huit jours."

I was not slow, of course, in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But, still, fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to feelings of regard or tenderness, I but addressed myself to her imagination, and to that love of novelty and wonders, which is ever ready to be awakened within the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of miracles, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and behold those mighty statues that fling their shadows* at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the Son of the Morning responding to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts; there, to wander, among the sacred palm-groves of Philæ, or sit, at noontide hour, in those cool alcoves,** which the waterfall of Syene shadows under its arch. Oh, who is there that, with scenes of such loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert, and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining unseen and unenjoyed? At least —" I added, taking tenderly her hand in mine — "let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then —"

She had heard but the last few words — the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness into which, in despite of all my resolves, I had suffered my voice to soften, she looked for an instant with passionate earnestness into my face; — then, dropping upon her knees with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed, — "Tempt me not, in the name of God I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh! take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever."

This appeal, I felt, could not be resisted — even though my heart were to break for it. Having silently intimated my assent to

* "Elles ont près de vingt mètres (61 pieds) d'élévation; et au lever du soleil, leurs ombres immenses s'étendent au loin sur la chaine Libyenne." *Description générale de Thèbes, par Messrs. Jollois et Desvilliers.*

** *Paul Lucas.*

her prayer, by a slight pressure of her hand as I raised her from the deck, I proceeded immediately, as we were still in full career, for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost in retracing our course.

In giving these directions, however, it, for the first time, occurred to me, that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighbourhood of Memphis, where it was probable the flight of the young Priestess would be most vigilantly tracked, we should run the risk of betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat; — and there was now a most favourable opportunity for taking precautions against this danger. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighbourhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation, by seeing it again set sail, and resume its course fleetly up the current.

From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one, in every respect, suited to my purpose — being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but, at the same time, so light and small as to be manageable by myself alone, and requiring, with the advantage of the current, little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current; — the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was calmer and more lovely than any that had yet smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the shore, a strain of sweet melody came soothingly over our ears. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling before an acacia, upon the bank, and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree: —

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,

And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower.*

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come rest thee here.'
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!"

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, "Oh! Abyssinian tree," dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.

Whether, in the new arrangement which I had made for our voyage, any motive, besides those which I professed, had a share, I can scarcely, even myself — so bewildered were then my feelings — determine. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around us.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Alethe. The consciousness of the one great effort which she had made appeared to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty — while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish, was felt with all that trusting gratitude which, in woman, is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, innocently happy; and the confiding, and even affectionate, unreserve of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, upon subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded

* See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jomard's Description of Syene and the Cataracts.

to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land — its founts of inspiration and fields of glory — her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening — it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk, as she listened; — I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this — feeble as was the hope it held out — was still a glimpse of happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake, in the land of Roses,* whose waters are half sweet, half bitter,** I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain — but its very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along; while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene but lives, at this moment, freshly in my memory; — the broken star-light on the water; — the rippling sound of the boat, as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream; — the scented fire, burning beside us upon the deck, and then that face, on which its light fell, revealing, at every moment, some new charm — some blush or look, more beautiful than the last!

Often, while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else, in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and, bearing us away to the bank, get entangled in the water flowers, or be caught in some eddy, ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my oar among the flowers had startled

* The province of Arsinoë, now Fioum.

** *Paul Lucas.*

away from the bank some wild antelopes, that had stolen, at that still hour, to drink of the Nile, what an emblem did I think it of the young heart then beside me, — tasting, for the first time, of hope and love, and so soon, alas, to be scared from their sweetness for ever!

CHAPTER XV.

The night was now far advanced — the bend of our course towards the left, and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river, gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now appeared like the last of existence; and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart, which would have been intolerable, had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, occurred to me, presented a glimpse of hope which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy — the very cect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war they continued to wage upon the cant of all others — it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from that calamity which to me was far worse than either shame or death, my separation from Alethe. In my despair, I adopted the humiliating plan — deeply humiliating as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it — of offering myself to this hermit, as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Alethe under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the mean labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our continuing still together. In this hope, all pride, all philosophy was forgotten, and every thing seemed tolerable, but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less reluctant feelings, that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of my companion, to ascertain the site of that well-known mountain, in the neighbourhood of which the anchoret's dwelling lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood, detached, like fortresses,

over the river's brink, and which, in some degree, corresponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores, that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from inquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat, with some difficulty, up the current. Hailing him as we passed, I asked, — "Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?"* — and he had hardly time, as he pointed above us, to answer "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow, which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine, of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which the scanty canal from the Nile flows. At the sight of this awful chasm, within some of whose dreary recesses (if we had rightly interpreted the leaf) the dwelling of the Solitary was to be found, our voices sunk at once into a low whisper, while Alethe turned round to me with a look of awe and eagerness, as if doubtful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her hand towards the ravine, told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. Immediately checking, therefore, with my oars, the career of our boat, I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation was immediate. While the water on one side of the ravine lay buried in shadow, the white skeleton-like crags of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved yielded sullenly to the oar, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by a silence, so dead and awful, that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath; and half-whispered exclamations, "How dreary!" — "How dismal!" — were almost the only words exchanged between us.

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile,

* There has been much controversy among the Arabian writers, with respect to the site of this mountain, for which see *Quatremère*, tom. i. art. *Amoun*.

when, at a short distance before us, among the rocks upon which the moonlight fell, we could perceive, on a ledge elevated but a little above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. "This, then," thought I, "is the home to which she is destined!" — A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I sat gazing, lay motionless in my hands.

I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, "We must here," said she, "part for ever." I turned to her, as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. "Part!" I exclaimed passionately — "No! — the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour, be mine, and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise, her delight at these words, was like a momentary delirium. The wild, anxious smile, with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had, indeed, heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fulness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from our boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and — merciful Providence, how I remember that moment! — was on the point of bending down my lips towards hers, when, suddenly, in the air above us, as if coming direct from heaven, there burst forth a strain of choral music, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, "My mother, oh my mother!"

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard; — the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, she had been taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and saw, at the very summit of the rock above us, a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which those sounds likewise, that had appeared to me so supernatural, issued. There could be no doubt, that we had now found — if not the dwelling of the anchoret — at least, the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation, into which Alethe had been thrown by the first burst of that psalmody, soon yielded to the softening recollections which it brought back; and a calm came over her brow, such as it had never before worn, since we met. She seemed to feel as if she had now reached her destined haven, and hailed, as the voice of heaven itself, those solemn sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I was very far fom yet sympathizing. Full of impatience to learn all that awaited her as well as myself, I pushed our boat close to the base of the rock, so as to bring it directly under that lighted window on the summit, to explore my way up to which was now my immediate object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe, and made her repeat again the name of the Christian whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank, and was not long in discovering a sort of path, or stair-way, cut rudely out of the rock, and leading, as I found, by easy windings, up the steep.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge, which the hand of labour had succeeded in converting into a garden,* and which was planted, here and there, with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive, through the glimmering light, a number of small caves or grottos, into some of which, human beings might find an entrance; while others appeared of no larger dimensions than those tombs of the Sacred Birds which are seen ranged around Lake Mœris.

* The monks of Mount Sinai (*Shaw* says) have covered over near four acres of the naked rocks with fruitful gardens and orchards.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent, nor was there visible any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring more closely, I discovered behind the shade of a fig-tree a large ladder of wood, resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and safe ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe, whom I found trembling already at her short solitude; and having led her up the stair-way to this quiet garden, left her lodged there securely, amid its holy silence, while I pursued my way upward to the light upon the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner, with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit; — there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock supplied, as before, the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene, as from an unwillingness to disturb rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach, therefore, being unheard, an opportunity was, for some moments, afforded me of observing the group within, before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed to have been once a Pagan oratory, there was collected an assembly of about seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar; — while, among them, as if presiding over their solemn ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers au alabaster cup, which she applied, with profound reverence, to her lips. The venerable countenance of the minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, wore an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drank of the cup — which I saw

had engraven on its side the image of a head,* with a glory round it — the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.**

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar, with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing, to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face, as I entered, and pronounced the name "Melanius!" — "Melanius is my name, young stranger," he answered; "and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee." Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peacefulness of my mission" — at the same time, placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he instantly recognised, the solemnity that had at first marked his reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times appeared to pass through his mind; and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few — but contained, most probably, the last wishes of the dying Theora; for as he read them over eagerly, I saw tears in his aged eyes. "The trust,"

* There was usually, *Tertullian* tells us, the image of Christ on the communion-cups.

** "We are rather disposed to infer," says the late *Bishop of Lincoln*, in his very sensible work on Tertullian, "that, at the conclusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion, the early Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace, in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them."

he said, with a faltering voice, "is precious and sacred, and God will enable, I hope, his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed — being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before day-break,* to join in worshipping their God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the young maiden.

CHAPTER XVI.

MELANIUS was one of the first of those zealous Christians of Egypt, who, following the recent example of the hermit, Paul, bade farewell to all the comforts of social existence, and betook themselves to a life of contemplation in the desert. Less selfish, however, in his piety, than most of these ascetics, Melanius forgot not the world, in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself; that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore, from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat where he could combine all the advantages of solitude with those opportunities of being useful to his fellowmen, which a neighbourhood to their populous haunts would afford.

That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses, which the race of Misraim inherit from their Ethiopian ancestors, had, by hollowing out all Egypt into caverns and crypts, supplied these Christian anchorets with an ample choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottos of Elethya; — others, among the royal tombs of the Thebaïd. In the middle of the Seven Val-

* It was among the accusations of *Celsus* against the Christians, that they held their assemblies privately and contrary to law; and one of the speakers in the curious work of *Minucius Felix* calls the Christians "latebrosa et lucifugax natio."

leys,* where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat; while others have sought the neighbourhood of the red Lakes of Nitria,** and there, like those Pagan solitaries of old, who fixed their dwelling among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, pass their whole lives in musing amidst the sterility of nature, and seem to find, in her desolation, peace.

It was on one of the mountains of the Saïd, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion — having all the life and fertility of the Nile on one side, and the lone, dismal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half-way down this mountain, where it impends over the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottos dug out of the rock, which had, in other times, ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had long been forgotten, and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the banishment of his great master, Origen, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, retired, and there, by the example of his innocent life, as well as by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed, as he was, in the neighbourhood of the rich city, Antinoë,*** though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were ever among them, and, to all who sought after instruction or consolation, the cell of the hermit was always open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comforts of others. Content with a rude pallet of straw, himself, he had always for the stranger a less homely resting-place. From his grotto, the wayfaring and the indigent never went unrefreshed; and, with the aid of some of his

* See *Macrizy*'s account of these valleys, given by *Quatremère*, tom. i. p. 450.

** For a striking description of this region, see "*Rameses*," a work which, though in general too technical and elaborate, shows, in many passages, to what picturesque effects the scenery and mythology of Egypt may be made subservient.

*** From the position assigned to Antinoë in this work, we should conclude that it extended much farther to the north, than the few ruins of it that remain would seem to indicate, and that the distance between the city and the Mountain of the Birds was considerably less than what it appears to be at present.

brethren, he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of life and cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessaries of such a climate — fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance he had formed with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then taken in her fate was far too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the zeal with which her young heart welcomed instruction; and the thought that so promising a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry, came often, with disquieting apprehension, over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure, that, but a year or two before Theora's death, he had learned by a private communication from her, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that "not only had her own heart taken root in the faith, but that a new bud had flowered with the same divine hope, and that, ere long, he might see them both transplanted to the desert."

The coming, therefore, of Alethe was far less a surprise to him, than her coming thus alone was a shock and a sorrow; and the silence of their first meeting showed how painfully both remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world — that the hand, which should have been then joined with theirs, was mouldering in the tomb. I now saw that even religion like his was not proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put aside the ringlets from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there mingled a mournfulness with his piety, as he said, "Heaven rest her soul!" which showed how little even the certainty of a heaven for those we love can reconcile us to the pain of having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded, by the faint looks of Alethe, of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as a hermit's dwelling could offer. Pointing to one of the largest of these openings, as he addressed me — "Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grotto a bed of

fresh doum leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and already almost repented of having deserved it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Alethe, as I took leave of her, to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for ever.

Having lighted for me a lamp, which, in these recesses, even at noon, is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto. And here I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Alethe, I turned humbly to solicit the benediction of the Christian, and, having conveyed to her, while bending reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, I then, with a desponding spirit, hurried into the cavern.

A short passage led me to the chamber within — the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottos of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked as fresh as if their colours were but laid on yesterday. They were, all of them, representations of rural and domestic scenes; and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called in, as usual, the presence of Death, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group — consisting of a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl — were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and, sometimes, they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers, with their eyes fixed on each other's faces, as though they could never look away; sometimes, they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile, —

— — on one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the pure star of lovers,* lights

* Vide *Plutarch. de Isid.*

Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.*

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by; — their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss, in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far, all was happiness; — but the sad lesson of mortality was yet to come. In the last picture of the series, one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained; while a boat, just departing for the City of the Dead, told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times — of a sorrow, ancient as death itself — was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed upon it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone — seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, on which there lay a volume unrolled, while a beautiful antelope was sleeping at his feet. Struck by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith before which the world now trembles — its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock?"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane, formed the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial and fatherly than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions I had felt in parting from her.

* "Conjunctio solis cum luna, quod est veluti utriusque connubium." *Jablonski.*

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher — my desire to become a Christian — all was already known to the zealous anchoret, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. Oh, pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes encounter his, while, with unhesitating trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my infidel brow!

Embarrassed as I could not but feel by the humiliating consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my almost total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at its own deceit, I listened to the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without any link or meaning; nor could disguise but by the mockery of a reverent bow, at every pause, the total want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I laboured.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man perceived my embarrassment; — and, whether mistaking it for awe, or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by, at once, changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, "You have doubtless," he said, "heard of my brother-anchoret, Paul, who, from his cave in the marble mountains, near the Red Sea, sends hourly the blessed 'sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of *his* walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion; * but, for me," he added with a playful and significant smile, "who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter playmate." Then, taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been perusing into a large goat-skin pouch, that hung by his side, "I will now," said he, conduct thee over my rocky kingdom, that thou mayest see in what

* *M. Chateaubriand* has introduced Paul and his lion into the "*Martyrs*," liv. xi.

drear and barren places that 'sweet fruit of the spirit,' Peace, may be gathered."

To speak of peace to a heart throbbing, as mine did, at that moment, was like talking of some distant harbour to the mariner sinking at sea. In vain did I look around for some sign of Alethe; — in vain make an effort even to utter her name. Consciousness of my own deceit, as well as a fear of awakening in the mind of Melanius any suspicion that might tend to frustrate my only hope, threw a fetter over my spirit and checked my tongue. In humble silence, therefore, I followed, while the cheerful old man, with slow, but firm step, ascended the rock, by the same ladders which I had mounted on the preceding night.

During the time when the Decian Persecution was raging, many Christians, as he told me, of the neighbourhood had taken refuge under his protection, in these grottos; and the small chapel upon the summit, where I had found his flock at prayer, was, in those awful times of suffering, their usual place of retreat, where, by drawing up these ladders, they were enabled to secure themselves from pursuit.

The view, from the top of the rock, extending on either side, embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation; nor could the Epicurean and the Anchoret, who now stood gazing from that height, be at any loss to indulge their respective tastes, between the living luxuriance of the world on one side, and the dead, pulseless repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation presented itself! Near us to the south, were the graceful colonnades of Antinoë, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore, rich plains, all teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, seemed to offer up, as from verdant altars, their fruits to the sun; while, beneath us, the Nile, —

— — the glorious stream,
That late between its banks was seen to glide —
With shrines and marble cities, on each side,
Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain —
Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread.

From this scene, on one side of the mountain, we had but to turn round our eyes to the other, and it was as if Nature herself had become suddenly extinct; — a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearying out the sun with its sameness of desolation; — black, burnt-up rocks, that stood as barriers, at which life stopped; — while the only signs of animation, past or present, were the foot-prints, here and there, of an antelope or ostrich, or the bones of dead camels, as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

After listening, while he contrasted, in a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death on whose confines we stood, I again descended with my guide to the garden we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountain-side, he led me to another row of grottos, facing the desert, which had been once, he said, the abode of those brethren in Christ, who had fled with him to this solitude from the crowded world — but which death had, within a few short months, rendered tenantless. A cross of red stone, and a few faded trees, were the only traces these solitaries had left behind.

A silence of some minutes succeeded, while we descended to the edge of the canal; and I saw opposite, among the rocks, that solitary cave, which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. Beside the bank we found one of those rustic boats, which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn, bound rudely together with bands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the foul and shallow flood, and landed directly under the site of the cave.

This dwelling was situated, as I have already mentioned, on a ledge of the rock; and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, far more cheerful than the grottos on the other side of the ravine. But there was a dreariness in the whole region around, to which light only lent additional horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks, as they stood, like ghosts, in the sunshine; — that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands; — all gave to my mind the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in a place so desolate seemed to me a living

death; and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be thy home," prepared as I had been for the worst, all my resolution gave way; — every feeling of disappointed passion and humbled pride, which had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours, found a vent at once, and I burst into tears.

Accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps guessing at some of the sources of mine, the good Hermit, without appearing to take any notice of this emotion, proceeded to expatiate, with a cheerful air, on, what he called, the comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered from the dry, burning wind of the south, my porch would inhale, he said, the fresh breeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his own mountain-garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighbouring rock would supply my beverage; and "here," he continued — lowering his voice into a more solemn tone, as he placed upon the table the volume which he had brought — "here, my son, is that 'well of living waters,' in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace!" Thus saying, he descended the rock to his boat, and after a few plashes of his oar had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence that reigned around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVII.

What a fate was mine! — but a few weeks since, presiding over that gay Festival of the Garden, with all the luxuries of existence tributary in my train; and now — self-humbled into a solitary outcast — the hypocritical pupil of a Christian anchoret — without even the excuse of religious fanaticism, or any other madness, but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall! Were there a hope that, by this humiliating waste of existence, I might purchase now and then a momentary glimpse of Alethe, even the depths of the desert, with such a chance, would be welcome. But to live — and live thus — *without* her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Hating even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found my way, along the rocks, to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-red hue,

which he so often wears, in this climate, at his setting. I saw the sands, stretching out, like a sea to the horizon, as if their waste extended to the very verge of the world — and, in the bitterness of my feelings, rejoiced to see so large a portion of creation rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the encroaching grasp of man. The thought seemed to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered over the dim and boundless solitude, to be thus free, even amidst blight and desolation, appeared to me a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the same hue with the grey sands over which he fluttered.* "Why (thought I) may not the mind, like this bird, partake of the colour of the desert, and sympathize in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?" — thus vainly endeavouring, between despondence and defiance, to encounter with some degree of fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was unavailing. Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber of peace, but rather the sullen and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love itself yielded to despair.

Taking my seat on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But all in vain — it was still before me, with every additional horror that fancy could suggest; and when, again looking forth, I beheld the last red ray of the sun, shooting across the melancholy and lifeless waste, it appeared to me like the light of that comet which once desolated this world,** and thus luridly shone out over the ruin that it had made!

* "Je vis dans le désert des hirondelles d'un gris clair comme le sable sur lequel elles volent." *Denon.*

** In alluding to Whiston's idea of a comet having caused the deluge, *M. Girard*, having remarked that the word Typhon means a deluge, adds, "On ne peut entendre par le tems du règne de Typhon que celui pendant lequel le déluge inonda la terre, tems pendant lequel on dût observer la comète qui l'occasionna, et dont l'apparition fut, non seulement pour les peuples de l'Egypte, et de l'Ethiopie, mais encore pour tous les peuples le présage funeste de leur destruction presque totale." *Description de la Vallée de l'Égarement.*

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I turned towards the ravine; and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had fled from my dwelling, was not ill pleased to find my way, over the rocks, to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering, however, I found the chamber all as lonely as I had left it. The light I had seen came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanius had brought, and upon the open leaves — oh, joy and surprise — lay the well-known cross of Alethe!

What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me? — The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my rude cave at once brightened into a bower. She had here reminded me, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the Hermit's rock; and I now scrupled not to reiterate the same daring promise, though conscious that through hypocrisy alone could I fulfil it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume, which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures; and the first sentence, on which my eyes fell, was — "The Lord hath commanded the blessing, even Life for evermore!" Startled by those words, in which it appeared to me as if the Spirit of my dream had again pronounced his assuring prediction,* I raised my eyes from the page, and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether in these sounds there lay any charm or spell, to re-awaken that faded illusion in my soul. But, no — the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its

* "Many people," said *Origen*, "have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a sudden turn to their minds, and offering visions to them either by day or night." On this *Jortin* remarks: —"Why should it be thought improbable that Pagans of good dispositions, but not free from prejudices, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in those days of distress?"

gloom of scepticism, and, to the word of "Life," the only answer it sent back was, "Death!"

Being impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith, upon which — whatever it might promise for hereafter — I felt that all my happiness here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity, such as never even the most favourite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lighting only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found myself, even in this undisciplined career, arrested, at every page, by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur of the images that crowded upon me.

I had, till now, known the Hebrew theology but through the platonizing refinement of Philo; — as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was my mind prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration — the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should, that night, have been a believer; so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wonderful book — its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves; — and when, at length, I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes of which I had read; again called up, in sleep, the bright images that had passed before me, and when awakened at early dawn by the solemn Hymn from the chapel, imagined that I was still listening to the sound of the winds, sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that, among the tones of that morning choir, I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Alethe. But the strain had

ceased; — I caught only the last notes of the Hymn, as, echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again eagerly at my study, and, notwithstanding the frequent distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the distant, half-seen grottos of the Anchoret, continued my task with unabating perseverance through the day. Still alive, however, but to the eloquence, the poetry of what I studied, of its claims to authority, as a history, I never once paused to consider. My fancy alone being interested by it, to fancy only I referred all that it contained; and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of oriental allegories, in which the deep melancholy of Egyptian associations was interwoven with the rich and sensual imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the venerable Hermit, on his way, across the canal, to my cave. Though he was accompanied only by his graceful antelope, which came snuffing the wild air of the desert, as if scenting its home, I felt his visit, even thus, to be a most welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain — of his accustomed visit to those cisterns of the rock, from which he drew nightly his most precious beverage. While he spoke, I observed in his hand one of those earthen cups,* in which it is the custom of the inhabitants of the wilderness to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he proceeded to lead me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which are treasured the dews of night for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had advanced in my study — "In yonder light," said he, pointing to

* "*Palladius*, who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Ptolemæus, who inhabited the desert of Scete, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks." *Bibliothec. Pat.* tom. xiii.

a small cloud in the east, which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendours of sunset — "in the midst of that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read; upon whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations, in which the Almighty has renewed from time to time his communication with Man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of Divine power, chastening the strong and proud by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that great and vital truth — the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being — that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race — that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, still surrounding every step of their course with miracles, has placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositaries of his will, and the ever-during memorials of his power.*

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice,** he traced throughout the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence — darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of Heaven; — the long series of prophecy through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark along a chain; — the slow and merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed

* The brief sketch here given of the Jewish dispensation agrees very much with the view taken of it by Dr. Sumner, in the first chapters of his eloquent work, the "Records of the Creation."

** In the original, the discourses of the Hermit are given much more at length.

to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to carry conviction to the yet unborn; — "through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanius left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me — with a benevolence which I but ill, alas! deserved — that my soul might, under these lessons, be "as a watered garden," and, ere long, "bear fruit unto life eternal."

Next morning, I was again at my study, and even more eager in the awakening task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages.* "It tells me," said I, "of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it?"

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion — again rail at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this wondrous book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception, thought I, be necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself; — in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my

* "It is impossible to deny," says Dr. Sumner, "that the sanctions of the Mosaic Law are altogether temporal..... It is, indeed, one of the facts that can only be explained by acknowledging that he really acted under a Divine commission, promulgating a temporary law for a peculiar purpose" — a much more candid and sensible way of treating this very difficult point, than by either endeavouring, like Warburton, to escape from it into a paradox, or, still worse, contriving, like Dr. Graves, to increase its difficulty by explanation. Vide "*On the Pentateuch.*" See also *Horne's Introduction*, &c., vol. i. p. 226.

task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery — the fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my imagination and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian recorded and the prophet had predicted, seemed all of this world — all temporal and earthly. That mortality, of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, "all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again,"* a feeling, like the wind of the desert, came witheringly over me. Love, Beauty, Glory, every thing most bright and worshipped upon earth, appeared to be sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom, into one general mass of corruption and silence.

Possessed by the image of desolation I had thus called up, I laid my head upon the book, in a paroxysm of despair. Death, in all his most ghastly varieties, passed before me; and I had continued thus for some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the Anchoret standing by my side; — his countenance beaming with that sublime tranquillity, which a hope, beyond this earth, alone can bestow. How I did envy him!

We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain — the gloom within my own mind making every thing around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy in my feelings, I proceeded at once to make an avowal to him of all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

"Thou art yet, my son," he answered, "but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the Divine plan; — its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thy mind. However glorious that manifestation of Divinity

* While Voltaire, Volney, &c., refer to the Ecclesiastes as abounding with tenets of materialism and Epicurism, Mr. Des Vœux and others find in it strong proofs of belief in a future state. The chief difficulty lies in the chapter from which this text is quoted; and the mode of construction by which some writers attempt to get rid of it — namely, by putting these texts into the mouth of a foolish reasoner — appears forced and gratuitous. Vide *Dr. Hales's Analysis.*

on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, which, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all, that before had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the promises, shadowed out by the 'spirit of prophecy,' realized; — when the seal of silence, under which the Future had so long lain, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!'

Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling in detail upon every miraculous circumstance connected with it — the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God,* inferior only, to the one, self-existent, Father; — the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger; — the miracles that authenticated his divine mission; — the example of obedience to God and love to man, which he set, as a shining light, before the world for ever; — and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light."

* This opinion of the Hermit may be supposed to have been derived from his master, Origen; but it is not easy to ascertain the exact doctrine of Origen on this subject. In the Treatise on Prayer attributed to him, he asserts that God the Father alone should be invoked — which, says Bayle, is to "enchérir sur les Hérésies des Sociniens." Notwithstanding this, however, and some other indications of, what was afterwards called, Arianism, (such as the opinion of the divinity being received by *communication*, which *Milner* asserts to have been held by this Father,) Origen was one of the authorities quoted by Athanasius in support of his high doctrines of co-eternity and co-essentiality. What Priestley says is, perhaps, the best solution of these inconsistencies: — "Origen, as well as Clemens Alexandrinus, has been thought to favour the Arian principles; but he did it only in words, and not in ideas." — *Early Opinions, &c.* Whatever uncertainty, however, there may exist with respect to the opinion of Origen himself on this subject, there is no doubt that the doctrines of his immediate followers were, at least, Anti-Athanasian. "So many Bishops of Africa," says Priestley, "were, at this period (between the year 255 and 258), Unitarians, that Athanasius says, 'The Son of God' — meaning his divinity — 'was scarcely any longer preached in the churches.'"

"Such," continued the Hermit, "was the Mediator, promised through all time, to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who, through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great, final object of his providence — the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!" *

With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave, and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been hitherto studying, was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not doubt to whose gentle and guardian hand I was indebted for this invisible watchfulness over my studies, there was yet a something in it, so like spiritual interposition, that it struck me

* This benevolent doctrine — which not only goes far to solve the great problem of moral and physical evil, but which would, if received more generally, tend to soften the spirit of uncharitableness, so fatally prevalent among Christian sects — was maintained by that great light of the early Church, Origen, and has not wanted supporters among more modern Theologians. That Tillotson was inclined to the opinion appears from his sermon preached before the queen. Paley is supposed to have held the same amiable doctrine; and Newton (the author of the work on the Prophecies) is also among the supporters of it. For a full account of the arguments in favour of this opinion, derived both from reason and the express language of Scripture, see *Dr. Southwood Smith*'s very interesting work, "On the Divine Government." See also *Magee on Atonement*, where the doctrine of the advocates of Universal Restoration is thus briefly, and, I believe, fairly explained: — "Beginning with the existence of an infinitely powerful, wise, and good Being, as the first and fundamental principle of rational religion, they pronounce the essence of this Being to be love, and from this infer, as a demonstrable consequence, that none of the creatures formed by such a Being will ever be made eternally miserable . . . . . Since God (they say) would act unjustly in inflicting eternal misery for temporary crimes, the sufferings of the wicked can be but remedial, and will terminate in a complete purification from moral disorder, and in their ultimate restoration to virtue and happiness."

with awe; — and never more than at this moment, when, on approaching the volume, I saw, as the light glistened over its silver letters,* that it was the very Book of Life of which the Hermit had spoken!

The midnight hymn of the Christians had sounded through the valley, before I had yet raised my eyes from that sacred volume; and the second hour of the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In this mode of existence I had now passed some days; — my mornings devoted to reading, my nights to listening, under the wide canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanius. The perseverance with which I inquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal, and knowledge for belief. Alas! cold, and barren, and earthly was that knowledge — the word without the spirit, the shape without the life. Even when, as a relief from hypocrisy, I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith, whose hope crumbled at the touch — like the fruit of the desert-shrub,** shining and empty!

But, though my soul was still dark, the good Hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded, by his innocent zeal, as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others; and the examples of such conversion as that of the philosopher, Justin, who, during a walk by the sea-shore, received the light into his soul, had prepared him for illuminations of the spirit, even more rapid than mine.

During all this time, I neither saw nor heard of Alethe; — nor could my patience have endured through so long a privation, had not those mute vestiges of her presence, that welcomed me every

* The Codex Cottonianus of the New Testament is written in silver letters on a purple ground. The Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is supposed to be the identical copy that belonged to Origen.

** Vide *Hamilton's AEgyptiaca.*

night on my return, made me feel that I was still living under her gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanius, though he answered not my inquiry, there was a smile, I thought, of promise upon his countenance, which love, far more alive than faith, was ready to interpret as it desired.

At length — it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my solitude, when I lay resting at the door of my cave, after the study of the day — I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks; and looking up, saw, upon the cliff near the deserted grottos, Melanius and — oh! I *could not* doubt — my Alethe by his side!

Though I had never, since the first night of my return from the desert, ceased to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her once more made me feel for what a long age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to my too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit, whose last footsteps on earth that pure glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined, I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the boat, proceed directly towards my cave. To disguise from Melanius the mutual delight with which we again met was impossible; — nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her joy. Though blushing at her own happiness, as little could her frank nature conceal it, as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, every word, bespoke a fulness of affection, to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to respond.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned every thing that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the Hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him, without reserve, every incident of our voyage — the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard affections so natural with severity — knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man —

the good Hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure; and, fully satisfied, as to the honour and purity of my views, by the fidelity with which I had delivered my trust into his hands, saw, in my affection for the young orphan, but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As, listening eagerly, I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed a happiness too great to be true, to be real; nor can words convey any idea of the joy, the shame, the wonder with which I listened while the holy man himself declared that he awaited but the moment, when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union, which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith, which it pledges, holy. It was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge, herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith; — and the white garment she wore, and the ring of gold on her finger,* "were symbols," he added, "of that New Life into which she had been initiated."

I raised my eyes to hers as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change; and the contrast between that open and happy countenance, and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her, abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

To that night, however, I look back, as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes quicken the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave, with a heart full, even to oppression, of its

* See, for the custom among the early Christians of wearing white for a few days after baptism, *Ambros. de Myst.* — With respect to the ring, the Bishop of Lincoln says, in his work on Tertullian, "The natural inference from these words (*Tertull. de Pudicitiâ*) appears to be, that a ring used to be given in baptism; but I have found no other trace of such a custom."

happiness, I could find no other relief to my overcharged feelings, than that of throwing myself on my knees, and uttering, for the first time in my life, a heart-felt prayer, that if, indeed, there were a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my darkened soul, and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to it!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now charmed cave, where her smile left, at each parting, a light that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, together, by starlight, over the mountain; our pauses, from time to time, to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock, and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher; — all all was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold lingering doubts, that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

As soon as the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which had lately looked so desolate, in my eyes, now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe, every thing was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and, sometimes, her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper* that abound in them; — sometimes her eyes would sparkle with pleasure on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers,** that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share — mingling occasionally with them the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, "God is Love," written legibly every where.

* Vide *Clarke.*

** "Les *Mesembryanthemum nodiflorum* et *Zygophyllum coccineum*, plantes grasses des déserts, rejetées, à cause de leur âcreté, par les chameaux, les chèvres, et les gazelles." *M. Delile upon the Plants of Egypt.*

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh, mornings of hope, oh, nights of happiness, with what melancholy pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I used occasionally to pay a visit to the neighbouring city, Antinoë,* which, being the capital of the Thebaïd, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Egypt. But here, so changed was my every feeling by the all-absorbing passion which now possessed me, that I sauntered along, wholly uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where my Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness, and *that* the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that at every step were called up, by the light Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart — one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honours that awaited me in the Garden. I saw the arches of triumph; — I walked under the superb portico, which encircles the whole city with its marble shade; — I stood in the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-coloured pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured; — on all these proud monuments of glory and art, as well as on the gay multitude that enlivened them, I looked with an unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea, that, one day, like Thebes and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins — like sea-shells found where the ocean has been — to tell that the great tide of Life was once there!

But, though indifferent thus to all that had formerly attracted me, there were subjects, once alien to my heart, on which it was now most tremblingly alive; and some rumours which had reached me, in one of my visits to the city, of an expected change in the policy of the Emperor towards the Christians, filled my mind with apprehensions as new as they were dreadful to me.

* Vide *Savary* and *Quatremère.*

The toleration and even favour which the Christians enjoyed, during the first four years of the reign of Valerian, had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors, which they had experienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the rapid spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy, which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Prætorian Prefect, who was, by birth, an Egyptian, and had long made himself notorious — so akin is superstition to intolerance — by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favour of Valerian, the new measures of severity against the Christians were expected to emanate. All tongues, in all quarters, were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw, every where, groups of inquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe, in the countenances of those who spoke, the variety of feeling with which the rumour was discussed, according as they feared or desired its truth — according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and, going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He listened to me with a composure, which I mistook, alas! for confidence in his own security; and, naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time, accompanied by Alethe, he came to my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never hath brow worn such happiness as that which now played around hers: — it was, alas! *not* of this earth. Melanius, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine — in the performance, too, of a ceremony that *ought* to have filled my heart with

joy — saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment, the act of plighting our faith to each other, which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that calm, sunset heaven, whose one star stood as our witness. After a blessing from the Hermit upon our spousal pledge, I placed the ring — the earnest of our future union — on her finger; and, in the blush, with which she surrendered to me her whole heart at that instant, forgot every thing but my happiness, and felt secure even against fate!

We took our accustomed walk, that evening, over the rocks and on the desert. So bright was the moon — more like the daylight, indeed, of other climes — that we could plainly see the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, "I have observed in the course of my walks,* that wherever the track of that gentle animal appears, there is, almost always, found the foot-print of a beast of prey near it." He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point looking, he said, "towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage."

Though, when Alethe was present, all my fears even for herself were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness, which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone, than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I endeavour to reason away my fears, by dwelling only on the most cheering circumstances — on the reverence with which Melanius was regarded, even by the Pagans, and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in the depths of his grottos to others. Though somewhat calmed by these considerations, yet when at length I sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible

* "Je remarquai, avec une réflexion triste, qu'un animal de proie accompagne presque toujours les pas de ce joli et frêle individu."

dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me; and, when I awoke, it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XIX.

At length, the day dawned — that dreadful day. Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat — the same in which we had performed our happy voyage — and, as fast as oars could speed me, hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but, as I approached the Forum, loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and, when I entered it — great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy, in the middle of the Forum, was the tribunal of the Governor. Two statues — one of Apollo, the other of Osiris — stood at the bottom of the steps that led up to his judgment-seat. Before these idols were shrines, to which the devoted Christians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, hurried away to torture and death. It was an appalling scene; — the consternation, the cries of some of the victims — the pale, silent resolution of others; — the fierce shouts of laughter that broke from the multitude, when the dropping of the frankincense on the altar proclaimed some denier of Christ;* and the fiend-like triumph with which the courageous Confessors, who avowed their faith, were led away to the flames; — never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minutes I felt and fancied enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe ap-

* "Those Christians who sacrificed to idols to save themselves were called by various names, *Thurificati*, *Sacrificati*, *Mittentes*, *Negatores*," &c. Baronius mentions a bishop of this period (253), Marcellinus, who, yielding to the threats of the Gentiles, threw incense upon the altar. Vide *Arnob. contra Gent.* lib. vii.

pear to flit before me through that tumult; — I heard them shout her name; — her shriek fell on my ear; and the very thought so palsied me with terror, that I stood fixed and statue-like on the spot.

Recollecting, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that — perhaps, at this very instant — some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the Grottos, I rushed wildly out of the Forum, and made my way to the quay.

The streets were now crowded; but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river — already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe — when a Centurion stood sternly in my path, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger — that I was an Athenian — that I was — *not* a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unrelentingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarters of their Chief.

It was enough to drive me at once to madness! Two hours, two frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of the Tribune of their Legion* — my brain burning with a thousand fears and imaginations, which every passing minute made but more likely to be realized. All I could collect, too, from the conversations of those around me but added to the agonizing apprehensions with which I was racked. Troops, it was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighbourhood, to bring in the rebellious Christians, and make them bow before the Gods of the Empire. With horror, too, I heard of Orcus — Orcus, the High Priest of Memphis — as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as here present in Antinoë, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the Tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance; —

* A rank, resembling that of Colonel.

till, hearing a voice, in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphron!" I looked up, and in this legionary Chief recognised a young Roman of rank, who had held a military command, the year before, at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the Garden. It was no time, however, for courtesies:— he was proceeding with all cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and, in a few minutes, was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the Grottos before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate; but the tranquillity I found every where as I proceeded down the river, and my fond confidence in the sacredness of the Hermit's retreat, kept my heart from sinking altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my oars, the boat flew, with the speed of wind, along the waters; and I was already near the rocks of the ravine, when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a barge crowded with people, and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat, helplessly gazing, as that terrific vision approached. In a few minutes, the current brought us together;— and I saw, on the deck of the barge, Alethe herself and the Hermit surrounded by soldiers!

We were already passing each other, when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel. I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers, as I stood tottering on the edge, I had succeeded in wresting it out of his hands, when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades, and fell backward into the river. I can just remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel; — but the shock, and the faintness from my wound, de-

prived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe, as I sunk, is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would I had then died! — Yet, no, Almighty Being — I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know Thee!

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclined on a couch, in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I, for a moment, forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainty flashed upon me; and, starting wildly — disabled as I was — from my couch, I called loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, upon Alethe.

I was in the house, I then found, of my friend and disciple, the young Tribune, who had made the Governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof, when brought, bleeding and insensible, to Antinoë. From him I now learned at once — for I could not wait for details — the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. Melanius was no more — Alethe still alive, but in prison!

"Take me to her" — I had but time to say — "take me to her instantly, and let me die by her side" — when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and, on recovering, found the Tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the Forum were, for that day, over — but what the morrow might bring, he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he, in some degree, relieved them, by promising that I should, at nightfall, be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence, gain access to Alethe. She might yet, he added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the Gods. — "Otherwise," said he, "there is no hope; — the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will, to-morrow, inexorably demand his prey."

He then related to me, at my own request — though every word was torture — all the harrowing details of the proceeding be-

fore the Tribunal. "I have seen courage," said he, "in its noblest forms, in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged Hermit endured torments — which it was hardly less torment to witness — surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude!"

My poor Alethe, too — in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the Tribunal, and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her, than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. "She raised her eyes," said he, "calmly, but with fervour, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features; — and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice, with which she pronounced her own doom, in the words, 'I am a Christian!'* sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness, affected all hearts, and a cry of 'Save the young maiden!' was heard in all directions."

The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancour, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which she had, so fatally to his views, assisted mine, he demanded loudly and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the Governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was granted to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding, with evident reluctance, to this respite, the inhuman Priest would yet accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the Tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the

* The merit of the confession "Christianus sum," or "Christiana sum," was considerably enhanced by the clearness and distinctness with which it was pronounced. *Eusebius* mentions the martyr Vetius as making it λαμπροτατῃ φονῃ.

doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied round her brow one of those chaplets of coral,* with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom; — "and, thus fearfully adorned," said he, "she was led away, amidst the gaze of the pitying multitude, to prison."

With these harrowing details the short interval till nightfall — every minute of which seemed an age — was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter — my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance — and, under the guidance of my friend, I was conducted to the prison. Through his interest with the guard, we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid beneath her hands, upon a couch — at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, that hung from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it — one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! *can* it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

She now, slowly, and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch, on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which, when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

* Une "de ces couronnes de grain de corail, dont les vierges martyres ornoient leurs cheveux en allant à la mort." *Les Martyrs.*

After wandering for a minute vaguely, her eyes at length rested upon me — and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!" In saying thus, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alethe!" I cried — terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang — and, as if the sound of my voice had re-animated her, she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot entirely the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the warmth, the affection, the devotedness, with which she spoke — oh how, at any other moment, I would have blessed, have lingered upon every word!

But the time flew fast — that dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer — the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice — by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and — but for once — comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

Shrinking from me, as I spoke — but with a look more of sorrow than reproach — "What, thou, too!" she said mournfully — "thou, into whose inmost spirit I had fondly hoped the same light had entered as into my own! No, never be thou leagued with them who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not, I entreat thee, thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded — die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard together on those

nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us — when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the glad conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in its blessings; — shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued — pointing to the two rings on her finger — "behold these pledges — they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven, — nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul — I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance, immortal and undefiled,' which Mercy offers, and that thou — and my dear mother — and I —"

She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished; — and there came a darkness over all her features, a livid darkness — like the approach of death — that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips — "Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me — not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, to which they will hardly find an equal — could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee, without —"

Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and — merciful God, let me forget what I then felt — I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not; — but the Tribune came rushing into my chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!"

He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow* was — oh horrible! — a compound of the most

* We find poisonous crowns mentioned by *Pliny*, under the designation of "coronæ ferales." *Paschalius*, too, gives the following

deadly poison — the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath — but it would not come away — it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away; — there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms.

Here ends the Manuscript; but, on the outer cover is found, in the handwriting of a much later period, the following Notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian martyrology:—

"ALCIPHRON — an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity A. D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert, and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Dioclesian, his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary; and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labour, for refusing to comply with an Imperial edict, he died at the Brass Mines of Palestine, A. D. 297. —

"As Alciphron held the opinions maintained since by Arius, his memory has not been spared by Athanasian writers, who,

account of these "deadly garlands," as he calls them:— "Sed mirum est tam salutare inventum humanam nequitiam reperisse, quomodo ad nefarios usus traducent. Nempe, repertæ sunt nefandæ coronæ harum, quas dixi, tam salubrium per nomen quidem et speciem imitatrices, at re et effectu ferales, atque adeo capitis, cui imponuntur, interfectrices." *De Coronis.*

among other charges, accuse him of having been addicted to the superstitions of Egypt. For this calumny, however, there appears to be no better foundation than a circumstance, recorded by one of his brother monks, that there was found, after his death, a small metal mirror, like those used in the ceremonies of Isis, suspended around his neck."

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MÜNCHEN

ALCIPHRON:

A FRAGMENT.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

Well may you wonder at my flight
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On such sweet eves as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
That woo the traveller's lip, at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away —
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute — but smiling owns
That woman's lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but none hears;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
Her sister Pleasure's smile that, loth
From either nymph apart to dwell,
We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown;
And ev'n while thus to thee I write,
And by the Nile's dark flood recline,
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
How lovelily they all must shine;
Can see that graceful temple throw
Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
Would else o'ershadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts! — nor let me grieve
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee — what I fear
Thou 'lt gravely smile at — *why* I 'm here.
Though through my life's short, sunny dream
I 've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awaked a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
Sad thoughts — I knew not whence or why —
Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we 've time to say
"How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd
Were these strange dark'nings of my mind —
While nought but joy around me beam'd

So causelessly they 've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
  But shadows from some world unknown.
More oft, however, 't was the thought
  How soon that scene, with all its play
  Of life and gladness must decay —
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught —
Myself — the crowd that mirth had brought
  Around me — swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
  O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
  Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
  Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
  Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey —
But for this bitter — only this —
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

Thou know'st that night — the very last
That 'mong my Garden friends I pass'd —
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth.
And all that He in dreams but saw
  When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
  In human hearts, was felt and known —
Not in unreal dreams, but true,
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew —
By hearts and bosoms, that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more —
So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been —
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away —
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, 'mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night — thou haply may'st forget
Its loveliness — but 't was a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon — like the Roman mother
Among her living jewels — shone.
"Oh that from yonder orbs," I thought,
"Pure and eternal as they are,
"There could to earth some power be brought,
"Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
"To make man deathless as a star,
"And open to his vast desires
"A course, as boundless and sublime
"As that which waits those comet-fires,
"That burn and roam throughout all time!"

While thoughts like these absorb'd my mind,
That weariness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
As if to show how earthly 't is,
Came lulling o'er me, and I laid
My limbs at that fair statue's base —
That miracle, which Art hath made
Of all the choice of Nature's grace —
To which so oft I 've knelt and sworn,
That, could a living maid like her
Unto this wondering world be born,
I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o'er me — and I seem'd
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam'd
One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
Before me took his spectral stand,
And said, while, awfully a smile
Came o'er the wanness of his cheek —
"Go, and, beside the sacred Nile,
"You 'll find th' Eternal Life you seek."

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of death o'er all his features grew
Like the pale morning, when o'er night
She gains the victory, full of light;
While the small torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Brighten'd the desert suddenly,
Ev'n to the far horizon's line —
Along whose level I could see
Gardens and groves, that seem'd to shine,
As if then o'er them freshly play'd
A vernal rainbow's rich cascade;

And music floated every where,
Circling, as 't were itself the air,
And spirits, on whose wings the hue
Of heav'n still linger'd, round me flew,
Till from all sides such splendours broke,
That with the excess of light, I woke!

Such was my dream; — and, I confess,
  Though none of all our creedless school
E'er conn'd, believ'd, or reverenc'd less
  The fables of the priest-led fool,
Who tells us of a soul, a mind,
Separate and pure, within us shrin'd,
Which is to live — ah, hope too bright! —
For ever in yon fields of light;
Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes
  Of Gods are on him — as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
Th' eternal Gods were not too wise
  To let weak man disturb their rest! —
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
  And all our Garden sages think,
Yet is there something, I allow,
  In dreams like this — a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
  I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.
And who can tell, as we 're combin'd
Of various atoms — some refin'd,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fix'd stars — some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay —
Who can be sure, but 't is the best
  And brightest atoms of our frame,
  Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we 're at rest; —
Ev'n as the stars themselves, whose light

Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our Guardians, from on high,
  Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
  And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought! — but yet, howe'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, have prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke.
And 't was the words — thou 'lt hear and smile —
  The words that phantom seem'd to speak —
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
  "You 'll find the Eternal Life you seek —"
That, haunting me by night, by day,
  At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urg'd me away
  From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,
  The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd — oh, blessed thought! —
  May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell — when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
  Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
  Is worthy of the School and them; —
Still, all their own — nor e'er forgets,
  Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
  The many meteor joys that *do*,

But seeks them, hails them with delight
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life *must* wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

'T is true, alas — the mysteries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights,
Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those *I* seek
Come from the breathing shrines where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of honouring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights
Her first young crescent on the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
A clue into past times, the student bends,
And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead —
The only skill, alas, *I* yet can claim
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name —
Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,
In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.

And where — oh where 's the heart that could withstand
Th' unnumber'd witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hides but to win, and shades but to adorn;
Where that luxurious melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
Making joy holy; — where the bower and tomb
Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.

Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks! — the glorious stream
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich barks — fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts —

Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet. —
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is played in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand,
As poor in charms, the women of this land.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'T is but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells —
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,
Announcing heav'n in half-caught glimpses there.
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.
Such eyes! — long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays —
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!
Then for their grace — mark but the nymph-like shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes

* Cleopatra.

From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers —
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him*
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, 'mid scenes like these,
I should forget all graver mysteries,
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heav'n or earth, the art of being blest!
Yet are there times — though brief, I own, their stay,
Like summer-clouds that shine themselves away —
Moments of gloom, when ev'n these pleasures pall
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall
That Garden dream — that promise of a power,
Oh, were there such! — to lengthen out life's hour,
On, on, as through a vista, far away
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening — bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world — when first
Th' eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight — standing sublime
'Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!

There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders — and I said
"Are things eternal only for the Dead?
"Hath Man no loftier hope than this, which dooms
"His only lasting trophies to be tombs?

* Apelles.

"But *'t is* not so — earth, heaven, all nature shows
"He *may* become immortal — *may* unclose
"The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise
"Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!

"And who can say, among the written spells
"From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
"Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
"Some secret clue to immortality,
"Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
"Awake within us, never to expire!
"'T is known that, on the Emerald Table,* hid
"For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
"The Thrice-Great** did himself, engrave, of old,
"The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
"And why may not this mightier secret dwell
"Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
"But that those kings, who, by the written skill
"Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
"And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
"To build them domes that might outstand the world —
"Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
"The life of Gods with man, was also theirs —
"That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power
"Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
"And these, the giant homes they still possess,
"Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
"Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
"Even now they wander, with the few they love,
"Through subterranean gardens, by a light
"Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night!
"Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
"And hidden halls, that undermine this land?
"Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go
"Through the dark windings of that realm below,

* See Notes on the Epicurean.
** The Hermes Trismegistus.

"Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God
"Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod?"
Thus did I dream — wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that pause 'twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea.
Then do these spirit whisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

Ev'n now for new adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing; — this very night,
The Temple on that island, half-way o'er
From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,
Sends up its annual rite* to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes; —
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins,
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian** grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav'n but Love.
Think, then, what bliss will be abroad to-night! —
Besides those sparkling nymphs, who meet the sight
Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies, —
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,
Within these twilight shrines — to-night shall be
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity!

And mark, 't is nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,

* The great Festival of the Moon.

** Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.

As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam:
While, hark! — from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the Moon — farewell — farewell.

LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

THERE is some star — or it may be
That moon we saw so near last night —
Which comes athwart my destiny
For ever, with misleading light.
If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I feel, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eyes,
That through my heart, soul, being flies,
And makes a wildfire of it all.
I 've seen — oh, Cleon, that this earth
Should e'er have giv'n such beauty birth! —
That man — but, hold — hear all that pass'd
Since yester-night, from first to last.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim,
Welcom'd from every breezy height,
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.

And well might they who view'd the scene
  Then lit up all around them, say,
That never yet had Nature been
  Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray,
Or rivall'd her own noon-tide face,
With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis — still grand, though not the same
  Unrivall'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
  And wear it bright through centuries —
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
  Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming still, awakes
  To music from some midnight choir:
While to the west — where gradual sinks
  In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty column, or fair sphynx
  That stood in kingly courts, of old —
It seem'd as, 'mid the pomps that shone
Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Should sink beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,
And, 'mid their idol's fullest beams,
  The Egyptian world was all afloat,
Than I, who live upon these streams,
  Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat
To the fair island, on whose shores,
Through leafy palms and sycamores,
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.

While, far around, like ruby sparks
Upon the water, lighted barks,
Of every form and kind — from those
  That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
  To tambour's beat and breath of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master's name; —
All were alive, and made this sea
  Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
  Through marble alleys and small groves
  Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there — as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd —
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
  With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
  In measur'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
  That bird, * whose plumes of black and white
Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,
  A type of the moon's shadow'd light.

In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad; and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
  A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
  As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
  Sparkled that flower of Egypt's lakes,

* The Ibis.

The silvery lotus, in whose hue
As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
A tinkling chain of silver shook.

They seem'd all fair — but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly — so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd.
And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell
A charm about that unseen face —
A something, in the shade that fell
Over that brow's imagin'd grace,
Which won me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And *her* alone my eyes could see,
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as round
She glided o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th' unconscious air
Than if a Spirit were moving there.
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of glory where these maidens stood.
While, with that light — as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both — there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As e'er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With luxury of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd
Full o'er her features — oh 't was then,
As startingly her eyes she rais'd,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw — not Psyche's self, when first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful or blush
With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that gush
Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.
Never — tho' well thou know'st how much
I 've felt the sway of Beauty's star —
Never did her bright influence touch
My soul into its depths so far;
And had that vision linger'd there
One minute more, I should have flown,
Forgetful *who* I was and where,
And, at her feet in worship thrown,
Proffer'd my soul through life her own.

But, scarcely had that burst of light
And music broke on ear and sight,
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,
As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful spring,
Like some unearthly creatures, meant
To live in that mix'd element
Of light and song, the young maids went;
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow; — bands
Of reverend chanters fill'd the aisle:
Where'er I sought to pass, their wands
Motion'd me back, while many a file

Of sacred nymphs — but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look'd for — throng'd the way.
Perplex'd, impatient, 'mid this crowd
Of faces, lights — the o'erwhelming cloud
Of incense round me, and my blood
Full of its new-born fire — I stood,
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught
A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,
Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,
Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 't was vain — hour after hour,
Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,
I sought her thus, but all in vain.
At length, hot — wilder'd — in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air,
And hurrying (though with many a look
Back to the busy Temple) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprung into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
Have a proud City of their own,*
With shrines and pyramids o'erspread —
Where many an ancient kingly head
Slumbers, immortaliz'd in stone;
And where, through marble grots beneath,
The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
Lie in their painted coverings,
And on each new successive race,
That visit their dim haunts below,

* Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.

Look with the same unwithering face,
They wore three thousand years ago.
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neighbourhood of death, in groves
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves —
Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
Save the low, humming, mournful sound
Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'T was tow'rd this place of death — in mood
Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark —
I now across the shining flood
Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought, if thus to call
Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possest —
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine —
An idol, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night —
If 't was a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would *this* be?

In thoughts like these — but often crost
By darker threads — my mind was lost,
Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead —
As if by some enchanter bid
Suddenly from the wave to rise —

Pyramid over pyramid
  Tower in succession to the skies;
While one, aspiring, as if soon
  'T would touch the heavens, rose o'er all;
And, on its summit, the white moon
  Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs
  And temples round, where nought was heard
But the high palm-tree's tufted plumes,
  Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
Faintly, from many a distant shore,
And th' unnumbered lights, that shone
Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
  Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,
  Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfix'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple — now,
With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane —
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein,
With passion of such deep-felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire; —
And now — oh Darkness of the tomb,
  That must eclipse ev'n light like hers!
Cold, dead, and blackening 'mid the gloom
  Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away
  From that dark death-place, at the thought,

When by the sound of dashing spray
  From a light oar my ear was caught,
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
  A little gilded bark, that bore
Two female figures, closely veil'd
  And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed — and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.

Shall I confess — to *thee* I may —
  That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new ray
  From woman's voice, from woman's glance,
Which — let it find me how it might,
  In joy or grief — I did not bless,
And wander after, as a light
  Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chiefly now, when hopes so vain
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
  Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
  In the horizon, or some star —
Any bewilderment, that brought
More near to earth my high-flown thought —
The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Came welcome — and was then to me
What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.

Quick to the shore I urg'd my bark,
  And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark
  Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on — till in the shade
  Of a small pyramid, which through

Some boughs of palm its peak display'd
They vanish'd instant from my view.

I hurried to the spot — no trace
Of life was in that lonely place;
And, had the creed I hold by taught
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some mocking spirits had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.

At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal — opening high
'Twixt peak and base — and, with a pray'r
To the bliss-loving Moon, whose eye
Alone beheld me, sprung in there.
Downward the narrow stairway led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
A labyrinth for mystery made,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I ask'd myself, "Can aught
"That man delights in sojourn here?" —
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear —
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From some alcove or cell, that ended
The long, steep, marble corridor,
Through which I now, all hope, descended.
Never did Spartan to his pride
With warier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw —
Oh listen to the scene, now rais'd

Before my eyes — then guess the awe,
The still, rapt awe with which I gaz'd.
'T was a small chapel, lin'd around
With the fair, spangling marble, found
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in th' "Universal Sea." —
While on the roof was pictur'd bright
The Theban beetle, as he shines,
When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings: —
Emblem of vain imaginings!
Of a new world, when this is gone,
In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd
On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,
And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday.
While in relief, of silv'ry hue,
Grav'd on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, brok'n in two,
As that fair creature's life had been,
And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare
To the wild, mystic wonders round;
For there was yet *one* wonder there,
That held me as by witch'ry bound.
The lamp, that through the chamber shed
Its vivid beam, was at the head

Of her who on that altar slept;
And near it stood, when first I came —
Bending her brow, as if she kept
Sad watch upon its silent flame —
A female form, as yet so plac'd
Between the lamp's strong glow and me,
That I but saw, in outline trac'd,
The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart — I scarce knew why —
Ev'n at that shadow'd shape beat high.
Nor was it long, ere full in sight
The figure turn'd; and by the light
That touch'd her features, as she bent
Over the crystal monument,
I saw 't was she — the same — the same
That lately stood before me, bright'ning
The holy spot, where she but came
And went again, like summer lightning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying —
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come: —
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips: — then, having gaz'd
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heav'n, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies,
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit pray'd
Deeper within than words could reach.

Strange pow'r of Innocence, to turn
To its own hue whate'er comes near,
And make ev'n vagrant Passion burn
With purer warmth within its sphere!
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er
My heart and brain — whom gladly, even
From that bright Temple, in the face
Of those proud ministers of heav'n,
I would have borne, in wild embrace,
And risk'd all punishment, divine
And human, but to make her mine; —
She, she was now before me, thrown
By fate itself into my arms —
There standing, beautiful, alone,
With nought to guard her, but her charms.
Yet did I, then — did ev'n a breath
From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
Disturb a scene where thus, beneath
Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
Held converse through undying love?
No — smile and taunt me as thou wilt —
Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
To win by stealth so pure a sight:
And rather than a look profane
Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,
Or voice, or whisper broke the chain
That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her heav'nward face,
Let my heart break, without one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.
Gently, as if on every tread,
My life, my more than life depended,
Back through the corridor that led
To this blest scene I now ascended,

And with slow seeking, and some pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emerg'd to upper air again.

The sun had freshly ris'n, and down
The marble hills of Araby,
Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
His beams into that living sea.
There seem'd a glory in his light,
Newly put on — as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
To his own Isis, his young bride,
Now fading feminine away
In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly
At once from this entangling net —
New scenes to range, new loves to try,
Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury
Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort — spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without power or will
To turn my eyes from that dark door,
Which now enclos'd her 'mong the dead;
Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
'T was her light form again I saw
Starting to earth — still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,
Thus seen by morning's natural light,
Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas — she ne'er return'd:
Nor yet — though still I watch — nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
And now, in his mid-course, hath met
The peak of that eternal pile
He pauses still at noon to bless,

Standing beneath his downward smile,
  Like a great Spirit, shadowless! —
Nor yet she comes — while here, alone,
  Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
  By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to waft to thee
My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
  Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
  Till all the summer flowers went by —
How gay it was, when sunset brought
  To the cool Well our favourite maids —
Some we had won, and some we sought —
  To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

That time, too — oh, 't is like a dream —
  When from Scamander's holy tide
I sprung as Genius of the Stream,
  And bore away that blooming bride,
Who thither came, to yield her charms
  (As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,
  But met, and welcom'd mine, instead —
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
  Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
  But the free hearts, that lov'd again,

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek isles.

Readily as the reed replies
To the least breath that round it sighs —
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Yet so it is — and the same thirst
For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first,
Made me drink deep of woman's love —
As the one joy, to heav'n most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here —
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.

Farewell; whatever may befall —
Or bright, or dark — thou 'lt know it all.

LETTER IV.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS, THE PRÆTORIAN PREFECT.

Rejoice, my friend, rejoice: — the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school! — not all the weapons aim'd,
At priestly creeds, since first a creed was fram'd,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers conceal'd.
And oh, 't were victory to this heart, as sweet
As any *thou* canst boast — ev'n when the feet

Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian blood,
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tam'd and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods ev'n Egypt's saints adore.
What! — do these sages think, to *them* alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?
Fools! — did they know how keen the zest that 's given
To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius — thou, whom th' ancient tie
'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally —
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours?
Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bowers,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd
That slily lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school —
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide,
Till Pleasur's self is chill'd by Wisdom's pride —
Be taught by *us*, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager Priests pursue,
Who, far too wise to theorize on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach *other* worlds, but live for only *this:* —
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray; —
Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe! — Apis forbid — forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall —
Deities, fram'd in jest, as if to try
How far gross Man can vulgarize the sky;
How far the same low fancy that combines
Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,
And turns that Heaven itself into a place
Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food —
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

Believe! — oh, Decius, thou, who feel'st no care
For things divine, beyond the soldier's share,
Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,
A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs —
Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part —
The deep and dire disgust with which I wade
Through the foul juggling of this holy trade —
This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.
Oh! many a time, when, 'mid the Temple's blaze,
O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,
Did I not keep still proudly in my mind
The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind —
A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd —

I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel
At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel
Besotted round; and — like that kindred breed
Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,
At fam'd Arsinoë* — make my keepers bless,
With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

Say, *is* it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
It must not be: — think'st thou that Christian sect,
Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride —
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n they
Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
Of Wit's resistless archery clear'd their way? —
That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,
Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
Threat'ning such change as do the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

But, to my point — a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool
Down to that freezing point where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there —
Hath, some nights since — it was, methinks, the night
That follow'd the full Moon's great annual rite —
Through the dark, winding ducts, that downward stray
To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,

* For the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles were ornamented, see the Epicurean, chap. x.

Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth — which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move —
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh: —
'T was the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observ'd, curiously wand'ring round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepar'd, —
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dar'd,
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian * pass'd,
With trembling hope, to come to — *what*, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Priestcraft; question him
Who, 'mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities —
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empal'd, to rise, as gods, again; —
Ask *them*, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold myst'ry — can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept — that they have none to tell;
And, dup'd themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such th' advance in fraud since Orpheus' time —
That earliest master of our craft sublime —
So many minor Myst'ries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,

* Pythagoras.

That, still t' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way —
Where through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.
But chiefly in that skill with which we use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,
Yoking them to her car like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath, for our use, scoop'd out from Egypt's soil
This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne; —
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nile itself and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light,
A light that knows no change — its brooks that run
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surpris'd,
And all that bard or prophet e'er devis'd
For man's Elysium, priests have realiz'd.

Here, at this moment — all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last —
Our new Initiate roves — as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery;
Feeding on such illusions as prepare

The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still; —
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardiest, quail
To *any* goblin thron'd behind a veil.

Yes — such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
Till, if our Sage be not tam'd down, at length,
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine —
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not saints, good hypocrites —
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chas'd
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

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